Collier's

OCTOBER 11, 1947

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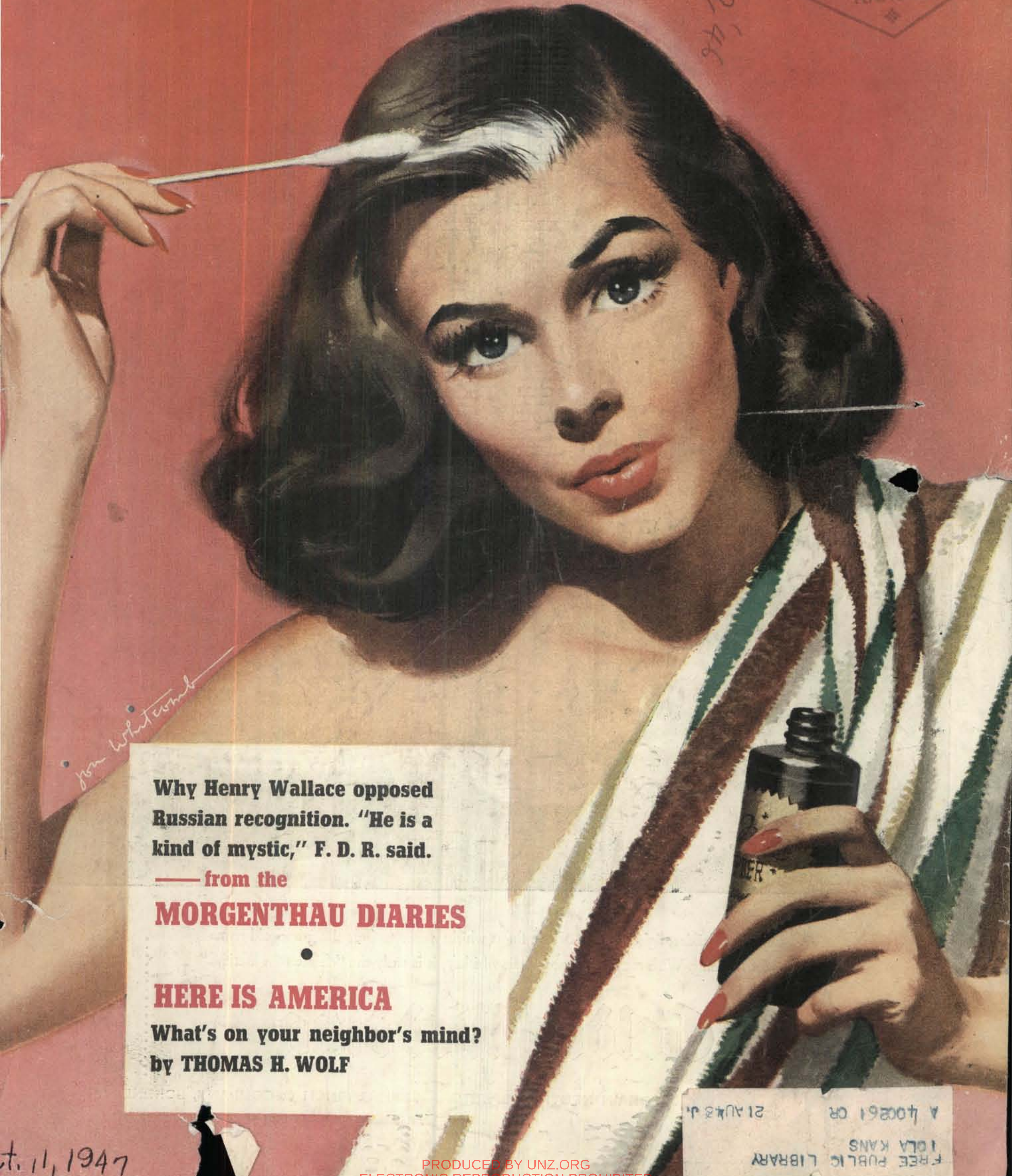

Why Henry Wallace opposed Russian recognition. "He is a kind of mystic," F. D. R. said.

—— from the

MORGENTHAU DIARIES

●

HERE IS AMERICA

What's on your neighbor's mind?

by THOMAS H. WOLF

Oct. 11, 1947

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Golden Wedding
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Golden Wedding

Enjoy the milder, lighter flavor of the finest whiskey ever to bear the grand old name *Golden Wedding*. With men who know their whiskey, it is truly the "choice of a lifetime."

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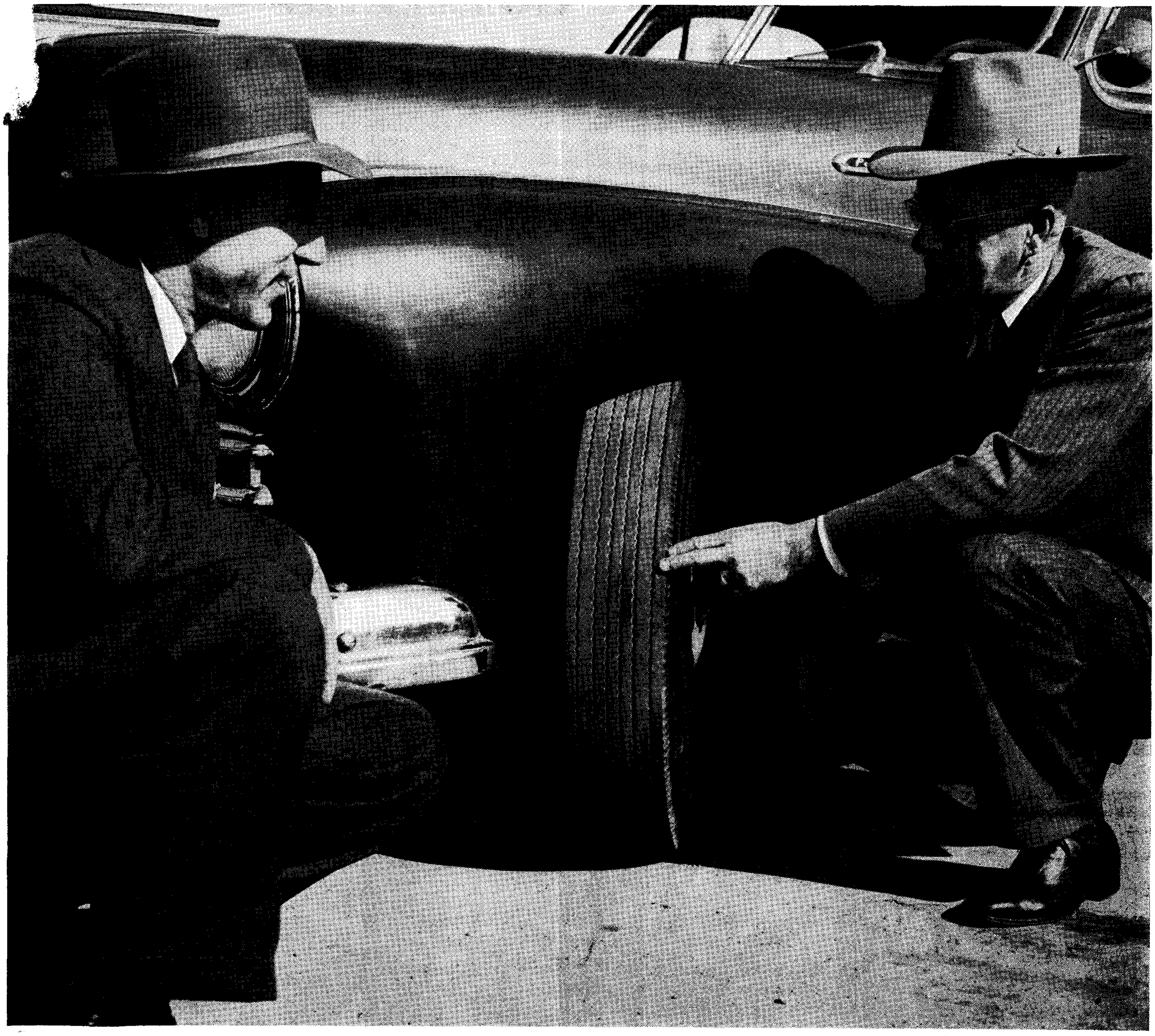

Now at less than prewar prices—the tire that outwears prewar tires

All popular sizes of B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns now cost less than before the war, and they outwear prewar tires. Here's a letter from M. C. Dameron, Deputy U. S. Marshal, Pueblo, Colorado—typical of hundreds we have received from B. F. Goodrich owners. The picture, with Mr. Dameron pointing to the tire, was taken at the time this letter was written.

"On June 4, 1946, I put a complete set of B. F. Goodrich tires on my 1946 sedan in place of the ones which came with the car as original equipment. The speedometer at that time read 902 miles. I drive over all kinds of roads at all kinds of speeds. There are times when it is necessary for me to drive at very high speeds in order to cover the mileage.

"All four tires are still in service on this car and the speedometer now reads 43,956 miles. This means they have gone 43,054 miles and the original tread is still good on two of them, as the attached photo shows.

"This mileage is considerably more than I have ever experienced with any tire, even before the war. My work calls for dependable tires, and I must say that these new B. F. Goodrich tires have certainly filled the bill."

Some of the reasons why B. F. Goodrich tires give more mileage under severe conditions are: 1. Broader, flatter tread to distribute the wear over a wider area. 2. Tougher tire body made with stronger cords resists bruises, protects against blowouts.

Even at today's low prices your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a good allowance on your old tires if they are still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

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COLLIER'S
October 11, 1947

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				JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*		

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

BIG-LEAGUE STUFF

DEAR SIR: Kyle Crichton's article The Coast Demands Long Pants (Aug. 16th) casts a very serious reflection on our nationally recognized baseball stadium, home of the Seattle Rainiers.

Mr. Crichton also might be interested in other facts that make Seattle one of the outstanding potential major-league cities in the country: In 1939, Seattle topped every minor-league city in gate receipts. In six years since 1938 Seattle outdrew every city in the Coast League. The Seattle team played to more people in 1939 than did the St. Louis Browns, the Boston Red Sox and the Philadelphia Athletics in their respective cities.

Seattle's baseball park is rated one of the finest minor-league institutions in the country, from an architectural standpoint, yet Mr. Crichton refers to our park as one that "will never be pointed out to visiting foreigners as a public monument."

Mr. Crichton also refers to "Pacific Coast magnates who are now making fortunes out of modest investments." The Seattle baseball park was built prior to the war by Mr. Emil Sick at a cost close to a half-million dollars . . . as a civic duty. Investigation would show that Mr. Sick has never drawn one single penny in the way of remuneration.

B. N. HUTCHINSON, Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Hutchinson's letter is one of many we have received, pointing out Mr. Crichton's failure to recognize Seattle's fine baseball plant, which is definitely Long Pants.

DUD

GENTLEMEN: I spew forth an emphatic "Phooey" re Fall Guise (Aug. 23d).

Not that we wouldn't like to dress in the manner described by Fall Guise, but the college Dapper Dan today is just about as extinct as the dodo bird, due to the fact that he is either married with a family to support, or dependent solely on the sixty-five-dollar per month handout from the government which will not even pay fraternity bills.

Yours for a pair of new slacks,

WILLIAM HENRY, Bethlehem, Pa.

. . . Please ask Henry Jackson to write something helping tailors do a better job of arranging and constructing pockets on inside of jackets—a few new and revolutionary ideas along utilitarian lines might make men's clothes more exciting. They've been drab and dull and dreary too long.

J. M. RUSSAKOFF, New York, N. Y.

(Continued on page 86)

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KANSAS

The bride wore white—and saw red!

The wedding was over . . . and now, just as the gay reception was ending, Bob made a confession to his bride: "Darling," he said sheepishly, "in all the excitement I forgot to get the new car insured."

"Oh, Bob, how could you?" she cried! We'll have to delay our honeymoon until you can get that done . . . *but* . . . I'd rather do that than have our lives ruined by an accident!"

"Say," said Bob, brightening, "Didn't we invite Ed Lukes, the State Farm agent, to our reception? Golly, maybe he can fix us up!" And, right on the spot, Agent Lukes did "fix them up" with complete coverage against accident loss.

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See your State Farm agent BEFORE you finance your new car.

He can help you save money.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **WORLD EVENTS** absorb him so much, yet he overlooks important *little* things. His hair's a sight! It's dull, unkempt and he's got loose dandruff, too . . . I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—it'll do him a world of good!"

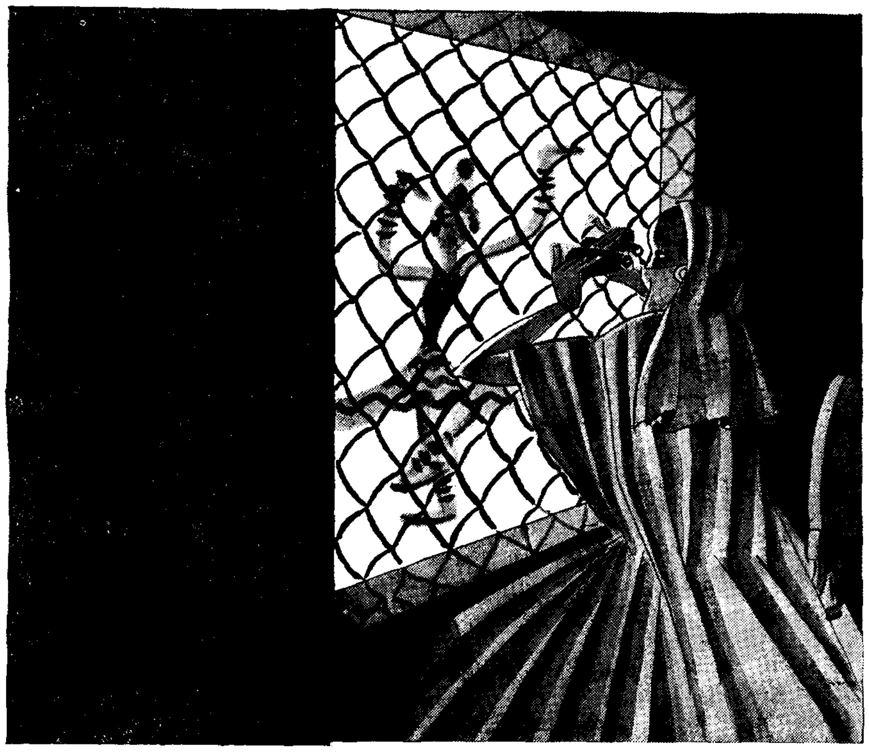
Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

SEE HOW MUCH better his hair looks now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—just a few drops a day—does the trick. Why don't *you* try it? Keeps the hair well-groomed, *natural*-looking. Loose dandruff is checked. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is beneficial with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

As King Farouk of Egypt is a Moslem, his young queen, Farida, is required to live in strict seclusion in their royal palace in Cairo. She is even forbidden to attend the banquets, receptions and theatrical entertainments given by her husband, although she may watch the activities from behind balcony screens which hide from her view.—*By Louise Arnold, Manhattan, Kans.*

England is still engaged in digging up unexploded bombs dropped during the war. The work is slow as some of them are buried as deep as 60 feet, while others are not found beneath the spot where they struck the ground, but deflected in one direction or another as much as ten yards.

Since 1918, the most unusual theatrical enterprise in New York City has been Papa Manteo's Marionettes, owned by one family whose seven members do everything—make the scenery and costumes, manipulate the nearly life-sized puppets, speak the lines and run the box office. Only one play is ever staged, a French historical drama, Orlando Furioso, because its complete presentation, in which 1,200 characters take part, requires a two-hour performance seven nights a week for 13 months.

One of a series of tests given to two chimpanzees a few years ago by a Southern psychologist was to determine their ability to distinguish between coins. In each of their adjoining cages, he installed a slot machine dispensing water and another food, which operated only when the proper coin was inserted. After the chimps had quickly learned which coin worked which machine, the professor deprived one animal of water and the other of food for a day and then handed the thirsty one food coins and the hungry one water coins. Instead of being frustrated by the situation, they immediately exchanged coins with each other through the bars of their cages.

In American intercollegiate football, the record for the longest field goal is the 65 yards kicked by J. T. Haxall, a Princeton forward, in 1882. —*By Douglas W. Shotwell, East Orange, N. J.*

Not long ago near Boulogne, France, a wealthy man with many relatives ignored them all except one nephew, whom he would invite to his house and to whom he would occasionally write a letter. Having copies of his uncle's handwriting, the nephew murdered him and forged his will, without being suspected of either crime. But the uncle's old housekeeper happened to learn about the will and disclosed it was a fake. No one knew that her employer could not write and that she had penned his letters and papers for him for almost 50 years.

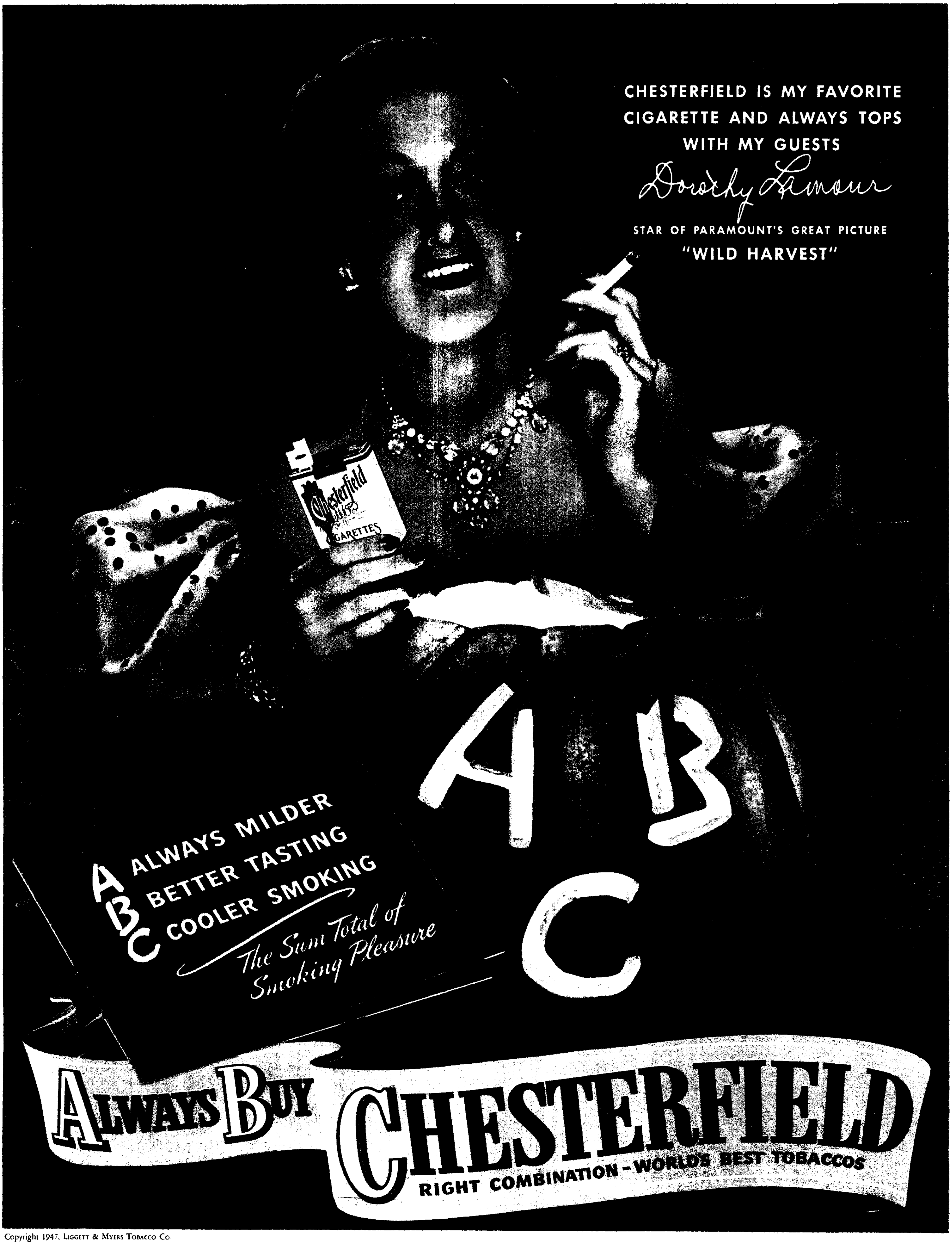
One of the greatest jobs of lithography in history was a series of plates executed by Louis Prang of Boston, between 1898 and 1906, for a book on the famous art collection of the Walters family of Baltimore. More than 2,000 stones were engraved for the 116 illustrations, some of which are shown in as many as 50 colors; and the 500 copies of the book, printed and given gratis to the world's most important libraries and museums, cost $500,000. *By Charles F. Collisson, Tuckahoe, N. Y.*

England's oldest horse race, the cross-country Kiplings-cote Steeplechase, run annually in March, had only one entry this year as the fields were covered with snow, four feet deep in many places. Unable to ride under such conditions, the lone jockey led his horse most of the way over the four-mile course to win the prize of $22.

In 1816 in Paris, a physician, René Laënnec, was consulted by a young and buxom female suffering from a heart ailment. Being too modest to put his ear against her bosom to listen to her heart, he tried a rolled-up piece of paper and found it conveyed the sound distinctly. This led to his famous invention—the stethoscope.

The per capita consumption of snuff in the United States today is 56 times as large as it was 80 years ago.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



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CIGARETTE AND ALWAYS TOPS
WITH MY GUESTS

Dorothy Lamour

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S GREAT PICTURE
"WILD HARVEST"

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C COOLER SMOKING

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"By gosh, I'm just out of the driveway heading for work and my South Wind is really blowing out hot heat! That's real 'drive-away' comfort!"

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A luxury heating and ventilating system [illegible] in aircraft, now ready for cars and motor transports. Automatically distributes heat evenly throughout car. Provides complete change of warmed fresh air every 60 seconds like the most modern home heating plant. $99.50 plus installation. Ask your service dealer.

STEWART WARNER

THE WEEK'S WORK

CLAUDE W. HUSTON

Gwyn Barker, Collier's correspondent in the London office, takes her case with photographer Huston's wife, Hilda, while sleuthing on The Baronial Blues, p. 24

JAMES DUGAN either suffers from a split, or side-splitting personality—we're not sure. We do know he's a card. Asked accidentally for a biographical note to be used with Little Mel, the Debs' Delight, p. 16, he provided us with the following vital statistics, which in no way jibe with the information this column used in connection with his hilarious snoring article (Bedlam in the Boudoir, Feb. 22d).

According to his latest, amended report, Dugan wasn't born in Altoona, Pennsylvania, at all, but was found floating a few years ago in the Gulf of Mexico on a raft made of wood unknown to this planet. Educated at Miss Finch's School for Girls in New York, during the war he served as major general with Yank, and won the Unit citation.

He was not present when the Russian and American armies met, didn't make any parachute jumps into occupied Europe as a secret agent, was the last correspondent to enter liberated Paris.

He knows no languages, including English, owes his writing success to the fact he's never been a lumberjack, movie actress or short-order cook. He got the idea for writing up Mel Tormé from seeing his picture in the window of a Chinese laundry in Toronto.

Dugan is a lover of the great indoors; keeps in touch with nature through the L. L. Bean catalogue; has a 42 waist and a 17 neck.

Clubs? The Eccentrics, London; The Entertaining Waiters, New York. A close student of the military aphorisms of Sun Tzu, and lifelong contributor to the Royal Lifeboat Institute, he is modest about his own writings and those of Bill Saroyan.

NOTES Made on a Greyhound's Back: In view of It Happened One Night, all during his bus junket for Here is America, beginning on p. 11, Thomas H. Wolf kept looking for Claudette Colbert. He met instead a couple in Casper, Wyoming, whose bus encounter led to the altar. In Casper, too, he got his worst price jolt of the trip: orange juice, toast and coffee, eaten in a small joint, came to 50 cents. Eggs, he found, were 35 cents per dozen in Missouri.

Wolf liked all his bus drivers but one, thinks bus jehus the salt of the road; discovered to his surprise there was air conditioning on some of the busses. It was so eager to function, when he stepped from 75° in the bus to a satanic 105° outside, in the Middle West, he felt as if Joe Louis had caressed him one.

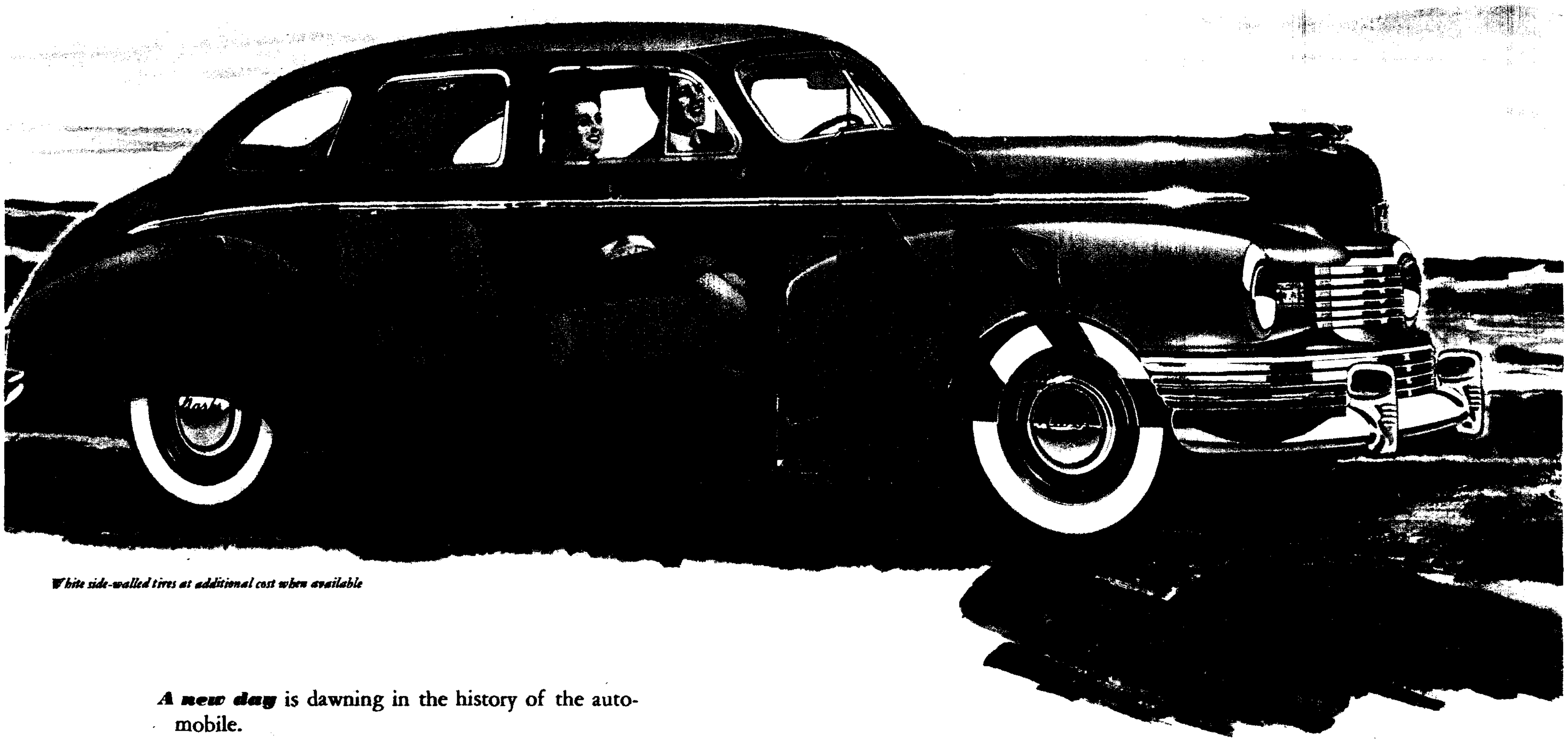
Most passengers thought Wolf a salesman, and were most interviewable. He found it best to use the Sergeant York tactic-with-the-Germans—pick 'em off from the rearmost forward, so the others in the column never knew what hit them. Thus, he started at the back of each bus, and worked forward. Voted by Wolf Most Interesting Single Individual He Met: an Amish farm hand who worked for just half the prevailing wage of his region. Reason: "Someone has got to get the ball rolling to reduce prices."

This week's cover: Silver Threads Amongst. Jon Whitcomb noticed Maggie Roach, daughter of Hal Roach, streak her hair with white alongside a Palm Springs, California, swim pool last winter. Object: Distinguished Glamor.

When Maggie playfully gave Whitcomb white sideburns, and explained all the young are trying to have white hair, and all the white-haired trying to be blondes, he got the cover idea. Pat Burrage, of Texas, spawning grounds of all beauty (says Whitcomb), posed. She's blond! Whitcomb made her brunet for accent purposes. Hair may be whitened with a popular beauty preparation, or just plain white shoe polish, applied with toothbrush, or cotton on a stick, washed off in shower bath. And they say men are nuts. . . .

TED SHANE

A new day dawns



White side-walled tires at additional cost when available

A new day is dawning in the history of the automobile.

. . . A new day of super-safety, with gigantic steel girders replacing the usual body bolts.

. . . A new day of bigger, more comfortable cars, operating on phenomenally little gasoline.

. . . A new day in which cars won't rattle or squeak in body or frame . . .

This is what you see in the X-ray view of a Nash "600"—built with a SINGLE UNIT body and frame!

And the difference is something you can *see* and *feel* in a Nash "600" immediately.

You see it in amazing gasoline mileage — better than 25 miles a gallon, at average highway speed.

You see it *inside* a Nash . . . in far more head-room, leg-room, seat-room . . . wider doors . . . and accommodations for a Nash Convertible Double Bed.

You feel it in performance. A Nash "600" is so much livelier . . . quicker in traffic, easier to handle . . . and rides so smoothly with soft coil springs cushioning all four wheels.

You hear it in the hushed silence of a Nash.

Yes, engineers predict that this new-day construction will someday be offered in all cars. It's inevitable—the *right* way to build an automobile.

But—you have it *today* in a Nash "600." And the research, engineering and manufacturing skill that have gone into this new kind of car is the recognized top job in the automotive industry.

There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today, too. That's where you'll see the new 1948 Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.

You'll be Ahead
with
Nash

Great Cars Since 1902

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One is for Everybody

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Telephone service is for everybody, everywhere. And the thing that makes you like it and want to use it is efficiency —with courtesy.

It's the tone of voice, the warmth and friendship, the helpfulness which you have come to expect of telephone people.

The Operator reflects it when she puts through your call promptly and courteously. The girl in the Business Office shows it when she goes out of her way to take care of your needs. The Installer practices it when he brings willingness and good nature, as well as a telephone, to your home.

It all adds up to pleasing service for you—from many thousands of telephone people, all along the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HERE IS AMERICA

BY THOMAS H. WOLF

A reporter travels from coast to coast on a bus, talking to the people who take the rap in war and peace, prosperity and depression. Here are no pronouncements from big-shot authorities but the opinions of everyday Americans worried about prices, jobs and their Christian duty

I

YOU see a lot of America if you travel across it by bus. But, even more, you meet a lot of Americans. I have just ended a transcontinental bus trip, a trip undertaken purely to meet a lot of Americans—the kind of Americans who travel by bus—and to ask them what they were thinking about, talking about, griping about, worrying about.

In the East, people talk prices and foreign policy, housing and the Marshall Plan, the Taft-Hartley Bill and the United Nations. But the Eastern Seaboard has traditionally been more interested in Europe than the rest of the country. The events of the late 1930s disproved the once-popular adage that politics stop at the water's edge. I wondered, now that the war was over, whether the East was again out of step with the rest of the country. And mostly I wondered just what was on the top of the minds of the plain citizens who live and work between the Alleghenies and the Cascades.

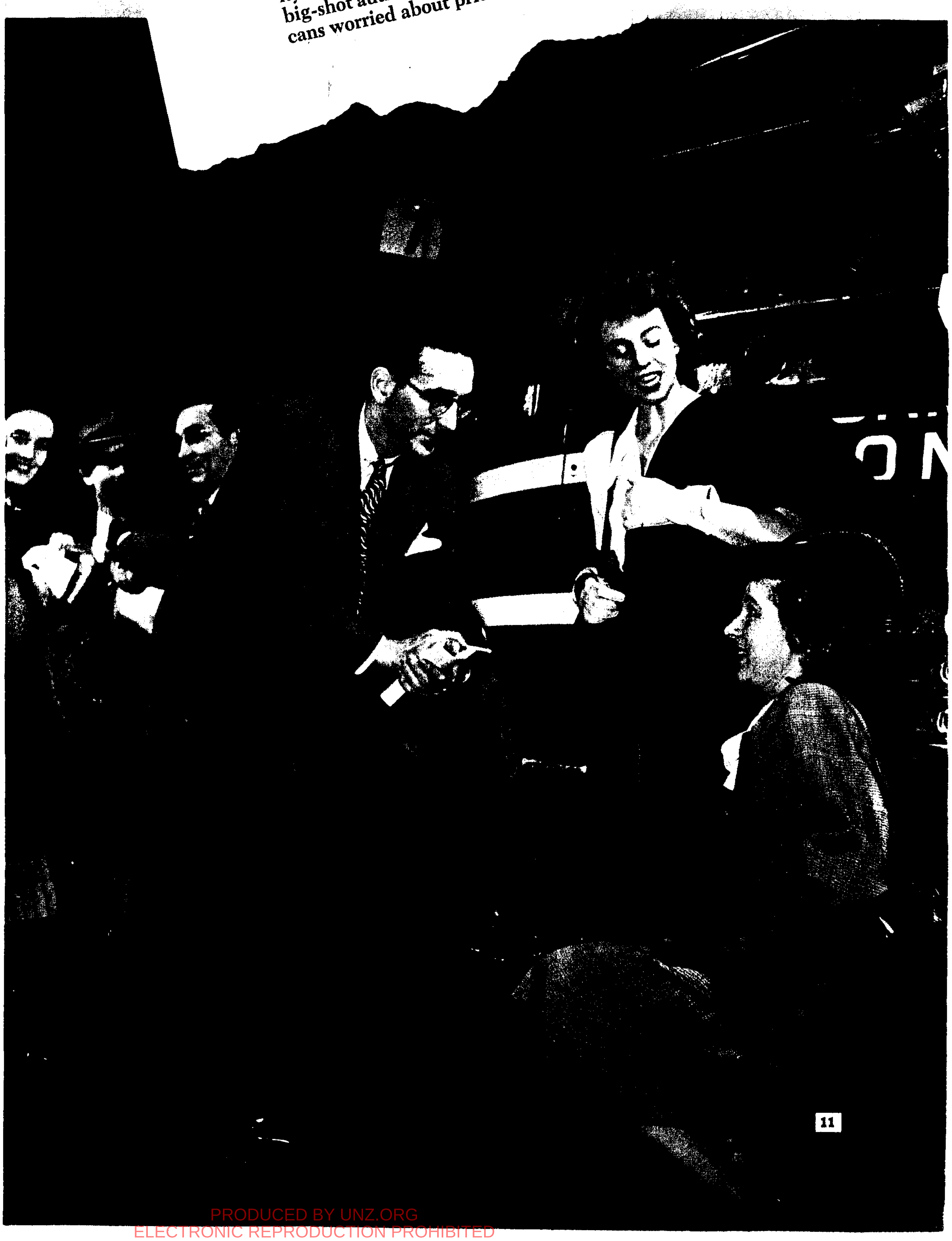
To find out, I simply boarded a bus one Friday afternoon and headed west—through the coal and oil fields of Pennsylvania; into the industrial centers of Ohio, and out into the Corn Belt, through Indiana to St. Louis; then up into the rolling cornfields of Iowa, over the bluff country to Omaha; and out across the sandy flats into the wheat fields of Nebraska. Then across the ranges of Wyoming, from Cheyenne to Denver; through the irrigation land and wheat ranches of Montana, over the Rockies into the mining country; across the tip of Idaho; and then on over the length of Washington to Seattle.

That's a lot of America. But the people I rode with were more of America: harvest hands and C.I.O. organizers; butchers and ministers; stenographers and farmers; housewives and house painters; students and mill hands; waitresses and missionaries; drifters and loafers; veterans and stay-at-homes; teen-agers and grandparents. They were white and black; Methodist and Baptist; Amish, Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, Church of Jesus Christ, and African-Methodist.

Most were starting or ending vacations—many visiting friends or relatives. They came from well over half of the 48 states.

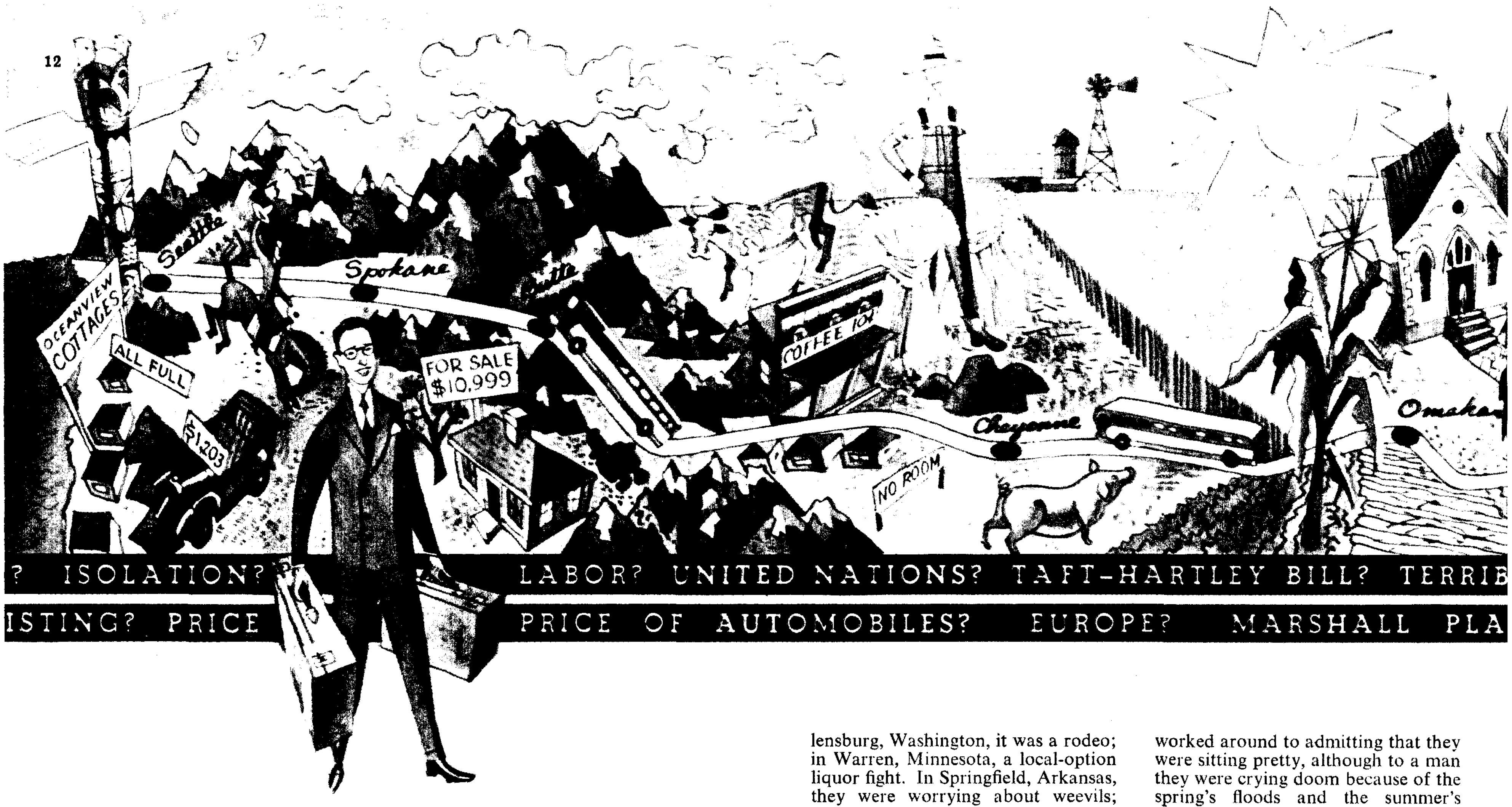
I rode each bus until I had talked with every one on it, usually between 30 and 40 people. The big busses are crowded these days—often running two and three sections for each scheduled run. As soon as I had sounded out everybody on one bus, I stopped over wherever I happened to be and waited for the next one. Almost every night I stayed in hotels, for, comfortable as the busses were (the 10-ton monsters ride smoothly and some are even air-conditioned), twelve to fourteen hours of traveling is plenty for one day.

Each of my fellow passengers I asked one question: "What are people talking about and thinking about in your community these days?" And when answers did not contain the information, I asked specifically about prices and housing, national politics and foreign affairs, foreign loans, isolation and the United Nations. Less than 1 in 100 declined to answer, and



The author interviews passengers at a bus station. In nine days of travel he got hundreds of answers

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY MARTIN HARRIS


Seattle
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? ISOLATION? LABOR? UNITED NATIONS? TAFT-HARTLEY BILL? TERRIB
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most of these because they thought I was a salesman.

I found almost none of the great sectional differences which I had expected—with the possible exception that there's less war talk in the Mountain States than elsewhere; and that the Christian way of life plays a larger part in the thinking of the Middle West than it does east of Ohio or west of Iowa—not that it was absent in these areas. A knitting millworker from Hazleton, Pennsylvania, discussed world problems in terms of the information she had gathered from speakers whom the National Lutheran Council had sent to her church. But more often I ran into the expression of Christian thought farther west.

A middle-aged man from Urbana, Ohio, thought that "the churches are the biggest hope for the future of the world." The chief concern of an Ohio farmer was "the spiritual and moral values" of his family. A tool attendant from Bethlehem Steel in Youngstown believed that "unless the inhabitants of this world repent and awaken, we're headed for destruction." An Iowa student said that all would be well if "we become Christian in thought."

I found that the principles of Christianity played an especially large part in much of America's thinking about our relations with Europe—and especially about foreign aid. Sometimes this was directly evident, as in the case of the young Columbus veteran who said: "As a Christian nation we should share." But more often it was merely implicit, as in the comment of a Troy, Missouri, bus driver: "If Europe needs help, and we can help, then it looks like we should."

I am acutely aware that the opinions of several hundred bus passengers, gathered on a nine-day trip across our vast continent, do not in themselves constitute a wide cross section. But as I looked over my notes at the end of each day I was struck by the unanimity of interest and opinion which I encountered everywhere. When I finally reached Puget Sound, I had become convinced that my survey was far more representative than the size of the sample might indicate.

Everyone I talked with, starting in the Lincoln Tunnel just outside New York and ending at the Toll Plaza just outside Seattle, was first of all concerned with local problems. Everywhere this included the high cost of living and the shortage of housing. America's second concern was foreign affairs, primarily Russia. Few spoke of the national domestic scene—of politics, of labor, or of taxes. Nowhere, not even in the Middle West, did I sense among my fellow bus travelers the recurrence of the prewar isolationist spirit—though a painter from Richmond, Indiana, at first parried my question: "What do I think about the international situation?, Are you referring to International Harvester?"

I was repeatedly surprised by the lack of consistency in the opinions of individuals. Those who thought that war was coming soonest were often the least worried. And many of the most ardent anti-isolationists were often the most vehement against loans to Europe.

Over and above all, I found people confused and dissatisfied—amazingly alert and aware, eager for a better and more stable world, yet anxious about their personal places in it; wanting to settle down after the upheaval of war, but seemingly unsure about how to go about it.

Here, then, is a cross section of American thought as I found it, traveling across the nation by bus in mid-August, 1947, on the eve of the second anniversary of the end of the greatest holocaust in history.

The first thoughts of Americans everywhere were of local events. In Ellensburg, Washington, it was a rodeo; in Warren, Minnesota, a local-option liquor fight. In Springfield, Arkansas, they were worrying about weevils; and in Troy, Missouri, about the prolonged lack of rain, which they pronounced and spelled "drouth." In Oakland, California, it was a three-month bus strike, which was making many citizens antilabor; and in Detroit, Michigan, it was the Taft-Hartley Bill, which was making many citizens antimanagement. And everywhere through the humid, scorching Middle West the conversation turned to the weather—the culmination of which inevitably came on a 100-degree day in Hannibal, Missouri, where I was subjected to the remark erroneously attributed to the community's most famous citizen, Mark Twain: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it."

Pride in the Old Home Town

In every community I found matters of local pride in the forefront of citizens' thoughts. Proud natives told me that King City, Missouri, is "the bluegrass center of the world"; that the corner of Wabash and Seventh in Terre Haute is "the crossroads of America"; that Butte, Montana, is "the richest hill on earth"; that Tacoma, Washington, has "the largest totem pole in the world."

By the time I reached Youngstown, Ohio, I realized that one interest was shared by all Americans of all communities. This was a deep concern over the "terrible cost of living" (as it was constantly called). This comes home to the average person first in the high cost of food. I was told that only the farmers are relatively unconcerned about this.

As an Iowa butcher, who had been visiting in the East, said: "When a farmer comes into my shop and finds steak at eighty cents or ninety cents a pound, he doesn't say anything. But when a laborer comes in, he stops, stutters, and decides to take hot dogs." And a young veteran, a reporter on a small Missouri daily, later confirmed this: "My wife and I have given up steak entirely. We've had to."

When I got to Missouri, I found that most of the farmers could be worked around to admitting that they were sitting pretty, although to a man they were crying doom because of the spring's floods and the summer's drought. But even some of the farmers volunteered that they would gladly welcome a drop in food prices if other prices dropped in parity.

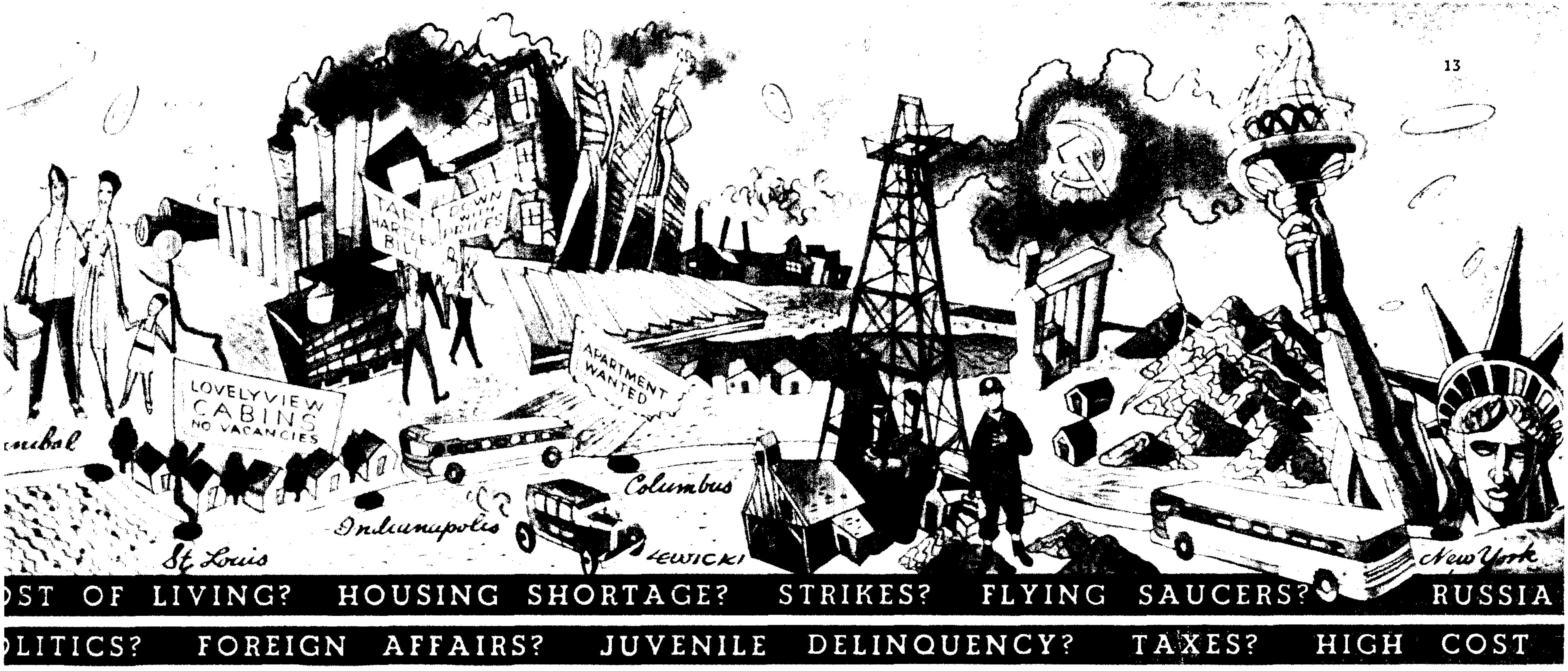
Again and again people told me that they would rather work at prewar wages and pay prewar prices. This was particularly true after I got west of Missouri. A former G.I. from Bozeman, Montana, said he was living worse today on the weekly $100 he makes as a chef than he did on the $25 a week he earned before the war.

A trained nurse from Highland Park, California, agreed that her $10 a night now buys less than her prewar $5 used to. Nolan Lucas, who earns five and three-quarters cents a mile for the 216 miles he drives on his three daily round-trip bus runs from St. Joseph to Cameron, found at the end of June that the previous year had cost him and his wife $52.50 of their savings in addition to his entire salary. (Weyand's Grill, in Hannibal, has a red-crayoned sign: Notice: Until (sic) prices decline, all meat sandwiches will be advanced 5¢ each. Bacon and eggs, 60¢.")

A saucy old lady from Deer Lodge, Montana, whose husband earns $200 a month in a potato-seed factory, said that "every cent goes to live on." (In Butte, Montana, a tailor shop advertised a "Dry cleaning special: $1.15." The normal price is $1.25.) And Denver Sackett, a husky young truck driver from Roundup, Montana, is paying ten cents for coffee these days—"and you know what coffee means to a truck driver."

As our bus climbed laboriously up to the 6,418-foot summit of the Continental Divide between Billings and Butte, the wife of a Provo, Utah, janitor said that "the terrible cost of living" had forced many women, including herself, to start working again. "It takes both of us to keep us," she said. "And even then we have nothing for savings."

Hardest hit by the inflation are, of course, those living on fixed incomes. I sat in the stifling office of a bus station manager on a 100-degree Missouri day and heard how his mother and father had lived in comfortable


LOVELYVIEW CABINS NO VACANCIES
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nibal
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LITICS? FOREIGN AFFAIRS? JUVENILE DELINQUENCY? TAXES? HIGH COST

retirement before the war with a cash income of only $500 a year. Now, though his father is dead, and his mother has only herself to support, it is impossible for her to make ends meet. He, like many others I met, told me that he thought today's prices were due to greed and chiseling.

"It's like my uncle used to say," he commented. "They've changed the Golden Rule. Now it's: Do others before they do you." (He was one man who practiced what he preached, as I discovered during a brief stopover. When I went into his restaurant as a bus passenger, Cokes were ten cents. But when I returned for a second one, after the bus had pulled out, the price had dropped to a nickel.)

Next to the prices of food, the biggest gripe of most of my fellow passengers was housing—its cost and scarcity. Until I got to Butte, Montana, I hadn't hit one community where housing was inexpensive and easy to find. The reason for Butte's distinction in this matter, I was told, was a labor riot a year ago, after which many nonmining citizens left town.

Elsewhere everyone said housing was just about impossible. Perhaps the most pathetic individual I met anywhere was a tired young housewife who was heading back to her home in Pierre, South Dakota, because she could find absolutely no place to live in Denver. But I heard stories almost as grim again and again. A University of Montana student said that his friends are postponing their weddings because there are no apartments to be had in Bozeman.

A sportswriter on the Wyoming Eagle is paying $85 a month for three furnished rooms in the basement of a private home in Cheyenne. In Youngstown, Ohio, a youthful department-store clerk whose wife is expecting a baby this fall is living in a trailer.

"The thing the average G.I. can't understand," said Dan Spies, a reporter on the Hannibal Courier-Post, and himself a veteran, "is how we could perform such miracles of construction during the war; yet now we can't build any housing at all."

In several cities across the country I found that desperate couples are offering up to $100 reward in newspaper Apartments Wanted ads. And as we rumbled across the Nebraska wheat fields late one night, I noticed that tourist cabins were so accustomed to being sold out these days that they had invested in neon signs to advertise "No vacancies."

The shortage of housing is not entirely a question of construction. As a Billings, Montana, minister explained, "The trend today is away from the farms, which makes the cities more crowded. And besides, most people seem to want better homes these days."

Wanting better homes does not mean a willingness to pay exorbitant prices. In Troy, Missouri (pop. 1,700), an electrician told me that he had worked on ten new houses during the year. "Not one has been sold," he said. "No one wants to pay $8,000 to $10,000 for homes that would have cost $3,000 to $5,000 before the war."

And I had already heard this same story six days before from the bus terminal manager back in Youngstown: "I wouldn't buy one of those boxes for anything—$9,500 and you have to go outside to turn around."

The major part of the griping about prices was directed at the cost of food and housing. But I also heard prices mentioned in connection with automobiles. Dozens of people I met told me that they wanted new cars but that they were unwilling to pay the necessary price.

Things had come to such a pass in Ohio, where state law is fairly lenient in such matters, that those who lost fenders or running boards in accidents were simply driving around without any at all.

Little Said About Clothing

Only once was the complaining about prices directed at the cost of clothing. A young Portland, Indiana, clerk who worked in a dry-goods store said: "Over the counter, people are wondering when prices are coming down. So do the people I work for. They are afraid of being caught with a lot of high-priced stock."

When I got to Columbus, where I spent my first night, I started looking back over my notes. One surprising thought predominated: Everyone I had so far talked to had said that prices had to come down. Yet no one had spoken about the possibility of a depression after prices broke.

So as I went farther west I began to look for comment on this score. I found that most people who seemed to be thinking about it at all did so in terms of the financial troubles of others. A number said that their fellow townsmen were cashing the last of their War Bonds. A Columbus cab driver said that he bowled regularly with a bank teller, who told him that a lot of old currency was starting to turn up. "Looks like people are digging pretty deep," he added. M. T. Hayes, a retired farmer of Perry, Missouri, said the same thing in a more homely fashion: "We've been flying so dad-blamed high that in a year or two we'll certainly have to crawl."

But for every person I met who agreed with this philosophy, I met another who agreed with the middle-aged seed salesman from St. Joseph. "Look at that," he said, pointing to two huge Diesel trucks thundering down the road ahead of us. "Here we are, three big babies driving on a two-lane highway. Look what could be done in the way of construction around here. Depression? There needn't be one for years if they'd do some of the things that need to be done."

All in all I found my fellow bus travelers worrying little about the depression which was being so widely advertised when I left New York. I did, however, hear considerable discussion about two problems which have come in the wake of the high cost of living. The first involved veterans. Inflation is robbing them of many of the benefits of the G.I. Bill. Our bus had hardly left Newark, New Jersey, on the first leg of the trip when I came across a young veteran who was now returning to his home in western Pennsylvania. He had been studying photography in Philadelphia, but had found that with current prices it was no longer possible to live on the $65 monthly allowance from the government.

Throughout my trip I constantly ran into veterans who were availing themselves of the educational privileges of the G.I. Bill. Only one person commented on it gratefully, and she was teaching school in North Manchester, Indiana, to make ends meet while her husband completed his studies. To keep the record straight, however, I must report that the majority of veteran-students I met did not comment one way or the other on the $65 a month. Of those who did, all but one said that it didn't go very far these days.

Neglected Children a Problem

The second by-product of inflation and the housing shortage which I found weighing on many minds was juvenile delinquency. Rising prices had forced many mothers to become wage earners, and crowded living conditions had made many homes anything but magnets for growing children. Still, Mrs. Ada Hannan, a clerk in a Bozeman, Montana, five-and-ten, spoke for many of her fellow passengers, when she said: "Money problems or not, it's just terrible the way married women with families let their children run the streets or be tended by a hired woman. No child wants to mind anyone but its mother."

It wasn't only women who raised this subject. Dr. W. E. Hickman, an Irwin, Pennsylvania, chiropractor, said that his community was stirred up about "juvenile delinquency, prices and housing"—in that order. And N. L. Shetler, an Amish farmer, father of 16 living children, said: "My worries are about the next generation. I have all I can do to worry about bringing up my family with the right values. And if everyone else worried only about that, we'd have a better America."

By the time I reached Cheyenne I felt that the over-all picture of current American thinking was beginning to become pretty clear: Local problems—the church bazaar, a miners' picnic, or the apple pack; and the impact of soaring prices on food, housing, cars, veterans, and on the welfare of the next generation—these were the things most on the minds of my bus-riding fellow citizens.

Beyond these things I found comparatively little interest in domestic affairs. This struck me as particularly noteworthy because it contrasted so strongly with the widespread concern

(Continued on page 92)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

SALT IN THE AIR

Life—or death—in the afternoon

JUANILLO, hat pulled low on his forehead, shoulders hunched forward to disguise his body, let the crowd surge around him.

"Don't let them recognize me," he prayed silently to his patron saint. "Not today. Not this particular day." From the bull ring came the sound of music. The words slid easily into his mind:

"He takes up the sword
And walks to glory."

Once that had been his song. When he went into a restaurant, or passed a *mariachi* band on the street, it was played as a signal of the great Juanillo's presence. Even in Spain they had played it. But now Juanillo was only legend and his song was just another bull-ring tune.

But there might be some people here in this crowd who would recognize him. They would nudge their neighbors, who in turn would nudge others, and soon everyone would be looking at him. No, not at him—at his feet, his coward's feet, which had carried him away from his last two bulls and ruined him forever as a great sword.

Feet did that many times when the body had been too often torn by the curved horns. It was the nightmare of every fighter: the betrayal of the feet. There was no place in the arena for cowards. After that he had retired. Well, why not? He had money, he had known fame, and he was forty years old. Fatigue was in him, he told the newspapermen. It was time for him to retire. But even as he told it he could see the smile in their eyes, and the casual little glances they had flicked toward his feet.

Any man, he told himself defensively, has the right to retire. But it was no good. No matter what he told himself it was no good. The truth was always there. He had not retired; the ring had rejected him, exiled him for cowardice.

Juanillo took another step forward in the line toward the ticket box. To the right was another box with a much shorter line. That was for tickets in the royal elegance of shade. His own line was for the democratic sun. And too, the sun side was for those who really loved good fighting; for those who knew the worth of a bull as it came, black as death, from the tumbrel; for those who knew at a casual glance whether the *torero* was only a stuffed doll in pretty silks, or a good sword. Yes, the sun side was for those to whom bullfighting was a wine in the blood, those who could taste the salt in the air.

Juanillo lifted his chin to look at the blue-bright sky, then hastily hid his face. It was wicked luck that Sandoval was selling tickets for the sun side. Twenty-eight years ago this afternoon Sandoval had paid homage, had said royally, "For Juanillo today there is salt in the air." And then, at the last fight, this same Sandoval had looked at his feet and said tauntingly, "Salt."

Fortunately Sandoval hated the sun box. He much preferred to sell tickets for the shade. The tinkle of silver in the till was his delight; on the sun side the coins were copper. He did not even look up as Juanillo pushed his money across the opening.

As quickly as possible, without seeming in haste, Juanillo made his way to the sun entrance. His body moved easily through the crowd, swerving just enough to escape a push. Years of swerving the body had prepared him for this. His mouth twisted ironically. What an end to ambition: years of dieting, of exercise, of facing the black bull in the arena—that at the end he might pass easily through a crowd.

The gatekeeper was new, so there was no danger of pitying recognition from him. Juanillo extended his ticket and walked quickly through the wide door. The smell of sun on closely packed bodies struck him with full force. For a moment he was young again.

There had truly been salt in the air then, and sun, and the gleam of blue silk on his body. Already famous as a *novillero,* a killer of small bulls, he was coming into the ring to meet the great black bull itself, and to take up the title of *matador,* the killer, in place of *novillero,* the novice.

But that was twenty-eight years ago, and today there was only sun and a facility for passing through crowds. But, thought Juanillo defensively, as he slid into a seat next to two young boys, a man has the right to relive his first triumph. If he paid for his seat and behaved himself, what difference did it make to anyone that he was seeing, not the Sultan of Saltillo, who was fighting today, but a slim eager shadow named Juanillo in a *torero* costume twenty-eight years out of date?

The musicians were playing another piece now, and the boy on Juanillo's left said harshly, "I wish they'd play Juanillo's song again. It is my luck."

His own name attracted the man. He turned his head slightly and glanced along his eyelids. He noticed automatically that the boy had a good body and, more important, that his hands were small with strong wrists.

The other boy said sharply, "You are too superstitious, Ratón."

"Leave me alone!" snapped the Ratón, his hands wiping off palm sweat against his ragged yellow shirt.

The mind of the boy stepped into the mind of the man. Realizing the Ratón's intentions, Juanillo half rose to call a policeman and put the boy in charge, but he sank back again. How could he tell the policeman, "This boy plans to leap into the ring; he is an extemporaneous one."? The Ratón had only to deny it, and put off his performance for another Sunday. Nothing could stop these roosters once they had the idea in their minds. They would go again and again to the ring until they got their chance, and once they took it, what good did it do them? If they escaped without a wound, they were shut up in jail until some friends found enough money to bail them out.

Juanillo looked at the boy again, at the thick-nosed face, the slender body, the long fingers folding and refolding the coat in his lap. There was no doubt of it, he had the true fighter's wrists. He was wetting his lips, his eyes fixed on the president's box.

The great man was already entering. He was raising the white handkerchief. A trumpet's clear notes sliced the air. The fighters marched in to a burst of music, the Sultan of Saltillo in the center, his walk showing the proper arrogance. The men on either side of him were good fighters, but they lacked that final touch of pride that is prouder than death.

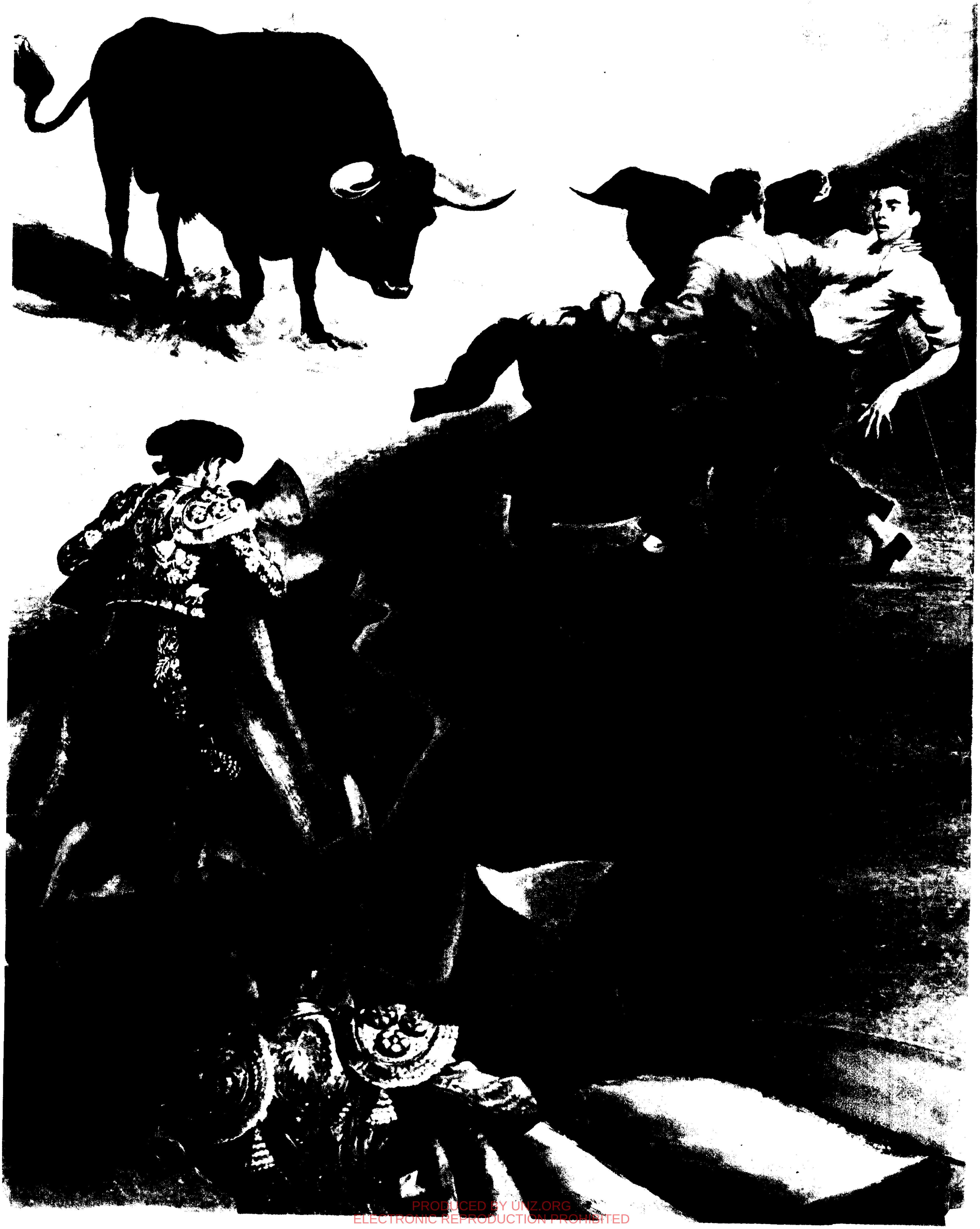
The parade reached the president's box. After the *toreros* gave the honorary salute, the first sword's pics rode to their places. In a moment the ring was cleared. All attention was fixed on the other door. Slowly it began to open. Juanillo could hear the Ratón's harsh breathing.

THE crowd gave a long-drawn "Aah." The bull was in the ring. He ran around, blinded by the sun, and pawed at the sand. The horns were set too far back on the skull. When the ring servants gave him the preliminary passes, he hooked strongly to the right. A fair bull, thought Juanillo, very fair. He looked at the boy. The Ratón was shaking his head. "Not for me," he muttered. "Not this one."

Juanillo resented this boy's intrusion on his anniversary celebration. The devil take him, he thought crossly. The boy knows bulls. And when a good one comes out, this Ratón will jump into the arena, and the devil with the bull. He'll ruin the beast in three minutes. The Sultan will be very angry. Very angry indeed. And why not? One good bull in an afternoon ruined by an extemporaneous one. To the devil with these boys and their ambition! I could tell him a thing about ambition!

The first fighter came out. The capework was fair. One good *verónica,* but nothing more. Juanillo snorted in exasperation. What had become of the good days—the days of Goana and Joselito, and Luis Freg? That was when a fight was really magnificent, and there was salt in the air. These men were all technique, with their constant talk of schools: the Sevilla school, the Córdoba school, the Ronda school. Who cared about schools? A great fighter knew the truth of the arena: It was the bull who was important, not the man. It was the bull who demanded and the man who gave. It was the bull who said, "This is my moment of truth, my moment of magnificent death." At the last, it was only the bull who should have pride. The fighter should have a humility greater than pride, an awareness of being more powerful than death, and, in the awareness, he should be humble. *(Continued on page 88)*

Unaware of what he was doing, Juanillo leaped into the ring, tearing off his coat as he ran. One arm shot the Ratón off balance and out of harm's way



LITTLE MEL, THE DEBS' DELIGHT

BY JAMES DUGAN

It took Mel Tormé 17 long years [illegible] as happy about his baritone capers as if he were only twenty-one—which he is

MEL TORMÉ is a twenty-one-year-old with taffy-colored hair and pendulant Maurice Chevalier underlip, whose minstrelsy makes great numbers of young people and ladies get right down on the floor and dream. Crooners come in seven-year cycles, like the itch. Bing Crosby came in 1933. Frank Sinatra arrived in 1940. This looks like the Mel Tormé year.

Until recent months Melvin Howard Tormé (rhymes with "more pay") has been the most obscure famous boy in America. His idolators consisted only of disk jockeys and those who listened to disk jockeys. The larger public is now finding out that the jocks had something there.

This fall Mel comes out as a movie star in Good News. He has his own weekly radio program, Tormé Time. Two current films employ songs he wrote for them. By Christmas everyone will have to listen to a song he wrote, The Christmas Song, which is a rival of Irving Berlin's White Christmas.

Tormé weighs less than Sinatra and is shorter than Crosby, and younger than both. His vocal cords are pleasantly defective, like all crooners since Crosby. The pipes are misty, bosky and gauzy. Fred Robbins, the New York disk jockey who has been Tormé's chief plugger, described the voice with romantic accuracy as the Velvet Fog.

The Tormé life drama begins early. At the age of four Tormé entered the profession by staying up past bedtime to sing with the Coon-Sanders orchestra in the Chicago Blackhawk. His maiden number was a fox-trot sensation of the day, You're Driving Me Crazy. When he was through, the mobsters at the best tables sent tributes of bubble gum to the dressing room.

At this time young Master Tormé's listeners also included a number of radio fans, who stayed up at night tuning in the Coon-Sanders band on WGN, Chicago, on their superheterodyne sets. Little did they think that the child who came squeaking in on the old headsets would grow up to be Mel Tormé. Some in fact, were against having him grow up at all.

When he was six Tormé switched to acting. In those days all daytime soap operas emanated from Chicago. Little Mel indiscriminately worked for all who sold soap. It was impossible to keep clean in this country in the years 1932-39 without employing a soap plugged by Tormé.

When he was thirteen Tormé faced himself in his mirror and said gruffly, "You are a failure, Tormé. With all your worldly fame and chattels you have been a dud with the dames."

Made Juke Box Hit at Thirteen

He was a freshman in the Hyde Park High School, and the demands of the acting profession had robbed him of normal congress with the ladies. Tormé sat down and wrote a song which laid his tortured heart bare: Lament to Love. Harry James, a fellow who was already shaving, liked this elegy and recorded it. Lament to Love was a hit on the juke boxes for over a month, laurels enough for most thirteen-year-olds.

However, the composer was fashioned of sterner fiber. He bade goodby to the Toddlin' Town and took off with Chico Marx' orchestra as a vocalist, arranger and drummer, and perjured himself that he had working papers. The lad was a good drummer. He was teaching himself the arranger's craft. As for his singing, he now says wryly, "How much can you inflict on the people?"

The road tour took him to Los Angeles, where he sniffed the salubrious air and gave notice. He sent for his family. His father is one of the last of the French lapidaries, a craftsman-jeweler. Tormé Senior opened a shop in Los Angeles, and the retired drummer finished high school.

He thrust his diploma into the studio doors, and was engaged in a modest role for the film Higher and Higher, which was the first screen appearance of a sensational new crooner, Frank Sinatra. Tormé carefully refrained from stealing the picture from Frank.

He was equally considerate in his next film, in which he depicted a drummer in the least colossal movie biography of our time, Night and Day. An unfortunate older chap, Cary Grant, had to play Cole Porter. Tormé escaped from the ruins under cover of darkness and disguised himself as Gloria Jean's leading man in a triumphant series of D pictures, the Jeanie epics.

It was now 1943 and Tormé was not getting any younger. He had worked his way up to being the Van Johnson of Poverty Row, when he prudently decided that he had had the cinema. Music, his first love, called. He organized a quintet of part singers and named them the Mel Tones, after his favorite 17-year-old baritone. The Mel Tones were going great when Tormé reached the statutory age of eighteen, and a bigger booking came. A producer named Sam tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Put on this khaki suit and come with me."

Tormé, although a singer, drummer, arranger, actor and composer, had shortcomings which ill-fitted him for a soldier. His stomach was on the bum. He was living on crackers and milk when the draft board snatched him away. No matter how many cold cuts the kindly mess sergeants fired into him, Tormé did not get better. The supply sergeant was all out of new stomachs. In order that he should not die on U.S. Army property they discharged him after two months.

Painfully taking up the worn threads of his career, Tormé tottered back into show business, cracker in one hand and milk in the other. He did not want pity, he wanted work. A Navy veteran named Artie Shaw asked him to sing on some records he was making. The first fruit of this collaboration did not shake the world, but a chance seed fell into the hands of a West Coast disk jockey.

Other jocks grabbed up the Shaw-Tormé records and, before you could say Fred Robbins, Mel Tormé was secretly famous. He dusted off the number he had sung at the age of four, You're Driving Me Crazy. It is still his best-selling record.

Old Tunes With Novelty Rhythms

He rearranged, switched the beat and reading of other mellow tunes of a youth before his, I'm Yours and Isn't This a Lovely Day (To be Caught in the Rain)? Then the jockeys found that Tormé was a composer as well. They set their needles in the ridges of a twilight dirge, Born to Be Blue, authored by Master Melvin.

The first recordings were technically poor, so that the artist sounded like a man with triple laryngitis, trying to get someone to pull him out of a well. The jocks heard and pulled him out. Now Mel was on his feet and ready to run.

The Velvet Fog first revealed himself in the flesh in a Hollywood public house called the Bocage early this year. The sight was pleasing. The Bocage became the best beat of autograph hunters specializing in female stars. Carmen Miranda came four times a week, elbowing her way through Beverly Tyler, Alice Faye, Marguerite Chapman, Ava Gardner, Diana Lynn, Gloria de Haven, Adele Mara and Cathy Downs. Shut-in ladies listened on the radio. One of them wrote Tormé, "I am expecting a child and I am lonely. Your voice has helped me forget my loneliness. I don't think my husband will mind my saying this to you. When he comes back from his business trip I will ask him to take me to hear you in person."

Tormé left the Bocage for the big time. He picked the toughest spot of all—the Copacabana in New York. The Copa is what Fred Allen calls "a rich man's subway." It is a raucous grotto patronized by stuffed bison, who sit packed cheek-by-jowl, making noises like the rush hour on the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. They like their singers shrill, blue and fifty years old. The only young things they can stand are roast squab and teen-age chorus girls.

Tormé came into this clamorous catacomb with seven strikes against him, one for each of the daily saloon reviewers in town. Like the regular customers, the café critics wanted to see Weber and Fields and the high-kicking chorus of The Black Crook.

With seventeen years of trouping behind him, Tormé came out opening night, smiling and keeping a sharp eye out for brickbats. The ringside elks started to groan and yell they wuz robbed. The waiters chose that moment for hurling trays full of dishes at one another. Shrill altercations were heard through the kitchen doors. Drifting down from street level came the sound of taxis crashing head on, and as the artist opened his mouth to sing, an el train seemed to be making a detour through the basement.

"It was like pulling teeth to sing," said Tormé.

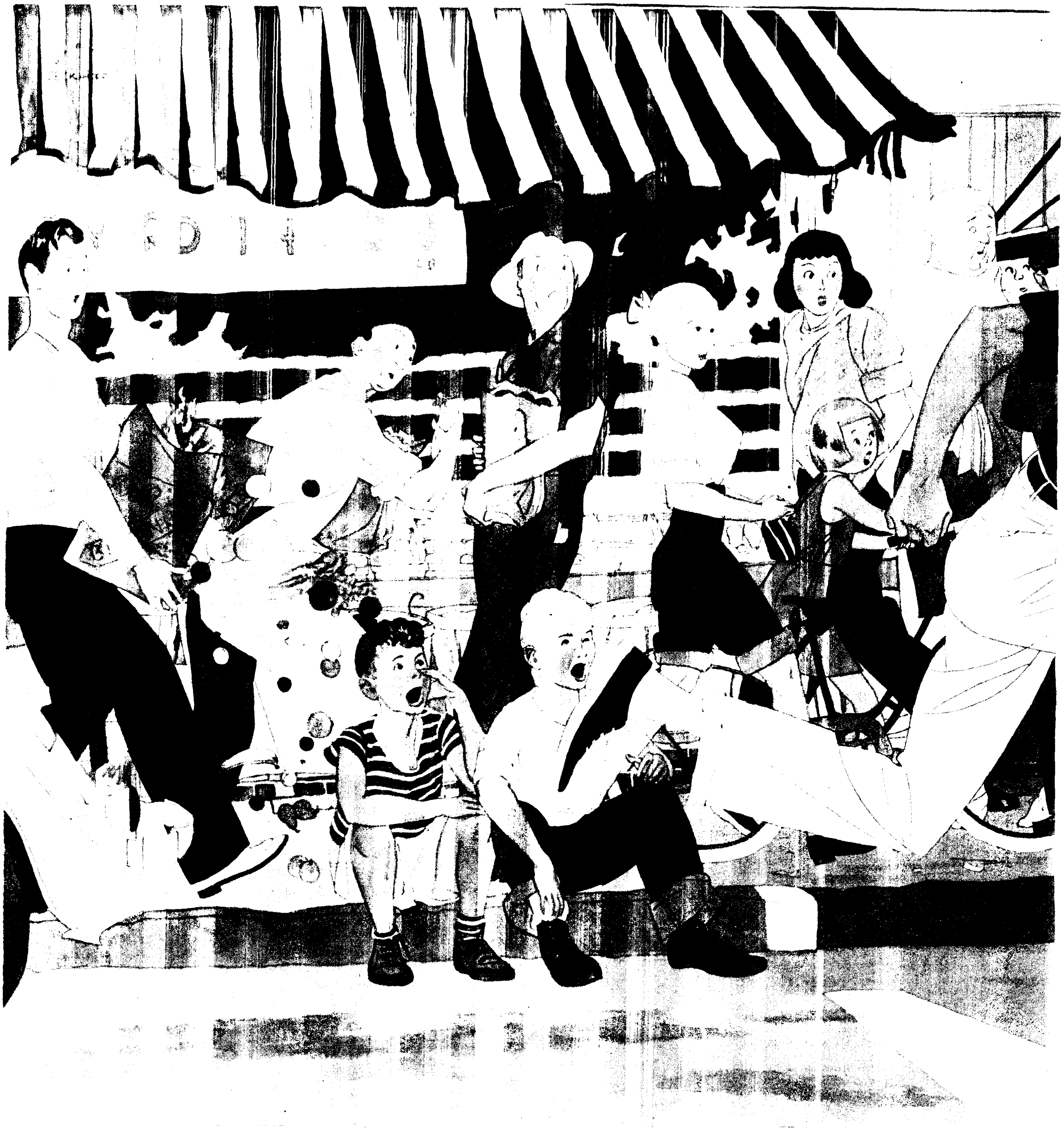
Naturally nobody heard him, except his agent, Tommy Rockwood, who, after years in night clubs, is good at lip reading. The reviews were bad.

Monte Proser, the keeper *(Continued on page 84)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY MYRON EHRENBERG

The young ladies who cherish Mr. Tormé's autograph are mostly of his own age, but his best songs date from a previous era. Nobody can explain this

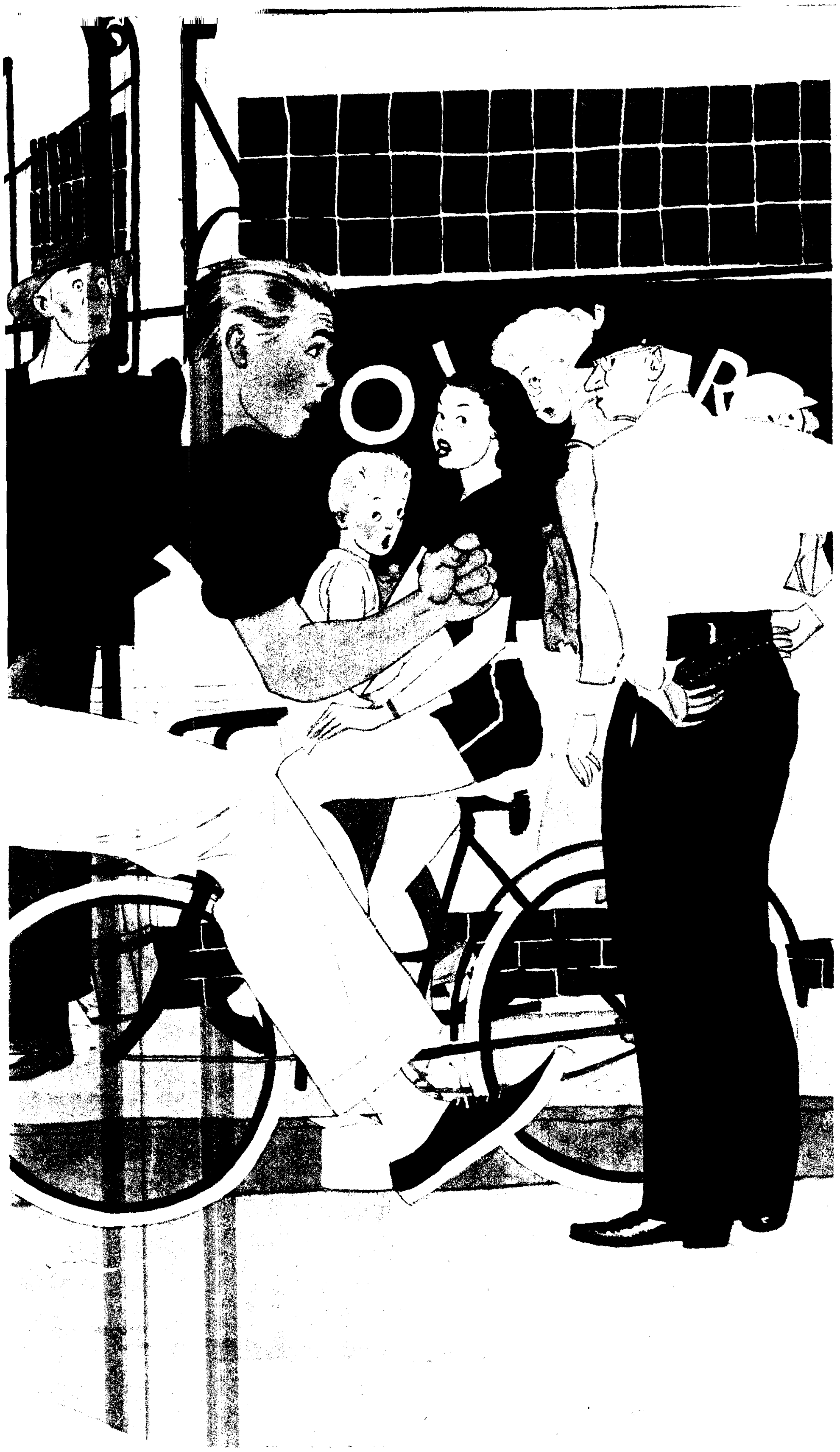
Radio is an old familiar story to Mel. At the age of four he was broadcasting with the Coon-Sanders orchestra in Chicago. Later he acted in soap operas



THE SLOWPOKE

BY HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

For generations the Lintons had seen no cause to hurry—but when a roundabout guy meets a straightforward girl, tradition goes overboard



Tommy was streaking it through the middle of Main Street. Panic overtook the populace. "I don't know what it is, but it must be bad," someone yelled

IT WAS a limpid, soul-tugging June day, but little of the mellow sunlight reached the inward spirit of Thomas Carver Linton IV, a young man with yellow hair and brown eyes who sat on a stone doorstep beneath a bridal-wreath bush in full bloom. Tommy was puzzled and depressed.

He came of the East Baddow Lintons, and the doorstep was of his ancestral home, a cottage with low eaves, great central chimney and shingles turned to satin by long exposure to weather, good and bad. He looked out between the lichened trunks of two spruce trees, tall and ancient, which had been the bridal trees of his great-great-great-grandparents. A picket fence surrounded the dooryard, enclosing the trees, patches of myrtle and tansy, and many lilacs. All this was his. In fact, he owned to the next stone wall, beyond which, on a knoll, a summer visitor was basking in the sunshine.

The visitor, at this distance, seemed more summery than most, and she was certainly the most luscious thing in the conservative New England landscape. She was wearing a vestigial playsuit of California yellow, and her arms and legs were something between bronze and gold. Tommy eyed her and thought that, in a way, he would like to walk across the slanting hillside, climb the stone wall and speak to her.

The direct approach, however, still seemed to him, after consideration, as a little out of line. He had already tried two indirect ones, on different days, with the idea of having his meeting with Paula Cummerfield—he knew her name—appear properly casual. Once he had executed a diversion around the corncrib and tacked in from the north, and once he had gone the other way and tried to bear off from the beech grove, but each time he had arrived at the knoll too late. Paula had departed, in answer to a dinner bell somewhere in the middle distance or fleeing an advance wisp of fog from the sea.

Maybe there *is* something I can't cope with, Tommy thought, something bigger than I am. Maybe I am in the hands of a doom. These recent and trivial experiences added up with others to form part of an unseen whole, sinister in proportions. It seemed to him he was the prisoner of a great design.

East Baddow is a remote township in a region where there is no such thing as remoteness. Any part of rural New England is a center of civilization, or, more accurately, since all the best things and the best people are everywhere, it follows that there is no center of anything—not even Boston. Paula Cummerfield was from Boston, but Tommy did not know that yet.

HIS reflections were interrupted at this point by Redfield Plummer, chairman of the board of selectmen of East Baddow and likewise a real-estate agent. Redfield was sun-cured, more tanned than an old hide trunk, native and timeless. His trousers, draped from his shoulders by means of heavenly blue suspenders, stuck out a couple of inches around his middle, which was lean with the health of country living and ascetic ancestry.

"Tommy," said Redfield, "I want to ask a blunt question. Suit yourself about answering. Is it true your engagement with Mira Hadfield is busted off?"

"No secret about that," said Tommy. "I don't know what to make of it, but the engagement is certainly a thing of the past."

"Didn't she give you a reason?"

"In a way she did," said Tommy. "As an old friend I'd like you to read the letter." He took it out of his pocket.

Redfield studied the sheet of wrinkled note paper.

"Everybody else arrived home from the war in 1945 or 1946, but you would have to be the last man in. It was the same when we were kids and played hide-and-seek. It will always be the same. The appendix to your name says that you are 'fourth,' but this is quite an overestimate unless it means fourth from the end, in which case you are rated three places too high. I would feel differently, perhaps, but I know your old outfit was broken up and sent home eighteen months ago, and something tells me you have been missing boats, making side trips, and getting involved in long conversations. The thought is too much. I resign as your affianced."

"What do you make of it?" asked Tommy.

"I'd say you kept her waiting too long," said Redfield.

"I only missed her by eleven days, six hours and forty minutes," said Tommy. "Any girl should wait that long for a man."

"Mmmm," said Redfield, "is that true about missing boats and so on?"

"Well, in a way," said Tommy. "In a way I suppose it is, but—"

"Never mind," said Redfield. "Real reason I'm here is to ask about the sale of the property. Understand if you and Mira had made a match, you'd have sold and cleared out. Is that right?"

"Yes, it is," said Tommy. "Mira wanted to live in Boston. As things are now, I don't know what to think. Maybe I should sell, but it's quite a strain after so many generations, specially when I haven't made any plans."

"In case you do decide to sell, I've got a customer ready and waiting. He's up in the pasture now. City man."

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

III—HOW F.D.R. FOUGHT THE AXIS

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

The State Department opposed recognition of Russia . . . Henry Wallace was against it—he feared the religious effect on the voters . . . even the Russians were coy . . . but F.D.R. was insistent—said he, "Let's bring the whole Russian question into the front parlor instead of the kitchen"

THE year 1933 was one of incredible excitement in Washington. Roosevelt had wakened the nation from its dangerous despondency and rallied its energies in a war against depression. Most Americans were concerned, and rightly so, with their own troubles. At the same time, had one the wit to read the weather, storm clouds were gathering over Europe. While Roosevelt was celebrating his fifty-first birthday on January 30, 1933, Hitler was becoming chancellor of the Reich.

As Roosevelt and Hitler rose to power within a few days of each other, so, twelve years later, they died within a few days of each other. I have often mused about the strange contrast between these two remarkable careers—one dedicated to the advance of civilization, the other to its destruction.

In this article I want to cite some of Roosevelt's attempts to preserve civilization from the forces that attempted to destroy it. And I want to put in the record the Treasury's attempts at various crucial moments to support his efforts in Europe and the Far East.

My first brush with foreign policy came, oddly enough, when I was still with the Farm Credit Administration. Roosevelt had long opposed the United States policy of nonrecognition of the Soviet Union. He felt that nonrecognition was a futile gesture against an established government, whether or not we approved of that government; and he felt, in addition, that the continued isolation of Russia

Mr. Roosevelt, who considered Hjalmar Schacht (center) too slick and calculating, mimicked him privately, saying, "Ach, you must help my poor guntry!"

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Secretary Woodring, when asked the Army's needs after Poland fell, replied, "Several million blankets"

ACME

Secretary Cordell Hull pressed Commissar Maxim Litvinov about the Comintern; the Russian said it had no governmental standing, adding, "We have no request to make of your organizations, so why ask about ours?"

might destroy his hopes of preventing war through the collective moral sense of the nations of the world. He must have perceived that Russia would be a natural ally in any conflict against a resurgent Germany.

In any case, he turned to me early in 1933 to help conduct conversations looking toward the recognition of Russia. Why me rather than the State Department? Roosevelt's mode of operation here was interesting and characteristic. It must never be forgotten that a President is in some ways as much a prisoner of his administration as he is a master. He is often limited in his action by the personnel he must work through; and vested political and bureaucratic interests may prevent him from reshuffling his personnel at will.

The State Department in 1933, frankly, was unsympathetic if not hostile to the whole idea of opening relations with the Soviet Union. Roosevelt sensed their resistance; he may even have felt them out. But just because he was stymied in the regular channels, he would not give up on an objective he considered important.

I think he chose me primarily because he could trust me absolutely. These were, of course, negotiations of the utmost delicacy. Moreover, he had tested me a good deal at Albany with an eye, as he remarked at the time, to using me later in Washington. So when he wanted something personal and original to be done, he would often turn to me to work out the ways and means.

I would prepare a plan and, as I used to say to my Treasury staff, "tie it up in pink ribbons, put it on a silver platter and send it over to the White House." If the President did not like it, that ended it. If things went wrong, I kept my mouth shut. I had no kept columnist and I never carried my fights to the press. This cut me out of puff stories and pleasant publicity, and it meant that I often had to take the rap for things which were none of my doing. But I was happy to serve the President this way.

He knew I would never let him down. He knew also that I would tell him when I thought he was wrong. Mrs. Roosevelt once said to me, "Henry, there are only two people who stand up to Franklin: you and Louis Howe." She was wrong; there was a third person—Eleanor Roosevelt. But she was right in saying that I never sought to please the President by yessing him. He would have seen through me anyway if I had ever tried it.

We opened the Russian negotiations with great care. Through a couple of intermediaries I made contact with Amtorg, the Soviet trading company. It seemed a risky business. As I remarked to the President at lunch one day, if the deal worked out I would be a hero, but if it flopped I would have to leave Washington.

He turned to me and said in the most positive manner, "Well, of course, you know that I stand back of you in these negotiations, and if you have to leave Washington I will leave with you."

An Old Russian Custom

The unwillingness of individual Russians to assume authority was a source of difficulty; it still complicates our dealing with them. "If I could only, myself, talk to some one man representing the Russians," the President said to me on one occasion, "I could straighten out the whole question." But we made progress. By August 16th I was able to report to the President that the Soviet Union wanted to purchase $75,000,000 worth of raw materials. With the $50,000,000 worth of machine goods they were seeking through other channels, this would have made a dent on our depression-ridden economy.

Late in September, 1933, the President said, "What would you think of bringing this whole Russian question into our front parlor instead of back in the kitchen?"

"That is fine," I said, "if you want to do it, but that is up to you."

"Well, I have got a plan in mind," Roosevelt said. The plan was to write a letter to Russia suggesting negotiations leading to diplomatic relations.

The next day I lunched with Bill Bullitt, who was then handling Soviet affairs for the State Department and who hoped to be first ambassador to Moscow. Bullitt is a man of great charm; and a superb host. But he is violent in his loves and in his hates. In 1933 he was as furiously pro-Russian as he is furiously anti-Russian today. He saw in American aid the means by which the Soviet Union could break away from its dependence on Germany and could become a bulwark against the aggressive tendencies we all thought were developing in Japan.

The State Department, he told me, was antirecognition, but he had personally been for it a long time. Cordell Hull gave the impression that the religious issue was uppermost in his mind. Opposition came also, strangely enough, from Henry Wallace, who called on the President late in October in order to express his fears about the "religious effect" recognition would have on the country. That conversation left the President thoroughly puzzled. Wallace, he told me later the same day, "is a kind of mystic."

Bullitt began walking me to work in the mornings in order to pump me about the latest developments. At first this annoyed the President, on the ground that Bullitt was going over Hull's head "the way Moley used to." But, as affairs developed, he entrusted the negotiations more and more to Bullitt. This kind of thing was to happen more than once in my relations with Roosevelt. He would use me to break a deadlock, then gradually turned the problem back into regular channels after the initial hurdles had been surmounted. I helped, however, to bring Bullitt and the Soviet representative, Boris Skvirsky, together for the exchange of letters which led to Maxim Litvinov's visit to this country in November.

At one point in Bullitt's meeting with Skvirsky, the former remarked: "I have a piece of paper in my hand. It is unsigned. It can be made into an invitation for you to send representatives here to discuss diplomatic relations. We wish you to telegraph it by your most confidential code and learn if it is acceptable. . . . If not, will you give me your word of honor that there will never be any publicity about this proposed exchange of letters and that the whole matter will be kept secret?" Skvirsky gave his word.

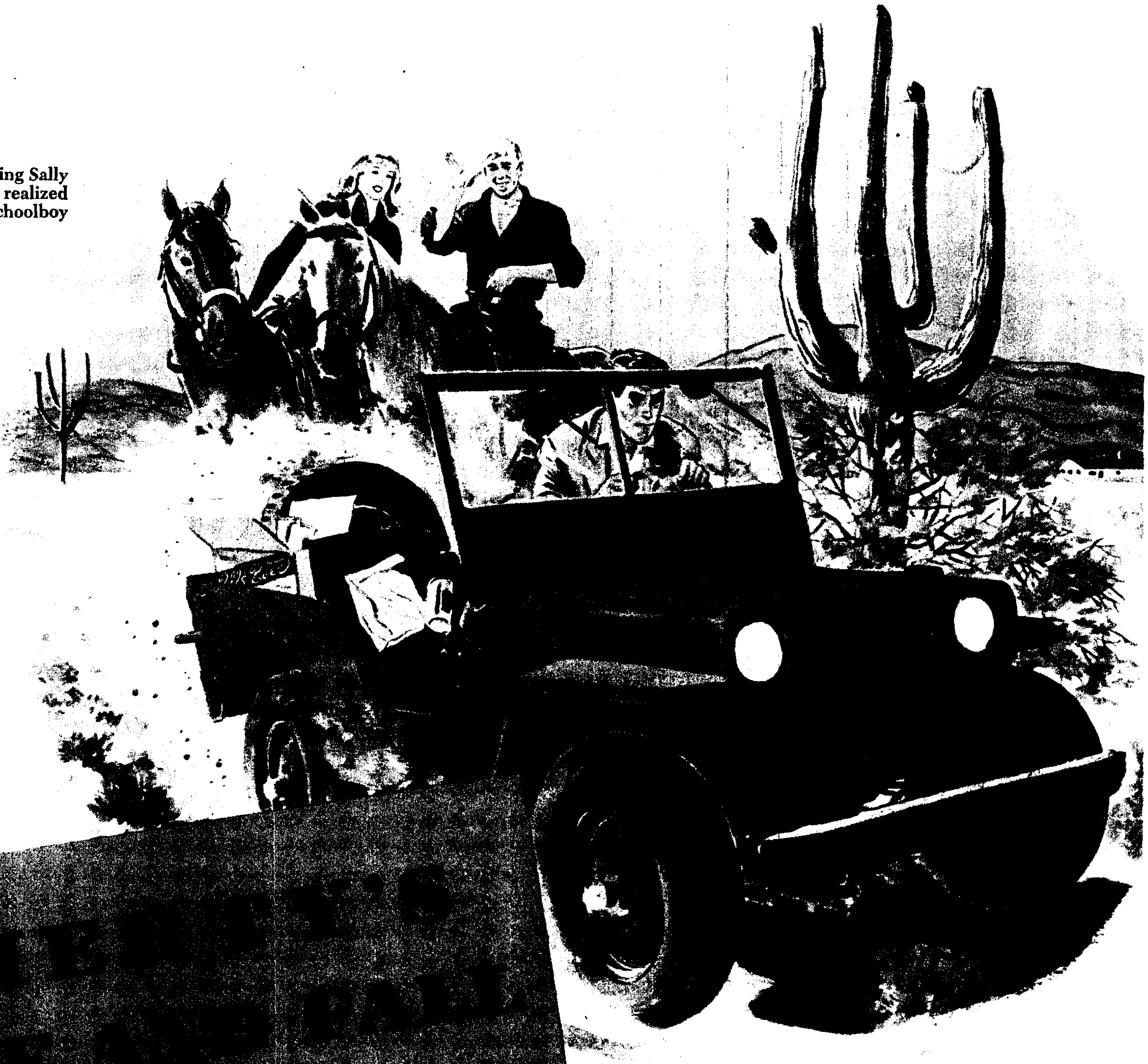
Two Impressions of Litvinov

And I took part in the early talks with Litvinov, who impressed me then as a warm, friendly man, sparkling in conversation, abundant in hospitality. (I will never forget the contrast between that vital figure and the tired and defeatist man, nervously smoking cigars, his clothes rumpled and covered with an accumulation of cigar ash, sitting in the Washington Embassy in the dark days after the Nazi invasion of Russia.)

In the talks Hull pressed Litvinov about the Comintern. Litvinov disclaimed responsibility, saying the Comintern had no government standing. "We have no request to make of any of your organizations in the United States," he said, "so why ask us about some of our organizations?"

Later the question of debts took up the bulk of the time. Litvinov at one time agreed to settle at around 100 or 125 million dollars but no final deal was ever made. The debt discussion became highly involved and dragged on and on. Litvinov got very tired of it all, and I don't think that Bullitt and some of the others were

(Continued on page 72)



Flaherty lunged ahead, leaving Sally and Les to follow him. He realized he was carrying on like a schoolboy

FLAHERTY'S DECLINE AND FALL

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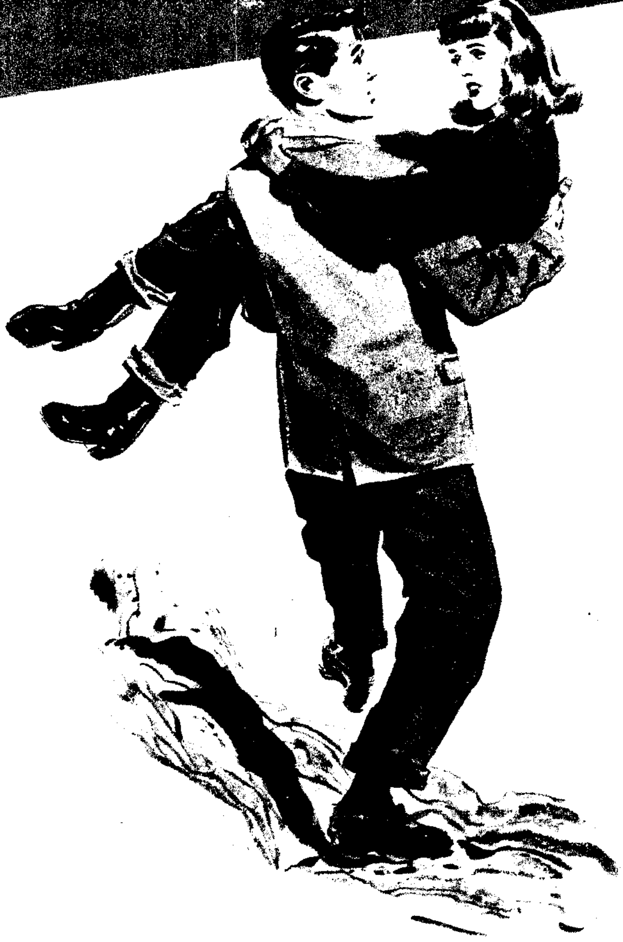
The anthropology professor had a pretty good grip on his emotions—but Sally Shannon managed to get a better one



Flaherty carried her a ways in silence, then Sally said, "Am I going to kick the bucket do you think?"

MICHAEL FLAHERTY, associate professor of anthropology in a small college in Arizona, was a tall, loose-jointed man of thirty years. His black hair was shorn close and he had deep-set, very blue eyes. He was handsome; the females of his class in Anthropology 201 got quite a bang out of just looking at him.

Flaherty's flaw was that he didn't get any bang out of looking back; he didn't seem to notice them. This was unnatural, because one of the young ladies, Miss Sally Shannon, was as noticeable as anything in the state. At twenty-four years of age she weighed 118 pounds and each pound was impeccably proportioned. Her eyes were gray, about like a sagebrush leaf, and she had rust-colored hair. Of her three years in the armed forces as a Wac nothing much showed—except that now and then, when crowded, she bellowed.

Flaherty's indifference in the presence of a natural phenomenon that had shaken strong, nerveless warriors of two continents irked Sally a good deal, even when she realized that his joys came from his work. He was happiest handling somebody's bones; skulls gladdened him immoderately. Give Flaherty the cranial remains of a party who had been konked on the head with a stone ax 20,000 years ago and he'd turn his mind from concerns of the flesh to spend days calculating the deceased's cephalic index, measuring his zygomatic arches and nasal spine and taking a sharp look at his sutures.

It was on a sunny afternoon in April that Sally decided to crack Flaherty's aplomb or flunk trying. It was spring and it is possible that had something to do with it.

Flaherty was lecturing. "Here," he said as he detached a skull from a skeleton and held it up before the class, "we have an example of white stock, Nordic race. Observe that it is dolichocephalic—long-headed—that the chin is prominent, the jaw rather large. The frontal lobe is highly developed and the coronal suture intensely serrated. The face is long and rather narrow. This skull might well be that of a Swede, or perhaps a Scot."

"Girl Scot or boy Scot?" Sally asked.

Flaherty examined the skull. "Male."

"Why, bless you!" Sally said. "How do you figure?"

For what appeared to be the first time since the quarter began, Flaherty's blue eyes focused on Sally. "There are several sex differences manifest in a skull, which, taken together, generally make determination of the owner's sex possible." He turned the skull around. "For one thing, the inion—" The class bell rang, he returned the Scot to his desk.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

"That is all for today." He glanced at Sally. "If you'd care to remain, Miss—"

"Shannon. You betcha, Professor."

"—Miss Shannon, I will try to show you in detail."

Three other young women in whom anthropology had taken an abrupt throbbing grip lingered too. Sally faced them. "I cornered this boy myself," she whispered ominously. "First one of you horns in gets whaled with the Scot's femur. Take off!" Sally had been a lieutenant in the Wac and was a professional bully.

When the girls had dispersed, Sally hoisted herself upon Flaherty's desk and lolled there throwing her curves. Flaherty trotted a look over her that indicated there *was* man-blood in his tubes after all. He cleared his throat and picked up the Scot's skull. "On the male," he said, "this bump on the back of the head, called the inion, is generally larger and more pronounced than on the female."

Sally felt the Scot's bump, then her own. To feel Flaherty's bump she slipped both arms around his neck and went into the inion thing thoroughly. "You got quite a knob there, Professor," she said.

"Yes, thank you, Miss Shannon."

"Sally, Professor, huh?"

"Miss Shannon will do."

Sally shrugged her upper torso in a manner that threw Flaherty clean off his scholarly sled. She helped him back on, saying, "Any other differences between mama and papa craniums?"

"Crania. Yes, these brow ridges, called the supraorbital ridges, are heavier in the male as a rule. Another distinguishing fea—" Flaherty's voice trailed: Sally was running her fingers through his eyebrows, clucking her amazement.

"What won't they think of next?" she murmured. "Here, honey, feel mine." She took his hand warmly in hers and pressed it to her forehead.

Sally's supraorbital ridges were faint, but Flaherty looked for some time anyway. After a while he ran his fingers down across her cheek and around to her inion. Sally shivered. "Hey," she said softly, "that's fine."

For a moment then they looked into each other's eyes without speaking.

"Professor," Sally said finally, "how'd you take to being able to nosey around a whole pueblo by yourself?"

"I'd like that very much."

"Good, because on the ranch next door to ours there's a big old pueblo with nobody in it and you ought to be able to find all sorts of fine gruesome things. Anyway you come out to our place Friday night for dinner, and Saturday morning early I'll take you over to the place and you can browse with the skeletons."

Flaherty said he'd be delighted to come.

THE ranch of Sally's father, Dennis Shannon, was vast and modern. The land looked bald, yet it fed thousands of white-faced cattle; the ranch house was a low, sprawling, wide-eaved, tile-roofed structure. Sally commuted the 20 miles between college and the ranch in a retired Army jeep, which she herded in the maniacal manner to which it was accustomed. On the evening that she returned home from having stupefied Flaherty by an astute fondling of his cranial terrain, she caged her neurotic machine in a strong shed and entered her home carrying quite a head of steam. She kissed her mother; her father, who sat reading, she kissed too.

"Pop," she said, "I've selected my mate."

Shannon, a humorous pink-faced man with heavy gray eyebrows, put down his newspaper. "If he's a cowboy," he said, "I'll flatten you."

"My boy doesn't know an Aberdeen Angus from a goat," Sally said. She turned to her mother. "He's a fine looker, Mom, like Gregory Peck sort of, if Gregory had his hair cut and ate more."

"His name is what?" Mrs. Shannon asked.

"Mike Flaherty."

"Obviously, a fine man," Shannon said, "unless there has been mingling of races."

Sally studied her parents. "He is a professor, kids, but I'm positive we can grow to love him anyway."

"Does the poor thing know he is being measured for a wedding?" Mrs. Shannon asked.

Sally shook her head. "We may have to use force. He prefers bones to babes."

"My sainted aunt!" cried Mrs. Shannon. "A mortician!"

"Or a ghoul," said Shannon. "But I deduce that our odd daughter has picked a professor of anthropology."

"Now, hold on," Sally said. She gave her father a look. "What do you know about anthro?"

"I remember Pithecanthropus quite well," Shannon said. "Dutchman named Du Bois found him in Java in 1891, I think. Then there were Peking man, Piltdown man, Heidelberg man, Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon, first of the Homo sapiens. I left out—"

"That'll do, Pop, turn it off." Sally looked at her mother. "Holy smoke, what kind of a character did you marry?"

"Dennis is not without intellectual vigor," Mrs. Shannon said. "He headed his class in Anthropology and he's been beating his chest about it ever since."

"I invited Mike out here to dine with us Friday night," Sally said, "and I'll thank you two smarties not to make out your daughter as a case of arrested development." . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon loved their startling child, and when Flaherty showed up on Friday night they strove to please him. Mrs. Shannon fed him such things as smoked wild turkey and cherry pie, and after dinner Shannon likkered him with Irish whisky. It surprised no one that Flaherty began to light up. With Shannon he started to argue amiably about who came first: Sinanthropus, a lowbrow from China, or Pithecanthropus. Sally halted them.

"Now, stop it," she said. "Those two have been lying there decently for 500,000 years maybe, which is long enough, it seems to me, to stop gossip." She leered powerfully at Flaherty. "Have you the nerve to see the place with me in the moonlight?"

"For the sake of peace, Mike," Shannon said, "take the poor mooning critter out for a whirl. If she starts acting up, pound her about the parietal lobes with a post and come back in."

"You and your big mouth," Sally said affectionately.

"Dennis," Flaherty said, under the influence, "hear that back talk. Because of man's indulgent and kindly nature, Dennis, women have risen above their true level. Our ancestors made the first big mistake when they let the women come inside the cave to sleep."

Shannon beamed at Flaherty. "What a brilliant mind!"

"If you two comics will climb down off that liquor barrel," Sally said, "I'd like to take the professor out and let him ferment in the moonlight." She took his arm. "Come on, you coward."

"Watch her in the clutches, Mike," Shannon said. "Sportsmanship is a weakness confined to the male."

Together Mike and Sally strolled out through the yard to the edge of the desert.

"You have lovable progenitors," Flaherty said.

"Haven't I though? What does that scoundrel mean exposing all my plans? Doesn't he want his daughter to marry and grow her own little Homo sapienses?"

"He has a lovable daughter, too."

"There's no one I'd rather hear say that, Professor." She put her hand on his arm and they stopped, the benign light of the moon on her face. "Lovable enough to be kissed?"

Looking down at her, Flaherty had to hold his breath. "I'd like very much to kiss you, Sally, but I'm not going to. I can't afford it."

Sally bit her lip. Not looking at him, she asked, "What do you mean?"

"Some of the ancient peoples," Flaherty said, "had Cupid pegged about right: as a capricious little stinker. Being blindfolded he couldn't see whom he was shooting, but it didn't make any difference. When he winged anybody that person got shot full of an insanity called love."

"Holy Moses!" Sally said.

"Women admire love extravagantly and all their training is calculated at stirring it up, because it enables them to capture a mate whilst he's still out of his head. It is simply Nature's dodge for carrying on the species and it's all right because it works. But what I'm trying to say is that falling in love, at the expense of my reason, is not for me."

"Professor, don't you worry about that; you're nuttier than a fruitcake now."

FLAHERTY grinned at her. "Few things enrage women as much as having their weapons exposed, even when they know the weapons are invincible and the victim freed." He became scholarly again. "The important thing to me is that a man in love is a mental dead beat, no good for straight thinking. Right now, Sally, I don't want that sort of thing going on in my head. I've started an ethnological study of pre-Spanish Indian cultures in this region and—"

Sally's eyes widened. "You mean to stand there and tell me you actually accepted my invitation out here so you could study leftover Indians?"

For some moments Flaherty didn't reply. He was staring at the wondrously lovely thing the moonlight did to Sally's face. He'd never seen anything quite like the girl standing beside him. He appeared about to act in the normal way, but then he rallied. When he spoke it was like a man fighting off the pleasures of a wandering mind. "I thought," he said slowly, "you knew my interest was academic. The point is, Sally, I've resolved to keep a clear head for the next few weeks or months for my work. It can mean a professorship." He paused and looked at her as if he hadn't eaten for several days. He took a deep breath.

"To give you an example of what I mean: Last night while examining a Mongoloid's shovel-shaped incisor I kept seeing you instead. It wasted my time with the tooth. That sort of thing has got to stop. You were wearing a yellow sweater and smiling and—"

"Why, Professor honey," Sally said. She had to stand on her tiptoes and pull his head down by his night while examining a Mongoloid's shovel-shaped slouch once he got started. *(Continued on page 80)*

Sally introduced them. "Mike," she said, "this is Leslie Thurston. Michael Flaherty, Les"

THE BARONIAL BLUES

BY GWYN BARKER

Blenheim Palace stages a fete honoring Churchill, who was born here. The 18th- century mansion covers nearly three acres; is still the home of the Marlboroughs

The squires of England's stately homes can't afford their big estates any more. So they're selling them for taxes, turning them over to the Labor government or otherwise relinquishing their ancient rights. It means the end of a whole system of English rural life

HEWELL GRANGE in Worcestershire, one of the three former seats of the Earl of Plymouth, was one of the really great houses of England. It had 52 bedrooms and 5,500 acres of parked and landscaped grounds.

Its cost, although it was built 50 years ago in an era of low prices, was fantastic. Stone for the main buildings came by camel and horse-drawn tramway from the famous Runcorn quarries in Cheshire, while Europe and the British Isles were searched for treasures for the embellishment of the interior—painted tapestries from Vienna, alabaster from Derbyshire and lapis marble from Italy. The best that expert craftsmen in wood and plaster could accomplish was added, and the finest cabinetmakers in the world contributed their skill to the making of the furnishings.

To operate and care for all this magnificence at the height of its glory, and to minister to the comfort of the Earl of Plymouth and his guests, required an indoor domestic staff of at least 30, headed by the house steward and his assistant. The butler had three trained footmen to help him, and there was a groom of the chambers and a housekeeper with a score of maids and kitchen workers. In addition to all these, fifteen gardeners, a bevy of coachmen, chauffeurs and grooms, tennis and cricket professionals, and a special wood carver and carpenter lived and worked on the estate, while from 50 to 60 other men came in by the day to labor on the grounds.

At social functions hundreds of guests, brilliant in evening clothes and uniforms ablaze with decorations, assembled in the great hall, while important visitors were escorted to the grange by a torchlight procession of merry villagers. Frequently as many as 50 sat down to dinner.

After such a party the outdoor staff would be allowed to carry away a dozen or more pheasants with only a little of the breast cut away. There was unlimited beer for the staff, and long ago the Earl of Plymouth, always mindful of the comfort and pleasure of his domestics, issued an order that all beer which had stood for more than fifteen minutes must be poured down the drain.

Although Hewell Grange was one of the newest of the great houses, it was a typical establishment. And the fate which has befallen it is likewise typical, in the sense that the British have found a use for it which is a far cry from the purpose for which it was built. During the war the Earl of Plymouth turned the property over to the British army, and a year or so ago, faced with the problem of raising £647,000 to pay the death duties, or inheritance taxes, on his father's estate of £1,204,000 he sold the big house and 300 acres of land to the British government for £38,000.

It is extremely unlikely that Hewell Grange will ever again be used as a private dwelling, for the government has transformed it into a detention home for juvenile delinquents, called a "Borstal" from the Kentish village where the first such home was established. Today the great halls and rooms echo to the footsteps of 120 Borstal boys. These lads, whose ages range from sixteen to eighteen years, do all the house and outside work, and are gradually bringing the famous formal gardens, neglected during the war, back to something of their former splendor.

Many of the great English houses, unlike Hewell Grange, go back to the time of Queen Elizabeth and beyond, and have been occupied by the same families for hundreds of years. Originally they were built as centers of hospitality. Around them, to a very large extent, developed the culture and civilization of Britain. Although London is the world's largest city and England probably possesses the greatest proportion of urban dwellers of any European country, the English have remained rural-minded. The country house has always been the favorite home of the British aristocrat, and the one upon which he lavished most of his money and affection.

For centuries the life of the village

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE HUSTON

and of the countryside revolved around the great house; both villager and yeoman depended for a livelihood upon the rich man who owned the house in which he lived and the land he tilled. Every Englishman knew his class and seldom made any effort to rise above it; in general he was satisfied to be what his father had been before him, while a woman who was "in service" naturally expected her daughter to follow her into the lord's kitchen and pantries. As all readers of English novels know, the village schools taught as a prime tenet of faith, "God bless the squire and keep us in our proper stations."

No one supposes that England will not retain her culture and civilization, but the day of the great estate is rapidly vanishing. Within another generation few if any of the huge and often monstrous mansions will be maintained as private homes, and the system upon which English rural life has been based for centuries will be at an end.

It is the avowed intention of the Labor government to liquidate the rich, and to break up the big estates, perhaps eventually by outright nationalization of the land. As Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, put it in discussing his 1946 budget, "Much land has passed from private to public ownership, and it is the declared policy of the Labor party that much more should so pass, and that the principle of public ownership should be progressively applied."

Some of the great houses have been closed because their owners, after paying the taxes, haven't enough money left to maintain them; others because it is impossible to assemble a staff of competent servants. Some have been acquired by various bureaus of the government and transformed into schools or other public institutions. Some have been sold piecemeal, the fine furnishings of the mansion scattered by auction and the land divided into small farms.

A few of the great houses and estates have been taken over by the National Trust, a nonprofit-making organization incorporated by Act of Parliament to promote the preservation of land and buildings of historic interest or natural beauty "for the benefit and access of the people." By giving his home and land to the National Trust the owner can become a tenant of the trust, occupying a part of the house, for any period chosen. He and his heirs can enjoy the advantages of living in a tax-free house.

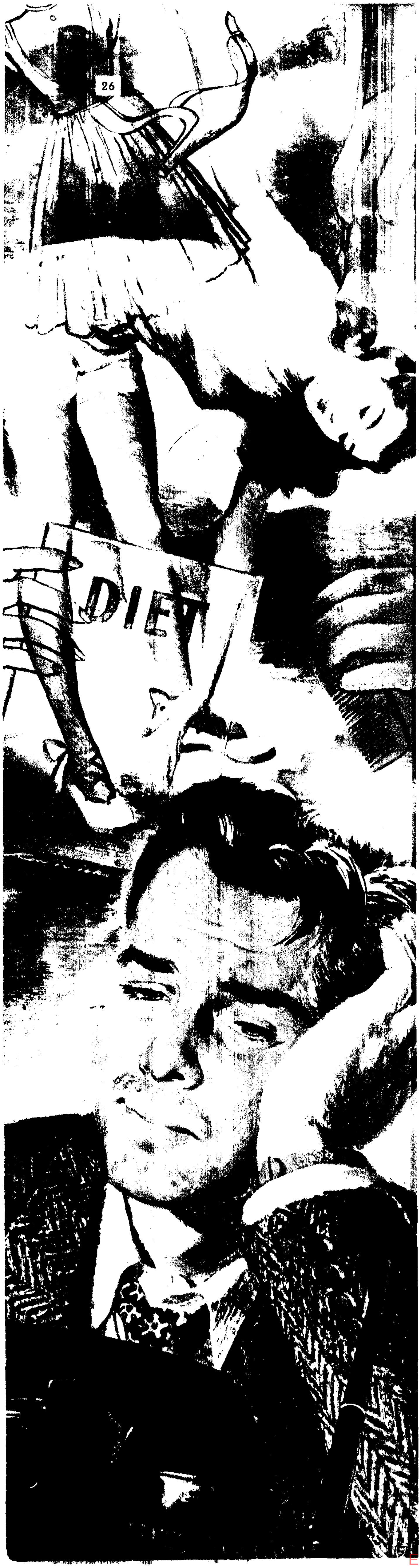
If the owner decides to move out entirely, the trust will accept as tenants adult education schools, rest centers and other such public enterprises. In any event the trust tries to preserve the fabric of the house, its gardens and grounds, its rich interior decorations and valuable contents, for the benefit of the English people.

Unfortunately for the owners of the great houses, the National Trust cannot accept them unless they are accompanied by an endowment producing sufficient revenue to maintain them. Although the trust now administers some 800 properties of one sort or another, the list includes only about 20 great houses. But among them are some of England's most famous country homes. One is historic Knole, the home of Lord and Lady Sackville, which was built before the

(Continued on page 67)

What was once the Countess of Plymouth's boudoir at Hewell Grange is now a dormitory for half a dozen juvenile delinquents. The estate has become a detention home

The Bath Academy of Art now occupies Corsham Court, ancient home of Lord and Lady Methuen (below). On the grounds (right) students give outdoor shows



A RAG, A BONE, A HANK OF HAIR

BY LEE RUSSELL

I WAS checking reports in my office late one summer afternoon when a hesitant voice spoke from the doorway.

"Signore?"

I looked up and groaned, "No, Giuseppe! He's not gone again!"

"*Si*, Signore," he insisted gently.

"Look, finding Manuel for you *one* time was *one* job for which you paid me—"

He made a little gesture. "I will pay you, Signore."

But I couldn't take more of this small grocer's money. Emmanuele was his orphaned godson, his roomer, and his daughter's fiancé.

I paced about the room. "Giuseppe, I don't want to hurt your feelings, or Rosa's—or anyone's, but it's obvious he doesn't love her. Why doesn't she just get someone else?"

"Signore! My Rosa loves him! There can be no one else!"

He was dangerously close to tears again. I patted him on the back until he had recovered.

"Signore, you're a smart man. You fix it so he stays home this time!"

He went on and on and my attention wandered until I remembered my date with Linda—fifteen minutes ago. I made some rushed and apologetic noises and bowed him out.

I caught Linda at the Fiftieth Street exit of the RCA Building. With some breathless talking I got myself out of it, and led her off to one of the sidewalk cafés on Fifty-first.

Linda was the sort of beautiful, self-possessed girl who never demands attention or tribute, but gets it anyway. I'm blessed with a face that encourages women to put themselves out for me, but I'll put myself out for her any time.

I ordered her sidecar and my Martini, lighted our cigarettes and relaxed, watching the people stroll by.

She turned on one of her smiles. "All right, what is it now?"

"I was wondering if I could get Manuel back permanently, in order to make Rosa happy, in order to make Giuseppe happy and, most of all, in order that I should no longer have to spend alternate week ends canvassing the neighborhood for him. It isn't even diverting. He displays an astonishing lack of originality. About every other payday, he simply goes out with the crew, gets drunk, goes home absent-mindedly with one of the boys, and stays there till I come for him."

"How do you know where to look?"

"I just call on the fellows he works with. I always find him sitting apathetically on the edge of a bed. I suggest going home and we go."

"What's he like?"

"Medium height, graceful build, dark wavy hair falling over his forehead, attractive boyish face, and disgracefully long, luxurious, curly eyelashes."

She laughed. "He sounds heavenly! And Rosa?"

I looked at her in surprise. "The usual sort, I suppose."

"You mean you've never seen her?"

"Well, I suppose Giuseppe doesn't consider it proper for a man's womenfolk to mix with his business acquaintances.

"The point is," I went on, "that, now, for an additional fee, of course, he wants me to fix it so Manuel will *stay* home. And, in my hurry to meet you—I am not sure—but I have a sneaking suspicion that I agreed!"

"Oh, no, Bill!" She tossed back her hair and laughed. "Well," she said, "why don't you do it?"

"Linda," I said patiently, "when will I be able to make it clear to you exactly what things do and do not lie within the province of my work?"

"Province be hanged! You always want to shirk all the interesting parts! Anyone can go get Manuel, but—" She leaned forward dramatically. "*Who* can make him stay?"

At this point I signaled a waiter and ordered dinner. I remembered other adventures on which she had embarked me and *their* embarrassing results. But she continued talking about it until I said, "I wouldn't have the remotest idea of how to go about such a project even if I cared to let you talk me into it."

So she told me how.

However, her plan boiled down to very little effort on my part. I was to give Rosa a brief lecture on Charm, Personality, and How to Hold a Man. Between courses, Linda outlined this very nicely all over my address book.

On my way to work the next morning I stopped in the store. Giuseppe was delighted and agreed to send Rosa right up.

She came in the way her father always did, silently sliding through the partly opened door and drawing my attention with a hushed, "Signore?"

I escorted her to my clients' chair with a great show of efficient formality and launched immediately into my lecture. She was frowsy, I had to admit. Untidy wisps of shiny black hair kept escaping through the mesh of the net on her head, and she kept absently poking them back with one finger. And her face—well, there was nothing exactly wrong with it, but the more I looked at it, the more I could sympathize with Manuel's point of view.

I conscientiously finished my assigned task. I had the smug satisfaction of following my instructions to the letter in the full knowledge that I was not getting the predicted result. I cut short her thanks and hurried her out the door.

I told Linda about it over coffee in the corner delicatessen. "Well," I said joyfully, "that's that."

She looked at me calmly. "I'm going to ask Rosa to stay with me for two weeks. There's nothing wrong with her that can't be fixed."

I was appalled. I gave her a series of arguments and then washed my hands of the whole thing. Success or failure, it was no longer my problem.

However happy Giuseppe, Rosa, Manuel and Linda may have been about this arrangement, I was completely miserable! Every time I called, they were busy—exercising, hairdressing, shopping, or doing fifty other things. I couldn't even take them to dinner because of the Diet.

FINALLY, Friday, two weeks later, I was given permission to escort Rosa home. I called at Linda's apartment prepared to be distantly polite until she had made up for her neglect. But when the door was opened, I gaped like a schoolboy.

I have always regarded this eternal feminine talk of diet and the latest hair-do with suspicious scorn. This attitude was, until now, justified by the disparity between the amount of talk and the amount of visible result.

"Of course, this is more than dieting and new clothes," Linda explained and proceeded to point out reshaped eyebrows, thinned hair, and other technical points well over my head.

I was only conscious of a slim, glowing girl in a dusty yellow dress. And of silky black hair pulled back from a smooth forehead and falling in soft sheaths on either side of her face. The girl was lovely!

Linda mixed me a drink.

Rosa had Linda's gestures and mannerisms down pat. She bent her head to my lighter in the same way and fluffed out the back of her hair when she laughed. Linda winked at me and went for her hat.

We took her home and went out to find Manuel. He didn't say a word about our letting him stay away for two weeks.

Giuseppe came to the door alone. We felt a little cheated at not being allowed to witness the reunion under the changed circumstances, but we were happy in our halos. . . .

The next morning I was whistling through my mail when I sensed, rather than heard, the door open.

"Signore?" Giuseppe began.

"No!" I exclaimed. "Not again!"

"No, Signore," he said sadly. "This time it's Rosa."

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

FAMILY "CHAMP"!

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!

BE YOUNG WITH YOUR YOUNGSTERS
BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

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YOU LIKE IT ··· IT LIKES YOU!

SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

Continuing a Novel of Bitter Conflict in the Old West

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

THE STORY takes place in the American Southwest at the time of the rapid expansion of the great network of railroads across the continent.

Arriving in his home territory of New Mexico, engineer JIM LINEER is puzzled to learn that the railroad which he recommended be built through the dry Tularosa Valley, and which railroad magnate H. H. EDWARDS has tentatively commissioned him to build, is to be bossed instead by Edwards' rashly self-confident adopted son, TRACY THOMASON. Lineer soon learns that Thomason is engaged to Edwards' bold and lovely daughter, BARBARA, who has taken a house in the town of Tularosa with her young companion, MOLLY RIORDAN. Molly has fallen in love with Lineer's side-kick, big TIM MCCARTHY.

Lineer agrees to build the railroad under Thomason's orders. Thomason has arranged an uneasy truce between the two feuding land barons of the valley, lean old JUBAL NYE and blustering WILSON WARE. His next problem is water to build and run the railroad. Thomason has proceeded on the theory that water can be obtained by drilling wells in the floor of the desert. Lineer disagrees; he is convinced that sweet water must be brought down from the mountains.

Doubt as to the impulsive Thomason's fitness to command men and make decisions begins to gnaw Barbara, but she remains loyal to him. At a housewarming party she and Molly give, Jubal Nye's tough little foreman, HARRY KECK, appears out of the desert, drunk and desirous. Keck makes a play for Molly Riordan, but Tim McCarthy throws him to the ground. Lineer disarms the intruder, with whom he has had trouble before, and orders him out of the country.

As he leaves, Keck swears vengeance on Lineer.

IV

THEY planted the new rails in a curve northeast out of El Paso, hugging the line where the last gentle swell of the Franklins dipped to the desert. Eight hundred men. Six hundred teams. And one stout old work engine brought across Texas on the T. & P. The second week they found their rhythm, as men will when they are well commanded. The eleventh day they laid a mile of rail between sunup and sundown. That evening Lineer and Tim McCarthy and little Georgie Price shared a quiet bottle, and Tim announced that his dark-skinned gangs at the shovels would do.

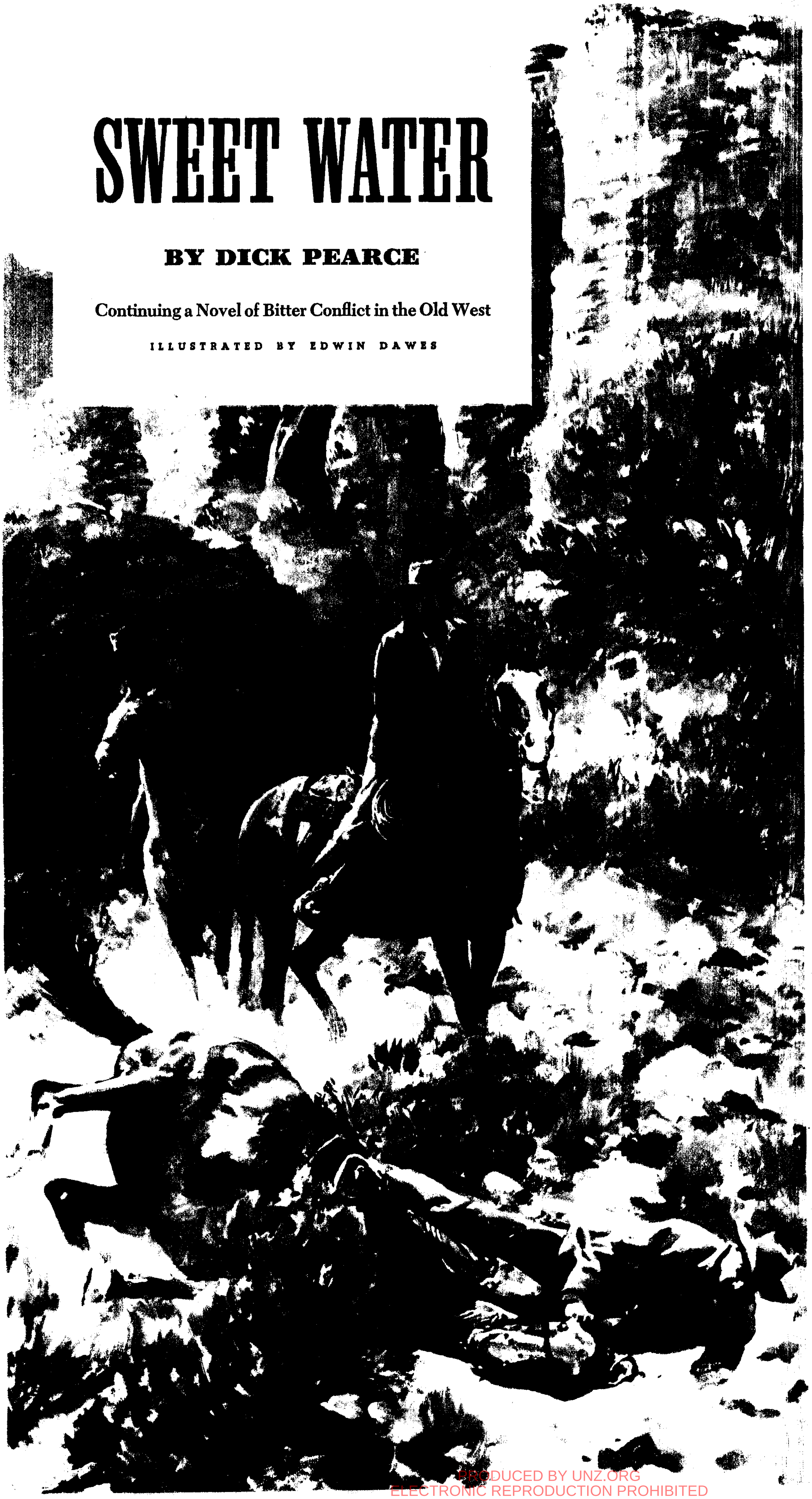
They circled respectfully around the brown clump of Fort Bliss, advancing under the amused eyes of men from the fort who were long and lean and wind-burned and had the deep blue of Ireland in their eyes. Men who looked with admiration at the great figure of Timothy McCarthy. They were men, too, who would have their say to the devil himself. They went straight for Tim.

"Ye're building a railroad into the great nowheres, and ye'll find no cargo there," they gibed. "Where's the soft spot in ye that keeps ye out of the cavalry?"

Tim grinned at them, and though there was respect in his eyes there was none in his voice.

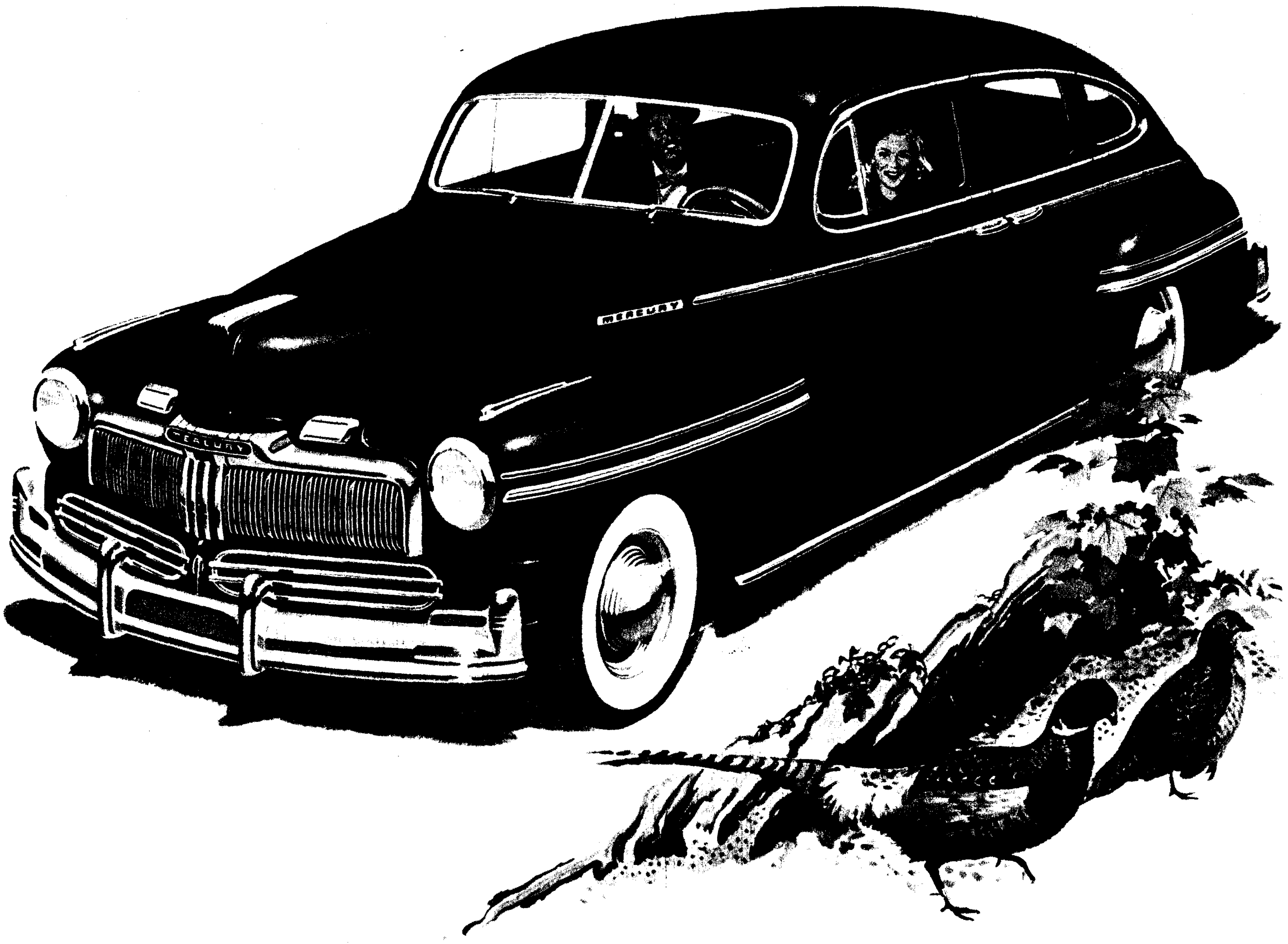
"It was yer fathers who threw the Union Pacific across the mountains and the deserts with the brawn of their arms," he said. "And I've heard it was only the weaklin' sons of yer fathers that fled to the cavalry. And," continued Tim, "I'll have ye know the man Lineer there can build a railroad into the mouth of hell itself and find freight for the takin'."

They left Fort Bliss behind, racing easily across the high corner of the Hueco



The bullet intended for Lineer's forehead thudded between the eyes of his horse. As the animal fell, Lineer flung himself off

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury



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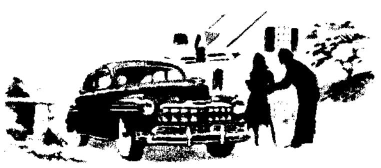

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TERRIFIC NEWS!
COATS THAT FIT!

Maybe you're prettier than I am. Or luckier. But I—honestly—have never had an overcoat or topcoat that sat completely right on my shoulders and around my neck, and that hung right on my skeleton.

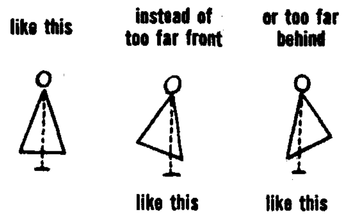
So, when a coat company comes out with the simple slogan, "They fit," it's either a lie or it's such sensational news that we men ought to stampede the stores to look into it.

Well, I looked at the coats this slogan describes and I find that the slogan fits the coats.

For example, these coats have extra width here:

which allows your lapel to stay flat.

And Mt. Rock coats hang with you in the middle



Look into this coat news today at a store that sells Mt. Rocks.

Write for Don Herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

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basin. Now the jagged pipes of the Organs towered on their left. The Huecos were golden humps afire at dawn in the east, and the desert stretched northward to the very limit of their eyes and beyond.

They pounded across the flatland, the southwest wind at their backs, eyes pinched to an aching squint against the harsh tan earth that caught the full glare of the sun and threw it searingly at every eyeball. But it was not bad. There was water at sundown to wash the stinging sand from a man's throat and a man's eyes and once a week to scrub caked dirt from his body if he wished.

They drove in a week across two invisible lines in the desert. The first was the indefinable mark where the Hueco drainage ended and the Tularosa Valley began. The second put Texas behind them.

Lineer called a brief halt there for the ceremony that Tracy Thomason had ordered. Hacks and carriages came up from El Paso and down from Tularosa and White Oaks. But when they were all gathered, three people were missing. Tim's eyes scoured the wagon road to the north, waiting hungrily for Molly. Lineer watched impatiently, and told himself as he had a hundred times before that he must thrust the face of Barbara Edwards from his restless dreams.

In the end a messenger arrived from Thomason saying an emergency held them in Tularosa. The first rail was laid into the Territory of New Mexico without them. Jubal Nye made a quiet speech, envisioning a flow of peaceful people into the Tularosa Valley. But it was Wilse Ware who carried the day.

"Tell them over in Arizona," he thundered, "to mine copper enough for an empire now! Tell them the town of White Oaks and this railroad will bring coal for their furnaces. White Oaks is ready! The coal is ready! It's up to Arizona now!"

WHEN Ware had finished, Lineer nodded to the boy atop the rail car. He clucked his horse forward. Willing hands grasped the hot rail and more hands seized it as it slid from the car. They carried it triumphantly forward across the new ties, laid it down and backed away as spikers and bolters stepped importantly to their tasks.

And Big Tim, who could set a spike with a one-handed tap and drive it home with one swing of his shoulders, did not even smile as the visitors worried the first spike awkwardly into the wood. His questioning eyes were turned northward.

Three days later the emergency was explained. A small caravan came out of the north. A coach leading, and two wagons piled high behind it. Molly climbed first from the coach and ran to Tim. Thomason followed, then Barbara.

Barbara gave Lineer her hand, smiling strangely. He stared at her, shocked at what he found in her face. It was as though the end of summer had brought, too, a sudden end of the young strength of her. Her eyes were shadowed, her color was gone. She gazed up at him gaily, saucily almost. Yet deep in her eyes there was despair and bewilderment.

"Goodby, Jim," she said lightly.

"Goodby?"

"Yes. Molly and I are going to El Paso to rest a bit, then back to New York. I'll wait in New York until Tracy is finished here."

Thomason, too, was changed. His eyes stayed on Barbara, dull with doubt and resentment. It was as though the knowledge that Barbara would no longer be at his side in this valley had drained him of his easy assurance and vitality.

Lineer said to him, "How is the Jarilla well?"

"Around four hundred feet," said Thomason listlessly. "Granite has slowed him down."

"Any signs?"

"A little alkie water. Not much."

Lineer stared northward. Seven miles ahead lay the state-line well. The big well, the good well—and the last well. Beyond it stretched fifty waterless miles. He waited silently. Thomason shot one sullen glance at him, then turned away.

Molly came running to Barbara's arms, Tim striding with thunderstruck face behind her.

"I can't go, Miss Barbara," sobbed Molly. "I can't go!"

She pulled away from Barbara, looking with tearful eyes from this girl who was her inseparable companion to this man for whom she was born.

"I'll wait for him in El Paso," she cried. "I'll wash dishes. I'll—I'll make beds in a hotel. I'll do anything!"

"Ye'll wash no dishes and ye'll make no beds," growled Tim.

"Of course not," said Barbara gently. "If you must stay, Molly, then you must stay and I'll find a place for you."

Lineer grinned across at Tim. "If I were you and you were me," he said, "I'd tell you and your railroad to go to hell for a week, and I'd take the girl to El Paso and marry her."

Tim squinted at the far horizon. "Now it's for such thinking as that," he said softly, "that ye remain the boss and I but a thickheaded foreman."

He reached for Molly, laughing down at her and saying, "Molly, will ye marry me in El Paso tomorrow?"

"I will, Tim," said Molly.

Georgie Price came and stood before Tim. He was a stubby bantam of a man with a blob of flattened nose pushed to the left side of his face. A young-old face, alive with eyes that danced and strutted and gleamed.

"Run along, Timothy," he jeered. "Maybe without you bellowing around here we can get some rails laid."

Lineer felt a queer, sharp pang as he watched the two men shake hands and grin at each other uncertainly.

"Georgie," he called, "you're going to El Paso, too. Take up the option on every water wagon we have listed. Get them started here the shortest and fastest way. And if Tim will let you, you might take out the time to stand up with him."

In a week to the day Tim rode up, shouted at Lineer in passing and roared down happily upon his gangs. That day at sundown the rails reached the big well, and men and horses reveled in its water. That night Tim waited until the lantern was out in the tent he shared with Lineer and Georgie. Lying on his stomach he peered out through the tent flap into the night, where the first hint of autumn coolness had come to the desert.

"Miss Barbara has not gone," he said. "And if ye ask me, which ye haven't, she could be made to stay."

After a long silence Lineer's reply came out of the darkness: "You have a sharp eye, Tim. You should know a woman has a way of telling you when she is not satisfied with the man she has."

"Ah," said Tim. "Now that I wouldn't be knowin' about. But I'll say regardless she no longer loves the man Thomason. And Molly would break my head if she knew I whispered of it."

Lineer swung suddenly to the side of his cot. But there he remained. Molly should know. Yet there had been no invitation in Barbara's eyes a week ago, no warm light such as had stirred his blood there in her parlor the night of the housewarming. And she still was going to marry Tracy Thomason. Something had happened between Barbara and Thomason. Perhaps some decision in their long clash of wills so climactic that it had shaken them both. But their intention to marry had not changed. Nothing had changed except that Barbara was leaving the desert.

And he, too, must have been mistaken that night of the housewarming. For the gladness he thought he saw in Barbara's eyes had vanished so quickly. She had become suddenly merry and flippant and almost abrupt, and her smile at parting had been cool and impersonal.

He sank back on the cot, trying again to force her from his thoughts.

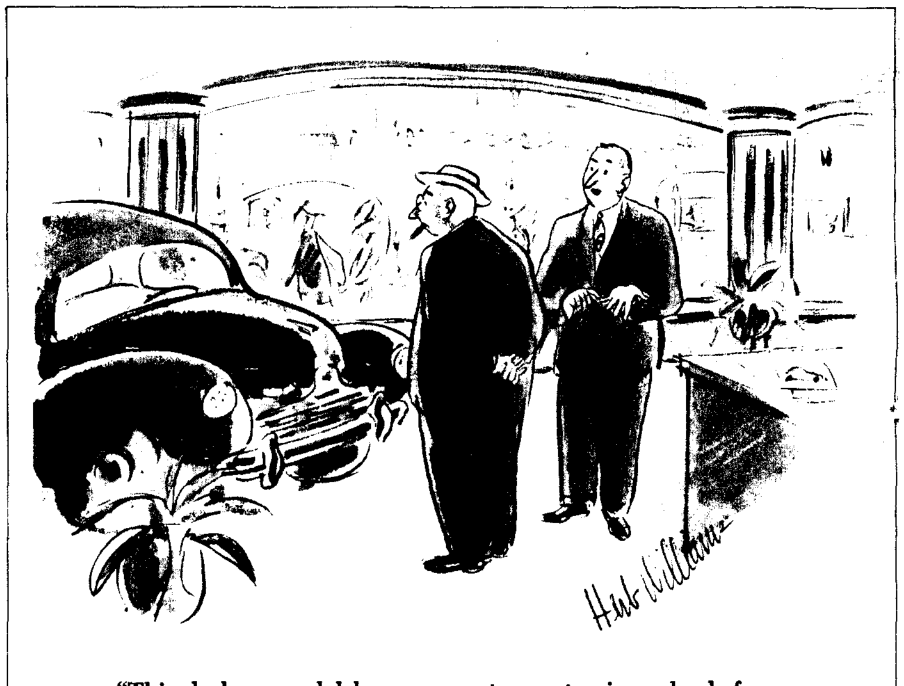
A LONG time later Tim said, "That Thomason now. The man has a braggart's brain and a thief's heart, and the day will come when he will be ready to steal a man's life."

The next day Tim laid his mile of rail. And the next day and the next. On the fourth day Lineer's eye spanned the gap between Tim's gangs and the cloud of dust to the north where the grading crews toiled.

"You've gained a quarter of a mile," he said to Tim. "Their longer water haul is slowing them down."

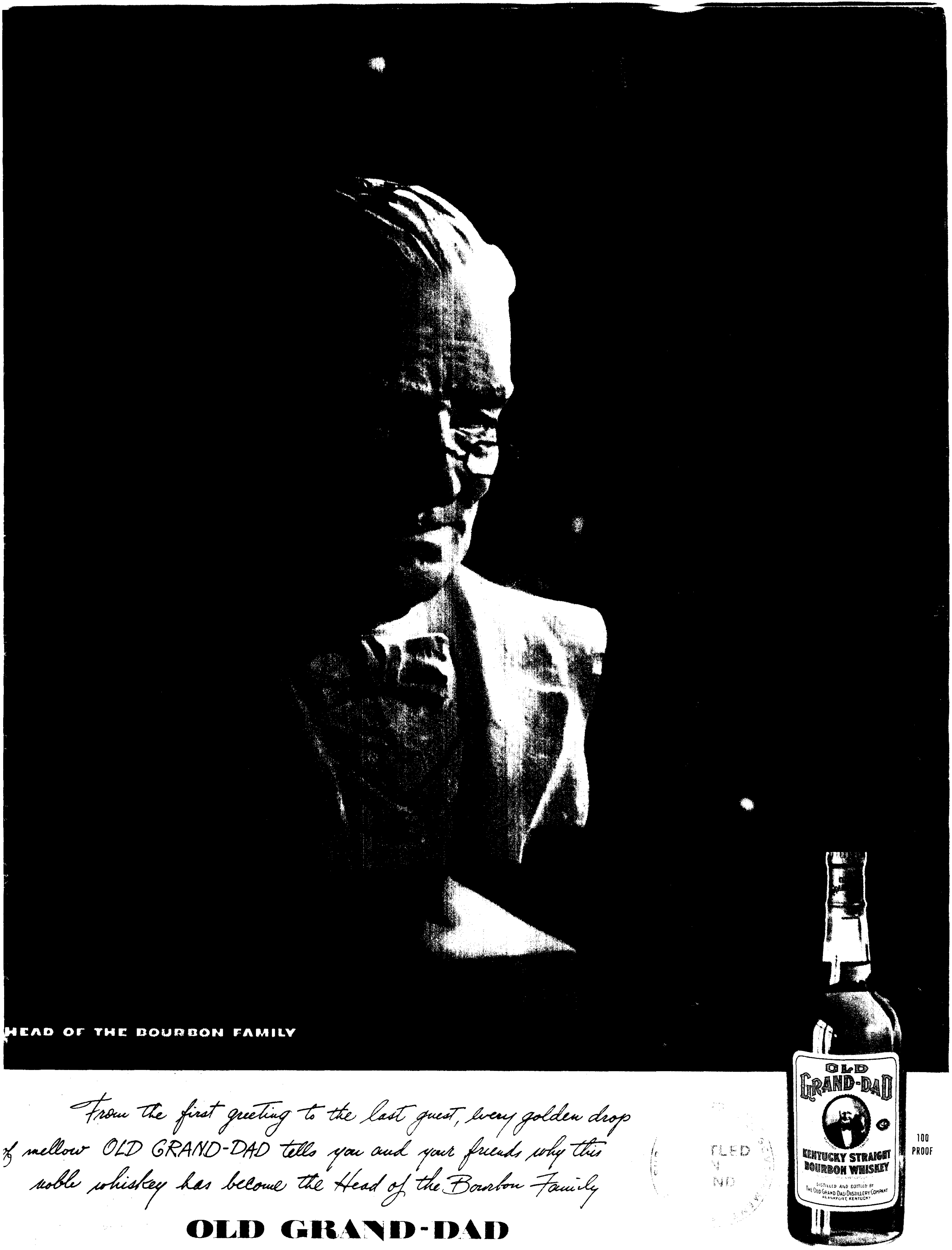
Then the first three of Georgie Price's extra water wagons arrived. Big steel tanks behind a three-team hitch. Lineer gave all three to the graders. By the following afternoon they began to draw away from Tim.

"They'll not do that to me," said Tim, and he spoke coaxing words with a cold eye to the sweating men. They raced on across the desert, Tim's men and the graders. But on the seventh day north



"This de luxe model has more extras—steering wheel, four tires, windshield, two headlights. It's worth the extra money"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS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Kreml is a wonderful 'natural' looking hair dressing with just enough light oils to keep hair immaculately groomed from morn 'til night. It gives hair a rich attractive lustre, too. Yet never leaves hair looking or feeling greasy or dirty.

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Kreml is fine to lubricate a dry scalp. At the same time it removes itchy loose dandruff and leaves scalp feeling *so alive*. And if your hair is so dry it breaks and falls—Kreml helps 'condition' it in that it leaves hair feeling so much softer, more pliable. So use Kreml every morning to give your hair that handsome clean-cut appearance all day long—to help keep your scalp 'HYGIENIC'.

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

of the well Tim missed his mile of rail by two hundred yards. The graders fell short too but that was no comfort to Tim. The next day his sledges were flying before the sun topped the far Guadalupes. When it sank beyond the Organs he was three hundred yards short. His gangs sank exhausted where they stood. They did not move until the last water wagon creaked in through the twilight.

"Take it easy, Tim," said Lineer. "We'll pick it up when more water wagons get here."

On the tenth day a caravan appeared out of the south. It was a coach with two wagons piled high behind it. Again Molly jumped first from the coach and ran to the man who was now her husband. Thomason stepped jauntily down, then lifted Barbara out.

She laughed coolly up at Lineer, as though she were amused by the question she saw in his face. The pain was gone from her eyes, if indeed it had ever been there. Lineer thought confusedly that he did not know this girl at all.

"You see?" she said. "I can be as flighty as any woman."

"Then you are back to stay?"

She nodded as Thomason broke in, "She got a little overtired and lonely. A couple of weeks in El Paso fixed her up."

She slanted her gaze up at Thomason with a short, unmusical laugh. "Thank you, Tracy," she said.

Thomason searched her face with a quick glance, seeking something and not finding it. She smiled at him warmly. He put his right arm about her waist, giving her a quick, hard squeeze, then turned to Lineer with all his old enthusiasm, his exultant drive.

"I saw Hellwig at El Paso," he said. "He's shut down the Jarilla well for a few days. Scraping his boiler."

"I know," said Lineer. "He passed us here."

"He's down to soft porphyry again now. Things will go faster. I told him to take it to eight hundred feet if necessary."

Lineer nodded indifferently. Thomason laughed. He raised his left arm and rested it casually on Lineer's shoulder, his eyes amused and challenging. He watched Lineer's face harden, then dropped the arm with the same casual gesture.

"It looks like you're in for a dry pull across the Jarilla stretch," he said. "But Hellwig will find good water by the time you reach Tularosa."

"As I recall it," said Lineer thoughtfully, "you had two engineers from the home office supporting you on dee wells. Blake and somebody, wasn't it

Thomason's good humor vanishe "Blake and Summers," he snappe "Why?"

"No reason." Lineer shrugged. ' know Blake by reputation. A good ma I've always been a little surprised th he had so much confidence in wells."

"Why shouldn't he?" said Thomasc quickly. "The water's there, I tell you

Lineer glanced at Barbara, observir her indifference to this conversatio That was not like her. His glance move back to Thomason, surprising son gleam in the depths of his pale eye Lineer tightened from pure animal refle for that gleam held triumph and antic pation and a cold, cold deadliness.

Then Thomason smiled. "I saw a other friend of yours in El Paso."

"Yes?"

"Harry Keck. Said he was bound f California."

"Why, Tracy," said Barbara. "Yo didn't tell me you saw him."

Tim swung Molly into the coac laughing at her tears. "Now, Molly, won't be long," he said. "I'll be layi track straight to yere door now, and th makes a difference."

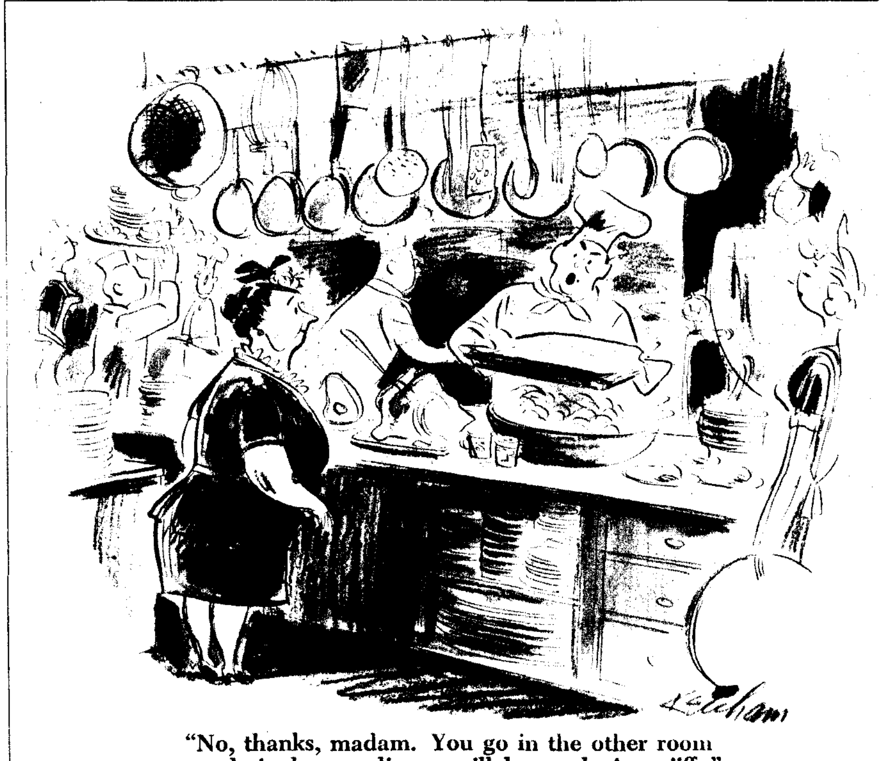
Thomason put his hand beneath Ba bara's elbow. She shook it off with sudden, impatient gesture and steppe into the coach. Thomason followe The coach moved off.

"All right, Tim," said Lineer. "Don spit on your hands. From now on w waste nothing that is wet."

ON THE twelfth day four more wat wagons arrived. Lineer gave one t Tim and sent three ahead to the grader A horse whose belly is emptied of wat will not eat. And a dangerous leanne was coming into the flanks of the tean that strained at the plows and the sli and the fresnos and the big six-hors wheeler scrapers.

"Ye'll waste no water in washing Tim told his gangs. Lineer set a guar on the water barrel, and as Tim roare up and down the line his own inflame eyes watched the guard. His beard gre thick and black. Georgie said that b for the red dust *in it*, it would hav bloomed into silken curls. As on parched sundown followed anoth Lineer straddled the new rails, his ey searching back to the point where he ha stood that dawn, and he shook his hea and said that tomorrow Tim would mak his mile. But he knew no man could.

On the twentieth day two more wat



"No, thanks, madam. You go in the other room and sit down—dinner will be ready in a jiffy"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

"For You Armchair Quarterbacks"

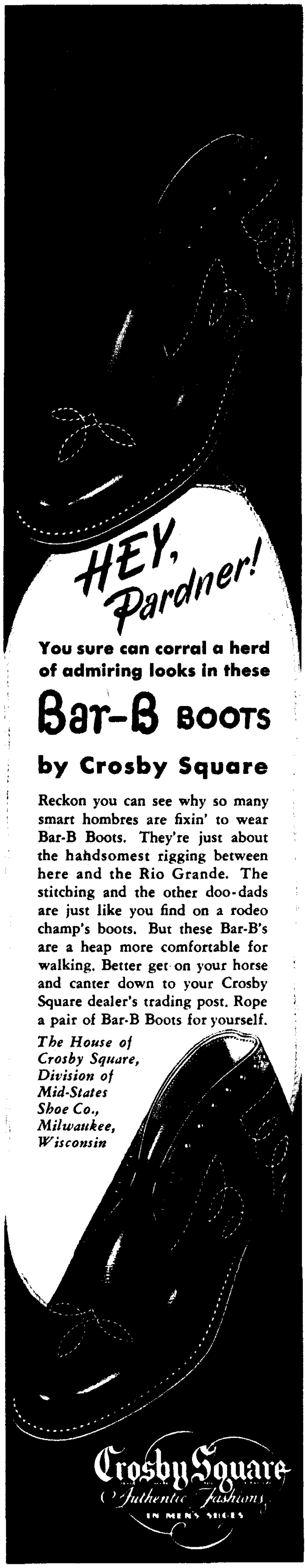
says Eddie Cantor

33
Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER



HEY, Pardner!

You sure can corral a herd of admiring looks in these

Bar-B BOOTS

by Crosby Square

Reckon you can see why so many smart hombres are fixin' to wear Bar-B Boots. They're just about the handsomest rigging between here and the Rio Grande. The stitching and the other doo-dads are just like you find on a rodeo champ's boots. But these Bar-B's are a heap more comfortable for walking. Better get on your horse and canter down to your Crosby Square dealer's trading post. Rope a pair of Bar-B Boots for yourself.

The House of
Crosby Square,
Division of
Mid-States
Shoe Co.,
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Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

Crosby Square Authentic Fashion grade at popular prices. Pre-Flex and Airfilm Shoes, somewhat higher.

wagons hove out of the south. But they were not big, gleaming steel tanks. They were leaking wooden barrels lashed to high-sided wagons. Georgie Price said no more were to be found in all the Southwest for love or money. And every sunset the haul to water stretched farther. Every morning men's eyes grew duller, men's muscles grew stringier, men's bodies grew filthier, men's tempers grew shorter.

Lineer quit counting the days then. The high pipes of the Organs receded on the left and there came the morning when he found the faint blue line of the Sacramentos to the northeast and the squat humps of the Jarillas almost dead ahead. But he remembered that day for something else. For a man named Pettit, a thick-bellied man with a small, pursed mouth, dirty teeth and a gun on his hip.

Pettit came into the desert from the south with four loaded wagons. A fifth followed, and Georgie Price saw with calculating eyes that it was a water wagon. The man set up a tent, served notice he was filing a townsite plat, and drove a stake that announced to the camp the birth of Pettit City.

Then he set up a bigger tent. He pulled the tarps from his wagons and rolled twenty barrels of whisky out of the wagons and into the tent. That night the railroad camps were deserted.

The next day men raised bloodshot eyes to the heavens and reviled the sun with hot, Spanish curses. They cursed the pain in their heads and the burning ache in their throats. They lay down beside the tracks and threw back into Tim's teeth the raging curses that he flung at them. They watched with piteous eyes the water wagon that plodded with agonizing slowness out of the south. They ran screaming after it when it passed them by and moved on toward the grader camp.

When their water wagon did come, it was an old one with six leaking barrels in its bed. Georgie Price jumped into it with a pistol in his hand. He shouted out of his own dry throat, "You'll form six lines."

AT SUNDOWN Lineer stood beside the last rail laid and looked back. Four hundred yards of new track they had put down that day. Four hundred yards from sunrise to sunset. He called to Georgie and they walked down the track to Pettit City.

They found Pettit in his big tent, seated on a whisky barrel. He stood up, peering at them through avaricious eyes. He hitched his gun belt around.

"You're folding," said Lineer.

"It's a free country," said Pettit.

"Not for your kind," said Lineer. "Head south tonight."

"Look out!" shouted Georgie.

But Lineer had seen the flare of decision in Pettit's eyes. The man's hand was still six inches from his gun when Lineer hit him. He staggered backward, stumbling over the whisky barrel as he went down. Lineer leaped after him, grabbed his shirt, hauled him to his feet and drove a coldly furious fist into those rotting teeth. The next blow found his temple. He lay still as Lineer unstrapped his gun belt and jerked it off.

"All right, Georgie," said Lineer. Georgie went to work on the barrels. His eyes were sad as he watched the red earth suck down the red liquor.

Then Georgie stood grinning over Pettit. "We're taking your water wagon as damages," he said. "Do I hear any complaints?"

They crawled on toward the Jarillas, fighting the pain in eyes that had not known the soothing touch of water for a month, fighting fatigue that reached into their very bone marrow, fighting a sun that would not surrender to the demands of autumn. And night after night Lineer lay in his dirty blankets dreaming fitfully of cool streams in the Sacramentos and seeing the green eyes of Barbara Edwards and cursing the peace that was fled from him.

There came a night when six men slipped out of the camp and plodded southward. Southward toward El Paso and the flowing Rio Grande and the delights of dimlit Juarez cribs so long denied them.

But a whisper of it reached Lineer. Lineer on a horse overtook them. He reined across their path with a rifle in his lap, and he said softly down to them, "You came to the desert to build a railroad and you'll leave when it's built."

And now the fatigue bit deeper than ever into the bodies of Lineer and Tim and Georgie. For they split each night among them and patrolled the camp with pistols in their waistbands. If one man ever slipped successfully from the camp, a hundred would try it in a week.

It was Tim, slogging through the night with a weariness that bent even his great frame, who came to wake Lineer and saw the crouched figure slipping toward the tent from the west. Even as Tim yelled the man fired. The bullet whistled by Tim's cheek, but Tim charged blindly.

The skulker sped for the safety of the mesquite dunes with Tim stumbling in pursuit. Lineer and Georgie ran from the tent, calling to Tim. The three of them stood together in the night, listening to hoofbeats that grew fainter.

"So Keck went to California," said Tim. "And I'm a Chinaman."

At noon the next day Lineer paused to watch Wilse Ware's coal freighters crawl southward past the camp. He saw the round figure of Jess Folsom hunched down in the seat of the lead wagon.

His weary mind grasped at something. He said to Tim, "Maybe I've lost track of time, and maybe those wagons don't come south as often as they once did."

"Now, Jim, lad," said Tim. "It's enough to dream of water ye haven't got. Leave the coal to others."

The Jarillas rose higher and higher, harsh red lumps that could have been rounded gravestones. And then one day the water wagons of the graders no longer plodded past Tim's gangs. The graders had reached the dry hole of the Jarilla well. Now it was closer for their water wagons to travel north, to find water in Dog Cañon and on Alamo ranch and at tiny La Luz Creek where it fell from the Sacramentos.

Four days later, end of rail came abreast of Hellwig's drilling rig. Lineer ordered a day's halt. Men sank their scrawny, filthy bodies into the brackish water of Tinker Well and sighed and began to live again. Before the w sucked dry for the day every mesqui bush within a hundred yards of it blo somed with clean shirts and blankets.

The cook scrubbed his skillets wi sand, washed them with water, scrubb with sand and washed them once mor

Hellwig rubbed his beefy cheeks a said to Lineer, "Six hundred feet, a the only water I found had enou epsom salts in it to eat a hole in yo belly. Thomason is crazy."

THE next dawn Tim stalked throu his gangs. "Ye'll lay a mile of ste today or I'll feed yere black hearts the black birds above," he said. Th grinned at him and laid a mile of ra A mile closer to water. A mile closer Tularosa. A mile closer to Tobe Ti ton's saloon, to a tree and a house with woman in it.

And Lineer, watching the sun set f southward over the Organs, prob through the deep fatigue of his mind f something the sky was telling him. Th it came to him. Winter was at hand.

Wilse Ware emerged from the mi with the expert from Pennsylvania. H name was Gittings. He wore a ha bowler hat and a heavy overcoat. lighted a cigar as big as Ware's a shivered, for the wind whistling throu this high gulch had a knife edge to

"I'll give it to you quick," he sa "The coal is there but you'll never mi it. The diking will get worse and nev better."

Ware threw away his fresh cigar though it had offended him. His bla eyes glared at Gittings. "You're wrong

Gittings shrugged as he followed Wa into the buggy. "For a thousand-doll fee I'd be an optimist if I could," he sai "But I've never seen worse diking."

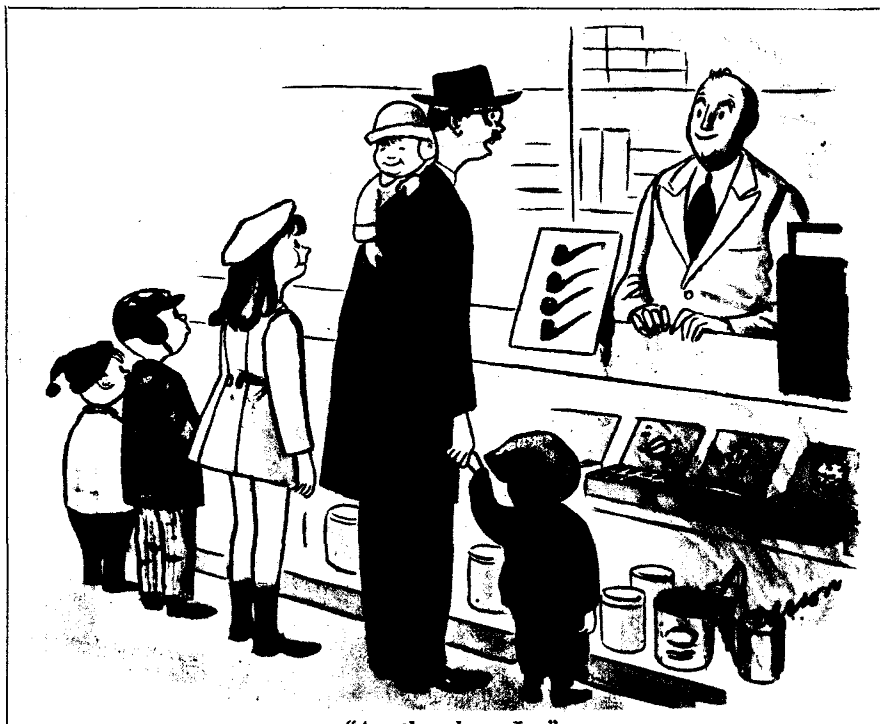
The buggy rolled up the main stre of White Oaks—Wilse Ware's Whi Oaks, where every man smiled and call respectfully to the thick man with t black beard and the black eyes and t thick cigar. They entered Wilse War office with its windows that looked and down the street.

Ware pulled a roll of bills from h pocket. He counted off ten hundre and handed them silently to Gittings, t roll still in his hand.

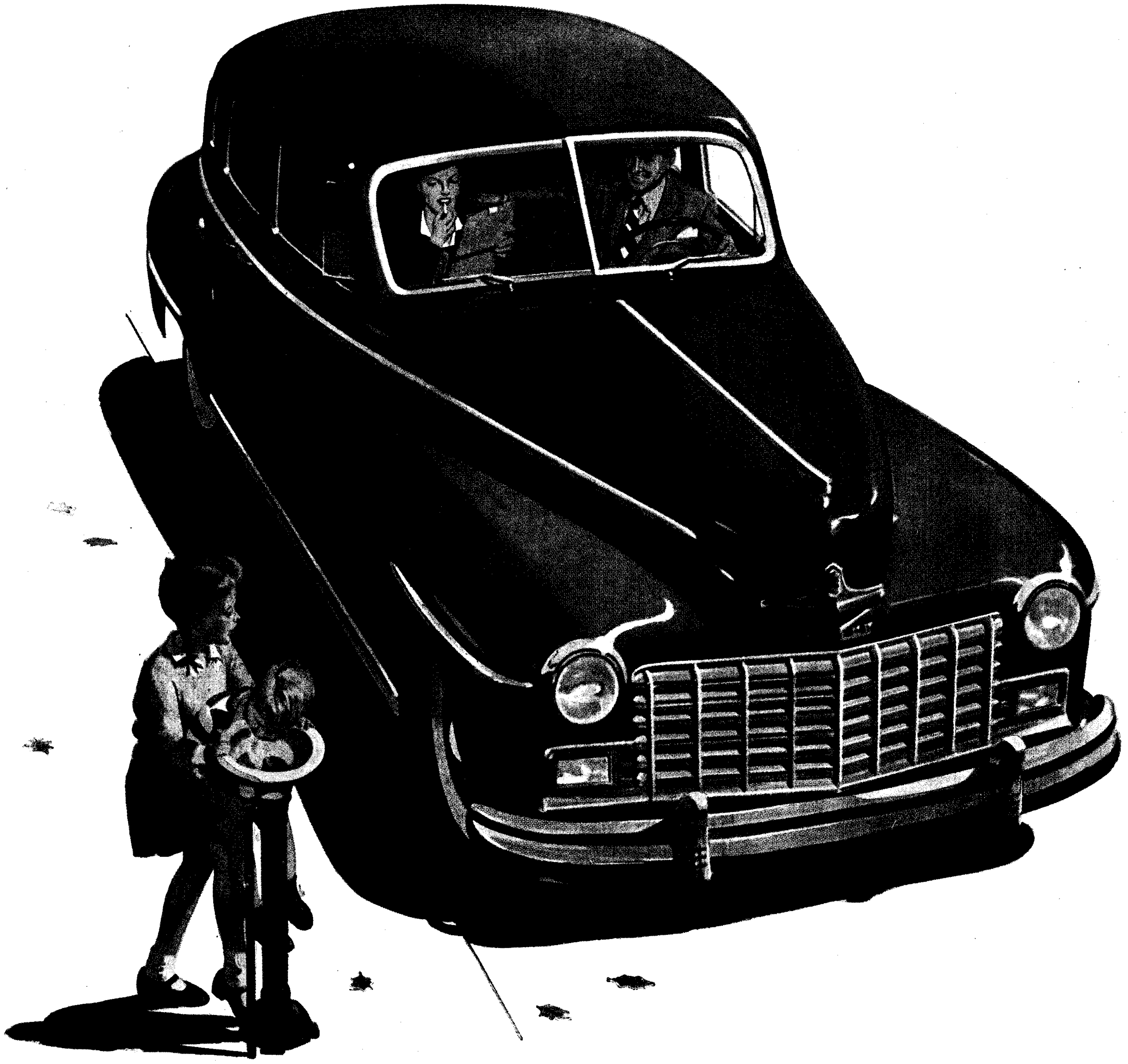
He asked gruffly, "Which way y going back?"

"I don't know," said Gitting "Thought I might drop down and ha a look at El Paso before I cut east again

Ware slowly thumbed off ten mo bills. He thrust them out, holdi Gittings' eyes with his own. "Here's a



COLLIER'S "Another box, Joe" CHARLES PEARSON



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Why do you find Dodge way out in front with more performance features than any other car in its price class?

Why do you find it outstanding among all cars for its economy?

Why is the public more interested and enthusiastic about the present Dodge than any other car in the market?

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The proof of this leadership is everywhere, for you to observe and act upon.

Dodge

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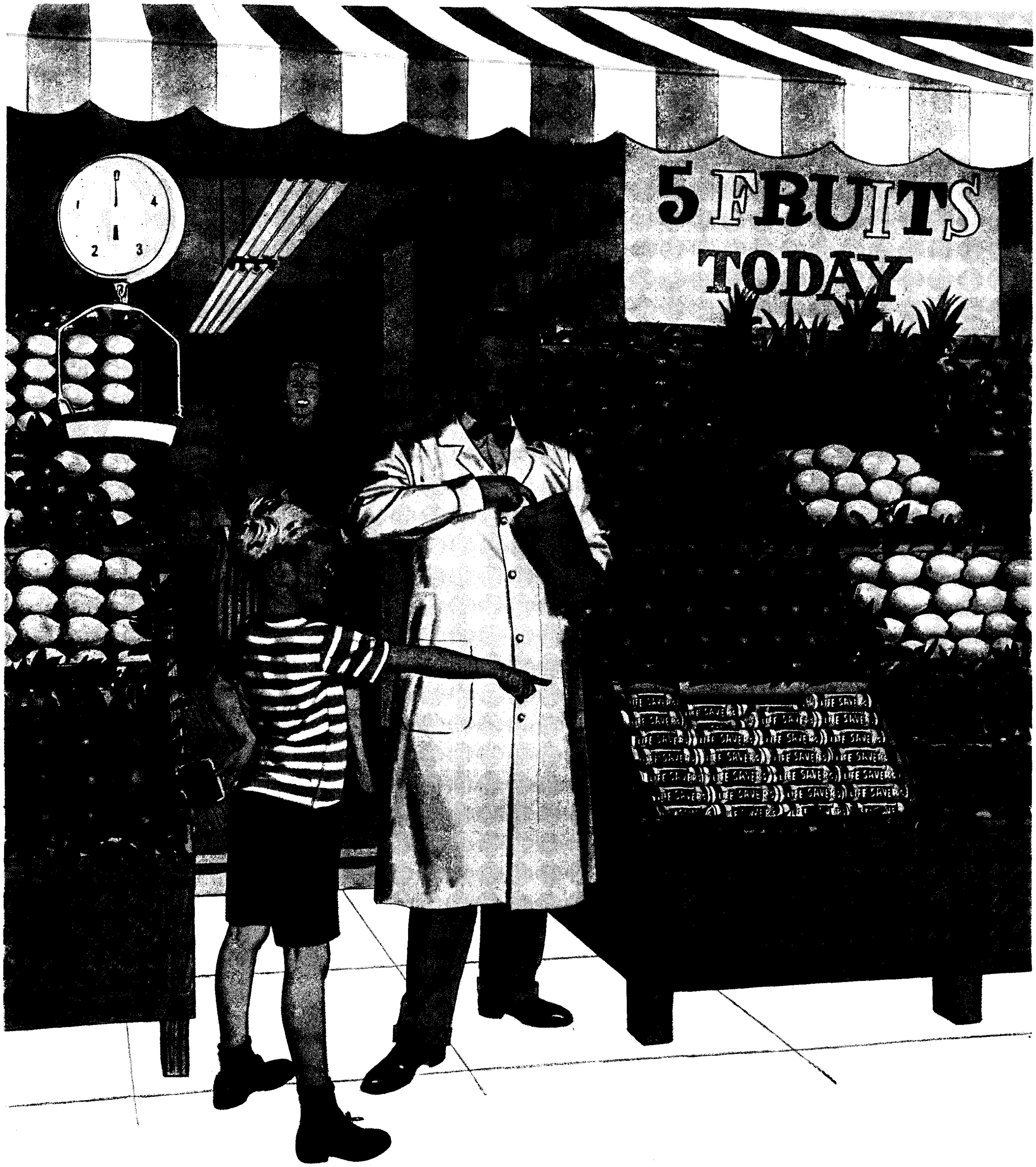

5 FRUITS TODAY
LIFE SAVERS

I'll take all five

A right smart lad is our little friend Paul!
He won't take *one* when he can have *all*

Of those tempting, luscious, fresh fruit flavors,
In one pack of these swell Life Savers!

Orange! Lemon! And Lime! All fresh as May.
Wild Cherry and Pineapple. Try 'em today!

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS

Only 5¢

other thousand. Keep your mouth shut."

Gittings took them with a grin. "I'd keep my mouth shut anyway," he said. "If you want to unload on somebody, that's no business of mine."

Ware raised a black-furred fist and struck without a word. Gittings crumpled. He lay on the floor, staring up in bewilderment.

"I'll unload on nobody," growled Ware. "Nobody! D'you hear?"

Gittings got to his feet, backing toward the door. Ware stopped him.

"You're not going south. You're going over the Oscuros to San Antonio, and a man of mine will be with you. And you're taking the first train north from there."

"Sure," said Gittings.

Ware's voice was cold and deliberate: "When I pay a man my money for his silence, and he takes it, he's made a bargain with me. Then, if he lets himself forget, I'll feel no pity for him when I go to Pennsylvania after him."

When Gittings was gone, Ware strode heavily up and down the room. He could not keep this secret much longer. Twice in the last month the wagons had waited, and he had loaded them only by the strength of his own fury. Wresting every last lump of coal from the narrow, fading seams and the pockets. Driving the miners till they were ready to drop, buying their silence with double wages.

It was his duty to tell the railroad. The rails were this side of Tularosa now, racing for White Oaks. Racing for the coal of White Oaks. As an honorable man he must tell the railroad the truth. But the fools would not understand. They would not see that the trouble in the mines was only temporary. They would call in more experts. Men like Gittings. And none of them would believe that when he fought his way through the porphyry of the dikes and the faults he would find the main coal seam again, wide and black and inexhaustible.

He paused in his pacing at the window. The people in the busy street nodded and smiled at him as they passed. His town. A good town. Created by his own energy out of tents and lean-tos. A growing town. A town destined to be a city when New Mexico became a state. A city that would be his monument. But if the rails went around it, White Oaks would wither and die as quickly as a cut rose. In a year it would be a ghost town.

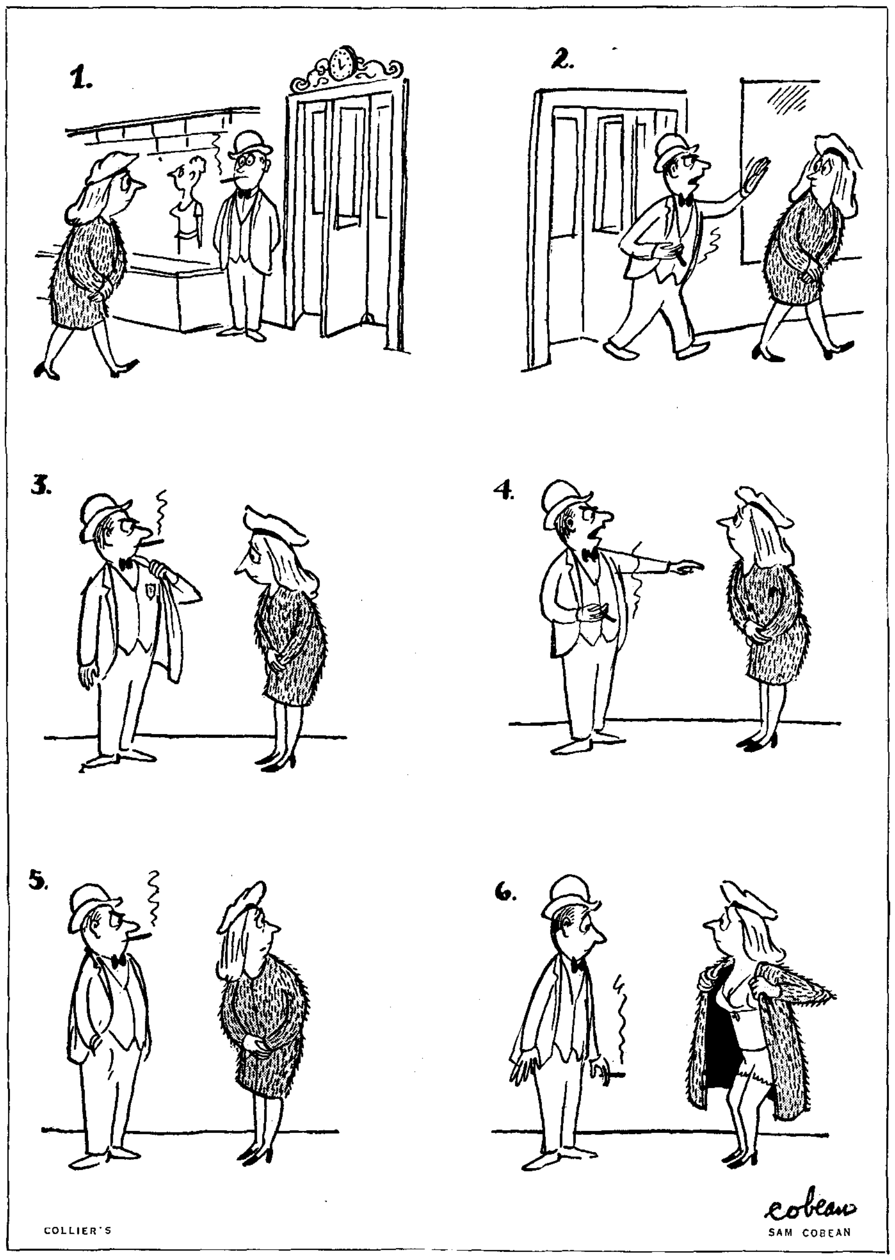
He turned about and resumed his pacing, his beard sunk on his chest.

HELLWIG put on his hard hat, walked to the counter rail and stood there looking back. Thomason sat at his desk, gazing at the blank wall before him, his sloping shoulders hunched.

"I'm sorry," said Hellwig. "The water just wasn't there."

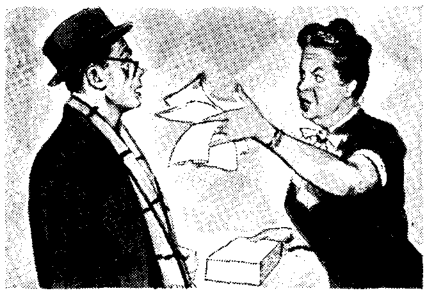
Thomason turned his head slowly. The dull anger in his eyes flickered brighter. "All right, you fool," he snapped. "You're paid off. Now get out!"

He sat hunched thus, watching Hellwig move off into the crowded plaza. Tularosa dozed no longer in its remote valley. New people thronged its streets, hurrying with the brisk purposefulness of Middle Westerners. Brown-faced farmers and wives with their white mull sunbonnets and children at their skirts. The hopeful and the dispossessed and the adventurous, called by the lure of cheap land in the Sacramento foothills. Incomparable orchard land, said the railroad advertisements. Land for apples and cherries and peaches and apricots. Blue grama grass on the slopes for the

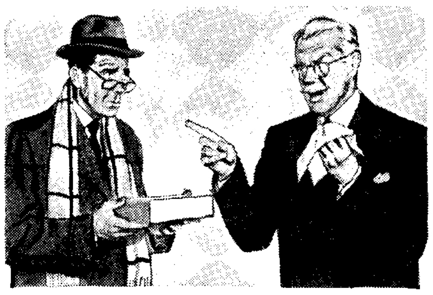


Are you trying to tell me All tissues aren't KLEENEX?

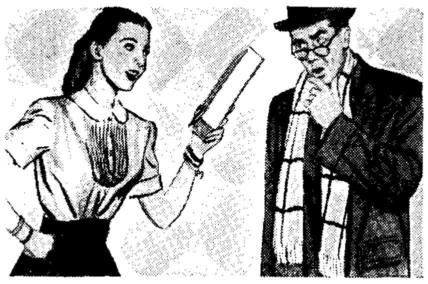
Coby Bazdak



Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've *always* told you Kleenex* and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex *box* is different. It *serves up* tissues — saves time and trouble. I'm tired of fumbling for ordinary tissues! I want *Kleenex* — there's no other like it!



PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I have found the softness of Kleenex quite unique. Most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffling condition which accompanies the common cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!

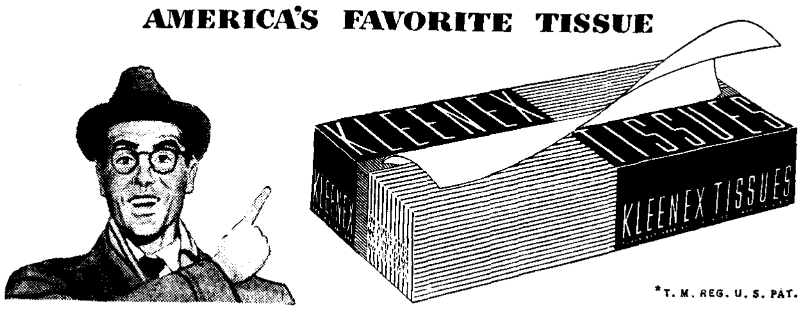


Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in *my* book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently!* But do you remember to ask for *Kleenex*? You only mumble "tissues." As if my *skin* wouldn't know the difference!

Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Ixnay! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your *eyes* tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned... *There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



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relaxes you from today...
prepares you for tomorrow

When you select a mattress, make no mistake in this important purchase. Go to a good dealer in whom you have complete confidence... Ask to see Spring-Air. Examine it closely... look at the design, ticking, grips, tailoring. Sit on it, feel it... test it in any way you wish. Then ask your dealer to tell you the "real inside story" about Spring-Air "Controlled Comfort" and quality. It's the same as used by thousands of fine hotels and good hospitals. A good dealer knows bedding ...be guided by his suggestion.

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SURFACE COMFORT

High quality, precompressed cotton felt padding (upholstery) cushions body from spring contact, gives surface softness and luxury "feel" to a Spring-Air mattress.

CONTOUR COMFORT

The first 1½ turns of special Karr spring coils give soft, luxurious support to all body contours and special buoyancy to lighter parts of the body such as arms and legs.

SUPPORT COMFORT

Firm support to heavier portions of the body is provided by the middle section of the "hour-glass" spring coils, where spring tension and compression strength are greater.

SLEEP COMFORT

As many as nine *different* types of spring coils, *scientifically located* throughout, keep edges from sagging, prevent side-sway, maintain flexibility... give sleep comfort year-in, year-out.

Spring-Air MATTRESSES BOX SPRINGS
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. & CAN. PAT. OFF.

IRRESISTIBLE COMFORT

little rancher. Timber and building stone and pottery clay and irrigation water. And a railroad to market. End of rail was already ten miles past Tularosa. The telegraph was following. Bright twin rails, stretching south now to the Rio Grande, would make this valley a garden in the wasteland. So men said, and the hope in their hearts was high.

Thomason brought his gaze back to his desk. He reached to a bottom drawer, withdrew a portfolio and removed from it a single document of several sheets. It bore the signatures of Thomas E. Blake and J. H. Summers, the Great Western engineers who had spent a month with him last spring surveying the valley.

He thumbed through it until his eyes found the concluding paragraph. He knew well what it said. But he read it again, his face bleak and drawn.

"The Lineer flume proposal," it said, "is clearly feasible and practical. In view of the failure of water exploration on the floor of this basin in the past, the Lineer plan probably must be adopted in the end. However, in view of the high cost of such a plan, we feel further water exploration first would be justified. We recommend deep wells be drilled at the points we have indicated. We cannot stress too strongly, however, that no rail construction be started until such deep well drilling has been completed and the results evaluated."

THOMASON folded the report into a square. He sat again facing the plaza, his lips loose and shapeless, his long, restless fingers creasing the paper again and again. The Jarilla well was dead. His gamble was lost. His gamble that was to prove to Colonel Edwards—yes, and to Jim Lineer and to all men who questioned him with their hostile stares—that he was the master of men and events he knew himself to be.

Now he had built a railroad across the desert and he had no water to feed its boilers. He could telegraph east for extra water cars. Three, four, a dozen if necessary. But that would raise questions in New York. And that would take time. He had to start his trains across the desert now. If he did not, the fools running up and down out there in the street would begin asking questions. They would start spreading the word he had built a railroad into the nowhere. No, by God, he would give them trains. He would drive engines and men across the desert and damn the water!

But there was Edwards. The great man would not give a thought to the profits he would have made had this gamble succeeded. He would shout and storm that Thomason had built a beautiful piece of junk, good for nothing but to eat money until a flume brought water to the desert. He would have no word to say about the bad luck that can hit any man big enough to take a chance. There would be in his eyes that queer, thoughtful gleam Thomason first saw when he returned from Sonora. And Edwards would say things that would make a man's soul writhe.

Thomason stared down again at the paper in his hand. There was a copy of it in New York, stuck away in some bound file in a Great Western warehouse. No one would think of digging it out. Someday soon he could find an excuse for a trip to New York and remove the copy. It would be his word against the engineers' then.

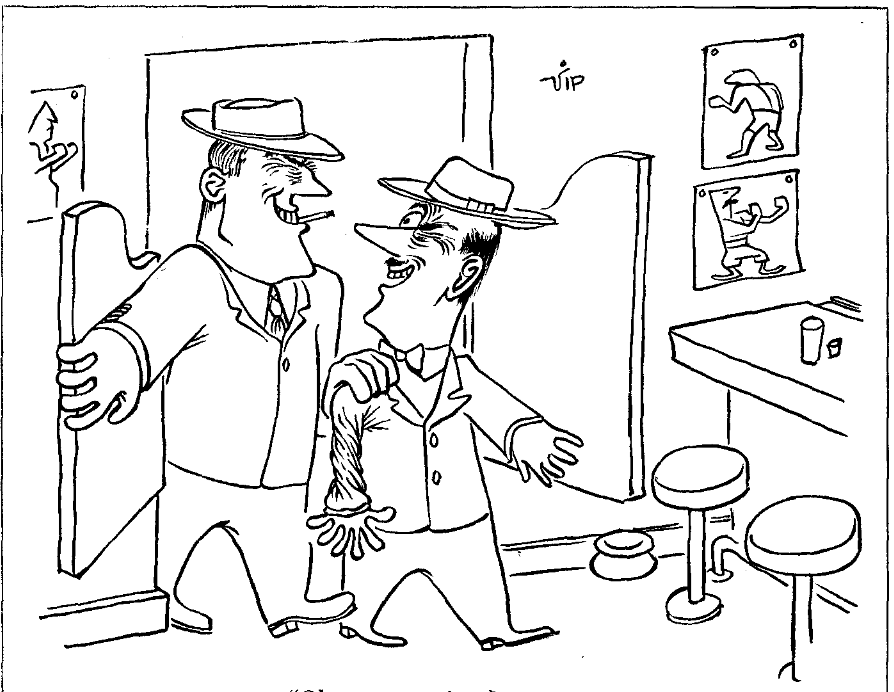
He rose abruptly and stepped to the stove glowing red in the corner. He stooped for the poker, lifted the lid and dropped the document into the fire. He watched the flames as they ate into it and danced upward. The flames heightened the flaky lightness of his eyes, catching a small gleam there as a new thought came to him. He turned it over slowly in his mind. And as the plausibility of it came to him, the gleam in eyes became a flame, too, leaping higher and higher.

It was Lineer, not he, who insisted on going ahead with construction without waiting for the Jarilla well. After the first well came in so satisfyingly, Lineer had become the too-confident convert. Of course! And Thomason acted quite properly in trusting the judgment of his engineer in charge.

Who was there to say this was not so? Who would have the opportunity to deny it? Barbara first. He could win her silence—if she were his wife. If he handled it with his old skill, she would never even know. Nor Molly. Then there was McCarthy. He could send that damned Irishman packing in a hurry if Lineer were no longer around. As for Lineer . . . the elusive idea that had tantalized his mind these many months, the scheme that had fascinated and repelled him through all the dark hours of his hate, now became altogether inviting.

He swung away from the stove, found his coat and hat, and strode out upon the plaza. He pushed his way through the throng, turning up toward the second big house beside the *'cequia madre.*

He found Barbara before her fireplace. She gave him a smile that did not quite succeed in erasing the discontent from her face. She accepted his kiss passively, turning her cheek when he tried to kiss her a second time. It had been thus since the end of summer. But his need



COLLIER'S "Okay, you twisted my arm" VIRGIL PARTCH

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SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10.

of her was so great that he had dared not speak of it again.

Warming his back at the fireplace, he smiled down at her tenderly.

"The rails will reach White Oaks soon," he said. "Don't you think, sweetheart, we have carried out our promise?"

"You mean, Tracy, we should marry now?"

"Yes," he said eagerly. "Next week. Tomorrow. Today!"

She turned her eyes away from him, gazing soberly into the fire. "No, Tracy. I want to wait until—oh, at least a little while longer."

"But why?" he burst out. "Last spring you were the one who was so anxious to get married. Now—" he stopped. It would be a mistake to push her, make her resentful. He had plenty of time. Colonel Edwards still was tied to his desk in New York. "All right, sweetheart," he continued. "But think about it, will you? It's—it's just that I love you and need you so darned much."

WHEN he had gone Barbara walked upstairs to her room. She stood at her dresser with a letter from her father in her hand. He might arrive any day—certainly within the month. Why had she not told Tracy? Why did she resist the thought of marriage so blindly now?

She had lived through her hour of weakness and of rebellion, and she had won. She had fled from Tularosa with the intention never to return. She would find forgetfulness in New York. But in El Paso her courage had returned. It had come back in her blackest hour, when her heart was wrenched between her own despair and gladness at the ecstatic happiness of Molly with Tim. She had found in time the strength to acknowledge anew her duty to Tracy and, in some unexplained way, to her father. Her father had been much in her thoughts during these unhappy months. For the first time she had looked back through the years at the relationship between him and Tracy, and seen the strangeness in it. Tracy was right. He had never been a son in the Edwards home. Yet her father had denied him nothing, had been almost meticulously determined to withhold from him no slightest opportunity. It was almost as though her father owed some duty to Tracy. The strong blood of her father was in her, holding her as rigidly now to her own duty.

Once her father had told her that those who acknowledged duty with their whole hearts found peace of mind. Why, then, had it not come to her? Why did her thoughts remain always upon the desert? The desert and the one man whom it could not master, who lived with it and loved it on terms of his own? She dropped to her bed with her face in the pillow, remembering that Jim Lineer had found rest for his body once upon this bed.

Thomason strode directly from Barbara's house to the half-finished depot beside the tracks. There he waited impatiently until the work engine started north with rails and ties, then boarded the cab. The short winter day was dying when he arrived at end of rail and found Lineer.

He stood before Lineer, smiling affably, seeing with his hating envy that neither the trial of the desert nor the lash of winter wind had made more than a passing mark upon this man.

He asked, "Can Price and McCarthy handle construction on in to White Oaks?"

"They can. Why?"

"The Jarilla well is dead," said Thomason. "I paid off Hellwig today." He waited then, searching for the triumph he expected to see in Lineer's eyes and not finding it. He continued, "So I was wrong, Jim, and I want you to know I am man enough to admit it."

Lineer said shortly, "And do you expect me to find pleasure in that now, Tracy?"

"Don't you?" challenged Thomason.

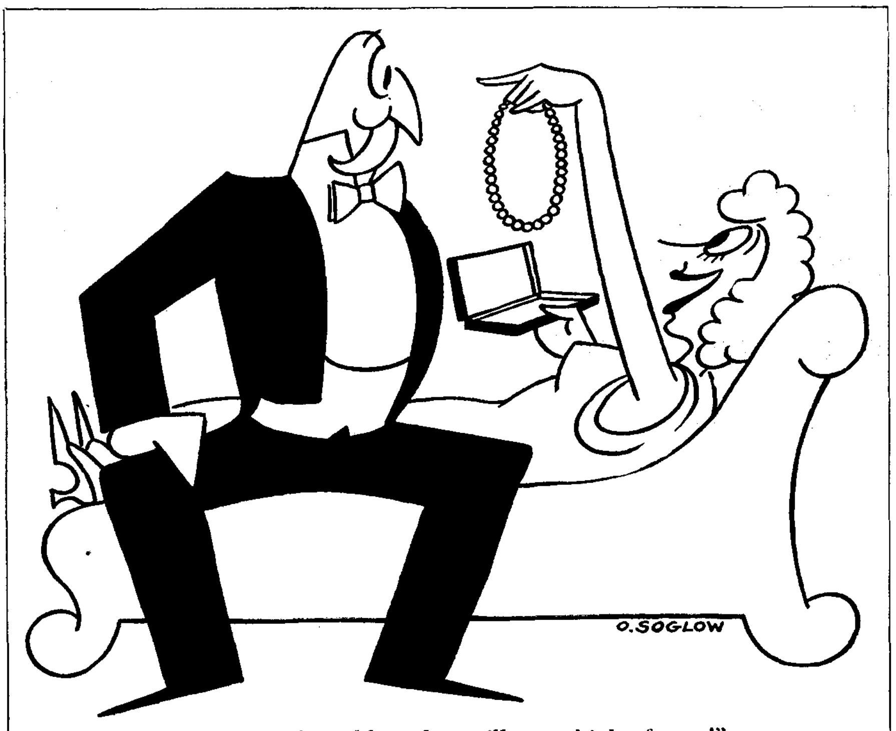
Lineer smiled unexpectedly. "All right, Tracy. Then I'll be man enough to admit I do." The smile vanished as quickly as it came. When he continued his voice was almost harsh, "But I wanted this railroad badly enough to work under you to get it. Now we've laid a hundred and ten miles of rails that aren't worth a damn until we find water. Should I find pleasure in that?"

"That's why I came," said Thomason placatingly. "I want you to get up into the Sacramentos and start work on your flume."

"On one condition. No interference from you."

The old wild temper flared for the briefest of moments in Thomason. But he mastered it with a power of will he never had before—a will shaped now to one fixed and inflexible purpose. He smiled. "No interference, Jim."

The early darkness closed down. He did not want to spend the night here. But it was too late to return to Tularosa. A cot was set up for him in the tent Lineer still shared with Tim and Georgie Price. He sat through their after-supper hour of idleness with them, feeling their con-



COLLIER'S "Oh, Mr. Thrombly, what __will__ you think of next!" OTTO SOGLOW

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straint at his presence, hating Lineer for the love and respect of these two men that Lineer held so effortlessly.

At bedtime he saw Lineer pull a pistol from beneath his pillow examine it carefully, then return it to its place. Then Tim removed a rifle from its boot on the tent pole and stacked it beside his cot.

Thomason asked with a chuckle, "Are we in hostile territory?"

Tim's blue eyes bored steadily into him as Tim said, "The man Keck found California not to his liking. If ever he went to California."

Thomason rode the work train back at dawn. He went straight from the depot to Tyson's stable and claimed a horse. He rode southward out of Tularosa, watching the Sacramentos on his left for landmarks. It was late afternoon when he turned up a canyon that split the escarpment, stopping now and again to study the terrain as though he were seeking a place he knew by description only.

When presently the canyon widened to a brown mountain meadow he spied, at its far edge, a rough cabin under the trees. He approached cautiously, his hat off, calling out from time to time.

He was fifty yards from the cabin when Harry Keck's voice reached out to him, "Cut out the shouting."

Keck closed the door behind him and stood against it, watching Thomason out of sour, dull eyes. The once handsome foreman was bearded and dirty, his hair a thick and uncombed mat.

Thomason returned the stare coldly. "I thought I told you to stay in El Paso until I sent word."

"You did," said Keck. He grinned. "And I didn't. So what?"

"You tried to shoot Lineer."

Keck's face contorted. "And I would have but for that damned big Irishman."

"I didn't want him dead then," snapped Thomason. "I wasn't even sure I wanted you to kill him."

"I was sure. And I'm taking no orders from you, Thomason."

"You'll take orders or get out of the country!"

Keck walked up to him and stood laughing up silently, the brightness of his wild and frenzied temper in his eyes. He said contemptuously, "You're all wind and no rain, Thomason. You're a yellow loudmouth who has to have somebody do your thinking for you. And I'm going to kill Lineer for both of us."

Thomason stood stock still and utterly alone, tasting with a bitterness that burned through his chest and deep into his brain the knowledge that he could not impose his will upon even this dirty, half-maddened creature. When he would have struck out with blind rage then, the scornful voice of Keck stopped him: "You haven't even got a good reason to want him dead, Thomason. He tried to walk over me the first time he ever saw me, and no man can do that and live. But you would have him killed just because he's a better man than you."

"He's coming to the mountains in a few days," said Thomason in a tired, lifeless tone. "He'll make camp. And he won't have the Irishman with him."

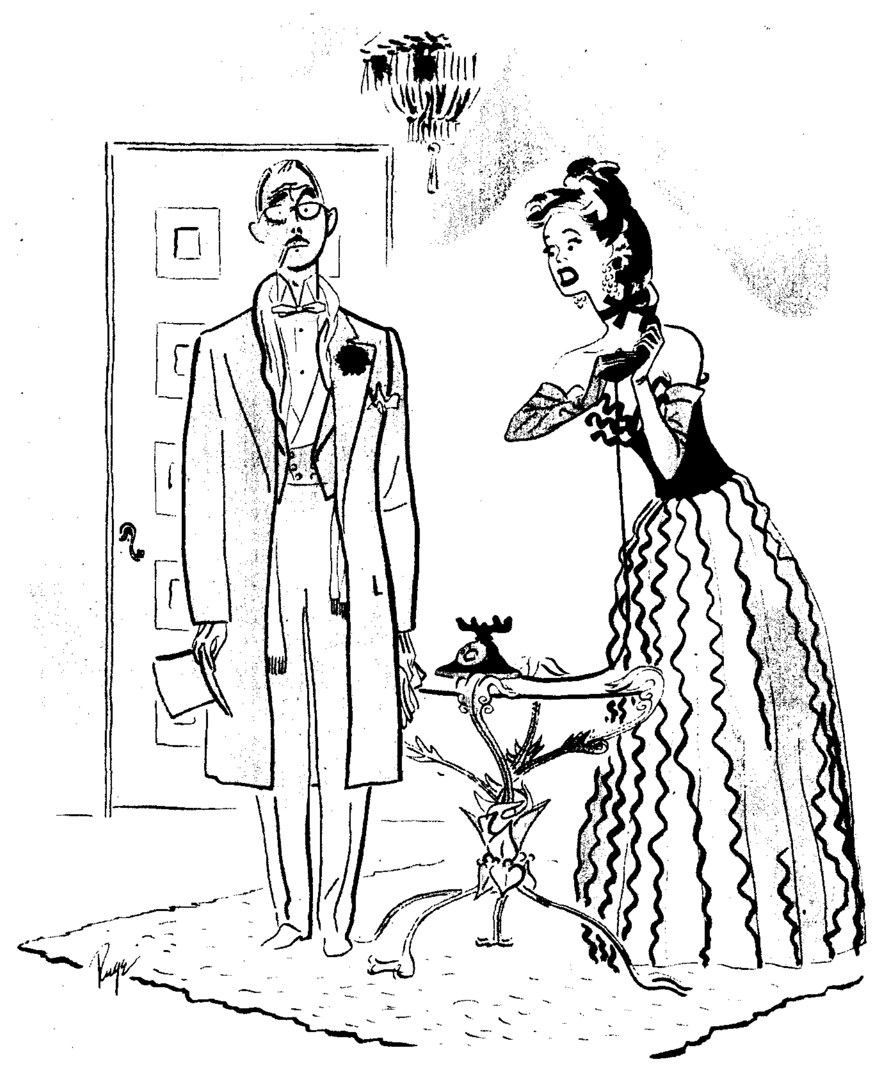
LINEER swung out of his tent at the surprised call of one of his men and gazed in astonishment down the mountain trail. Barbara and Molly were riding up to his lonely little camp. He advanced to meet them, feeling the swift pounding of his blood at the sight of Barbara. She waved a mittened hand at him. As he came to the side of her horse he saw the glow in her cheeks, put there by the cold wind and the vigorous ride up the steep Sacramento slopes. And he saw reckless laughter in her eyes.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed. "Molly! What the devil are you doing up here?"

"Just visiting," said Barbara gaily.

"We didn't intend to come this far," said Molly. She looked back down the trail uncertainly, relief in her face. "But Miss Barbara got a notion."

Lineer said soberly, "You should not



COLLIER'S "It's the Westons. They want us to pick up some things on the way over—bologna, potato salad and a keg of beer!" JOHN RUGE

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"And who," asked Barbara with bright mockery, "would dare touch the intended bride of the railroad president?"

Lineer regarded her with a puzzled frown. "It is not safe," he said. "And it is not wise."

"I think you mean it is not proper," said Barbara, laughing at him. "But you see, I'm in the company of a married woman." She smiled across at Molly, and back at Lineer. "Molly is even acting like a chaperon. She thinks we were followed up here."

Lineer gave Molly his full attention. He demanded sharply, "Did you see anyone?"

"No," said Molly slowly, gazing back down the trail. "Nor heard it. But—it was there."

He turned back up to Barbara, trying to understand this headstrong mood that seemed to possess her. This was the Barbara whom he had first known. The Barbara who had vanished, only to flash out at unexpected times. He could not know that desperation lay behind the willful brightness of her eyes. And failing to understand her, he felt the slow rise of resentment against her.

He asked curtly, "Does Tracy know you are here?"

She hesitated. "No," she said.

He looked about the camp, chose a lean youth with the look of competence about him, and called the man over.

"I want you to ride to Tularosa," he said. "Find Tracy Thomason. Tell him Miss Edwards and Mrs. McCarthy are at this camp and will remain tonight. Tell him I will bring them down tomorrow."

"Stay here?" exclaimed Barbara. "But we can't do that!"

Lineer looked at the overcast sky. "In two hours it will be dark. That trail is dangerous even for a good rider at night. And a storm may build up. I'll start down with you at dawn."

Barbara regarded him thoughtfully for a moment. Then she acquiesced with a strange little smile.

HE LED them after supper to his tent, lighting the lantern for them and moving to the flap.

"The cold up here is penetrating at night," he said. "You had better sleep in your clothes." He smiled at Molly, adding, "I'll be in the next tent."

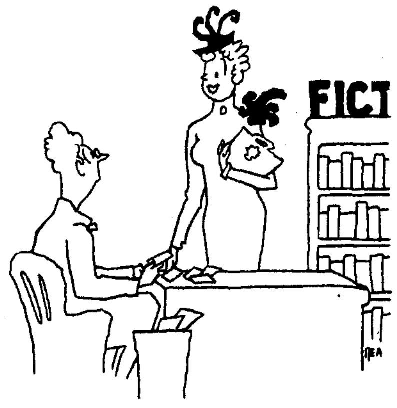
"Won't you stay a while, Jim?" asked Barbara. She sat on his cot. Her smile was small, still defiant but somehow unsure. As he gazed down at her he perceived then that turmoil held her.

"Why did you come?"

The shadow of unhappiness moved across her lips and was gone. They shaped again into a steadily mocking smile. "Molly told you. We didn't intend to come so far."

"The tent flap buttons on the inside," he said. "Pile some of my gear against it. Good night."

He swung out to his tent and to bed, cursing himself for his too little knowledge of women that denied him understanding of her. She had come to him. Yet there was no invitation in her eyes or in her voice. She had shown him laughter that was brightly brittle, and a tempestuousness that hid pain. But, though she had brought herself to him, her whole manner said that nothing was permitted between them.



"Got any new mustn't books?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Molly was right. She did not love Tracy Thomason. Yet she was bound to him. Lineer's mind went back, as it had so often before, to that warm May night when he sat in the darkness of the Oscuros with Colonel Edwards. He thought of the sadness and the hard determination of the older man when Edwards said he was trying to be completely fair to three people: to Barbara, to Tracy and to himself. And he remembered the sudden agitation of that strong man when he told Edwards it would not be easy to take orders from Thomason. All this had been, in the beginning, a mystery that affected him only because it impinged upon the railroad of his dreams. Now it was an enigma striking bitterly at his heart. He turned again and again in his blankets, seeking ease for his body and not finding it, listening to the whip and sigh of wind around the tent. The night had grown still and sharply cold when decision came to him. Tomorrow, when their horses reached the last abrupt shelf above the desert, he would do what he should have done long ago. If he found in her lips the merest breath of an answer, he would tear aside the mystery if he had to wreck the railroad to do it.

At daylight he led the way downward, his eyes searching the sky. Barbara rode behind him. She seemed subdued, bowed in her saddle against the icy breath of dawn. Molly came last.

Lineer guided them into a steep-sided canyon, hurrying a little as time passed. The heavy, broken clouds overhead were milling uncertainly. The wind had grown gusty. If the clouds overhead turned southwestward and closed their ranks, weather was coming.

It was Molly who saw the slight movement a hundred yards down the canyon and halfway up its steep slope to the right. Molly, commanding a view over Lineer's head and sweeping the trail with her nervous, intuitive gaze, saw the downward sway of a juniper branch that no wind could have caused.

"Jim!" she cried.

Lineer pulled his horse up with an instinctive jerk. The rifle bullet intended for his forehead thudded between the eyes of his horse. The animal, half rearing, crashed down as Lineer flung himself off. He landed on his hip and shoulder on the broken limestone. The breath went out of him. He felt the sharp, gouging pain of rock in his left side.

His body rolled with the slope. Blinding pain struck at the back of his head as he fell with one last drop to the gravel wash below the trail and lay stunned. He opened his eyes to see Barbara's horse rearing on the trail above him and Barbara trying to force the animal forward. He tried to call out to her but his lungs were empty and would not suck in air. He raised a hand, trying to wave her back. She saw him, her eyes wide and frightened and yet angrily determined.

He found breath and shouted, "Back!" Her horse came down on its forefeet. "Get back!" he shouted again. He saw her whirl the animal. Almost instantly she disappeared from his sight but he could hear the horse's hoofs pounding up the trail.

Now he gave his attention to himself and to the man down the trail. He put a hand at the back of his head. It came away warm with blood. His side throbbed. But an exploring hand found no new pain there. His jacket, sweater and heavy underwear had saved him from broken ribs. He felt for his revolver and knew a moment of cold dread when his fingers did not find it. He raised his head slightly, looking on the ground about him. The pistol lay at his feet. He pivoted his body on his hips until his hand closed about it.

The dead horse lay on its left side six feet above and a little forward of him. His rifle was there, in its boot on the horse's upturned side. He needed the rifle.

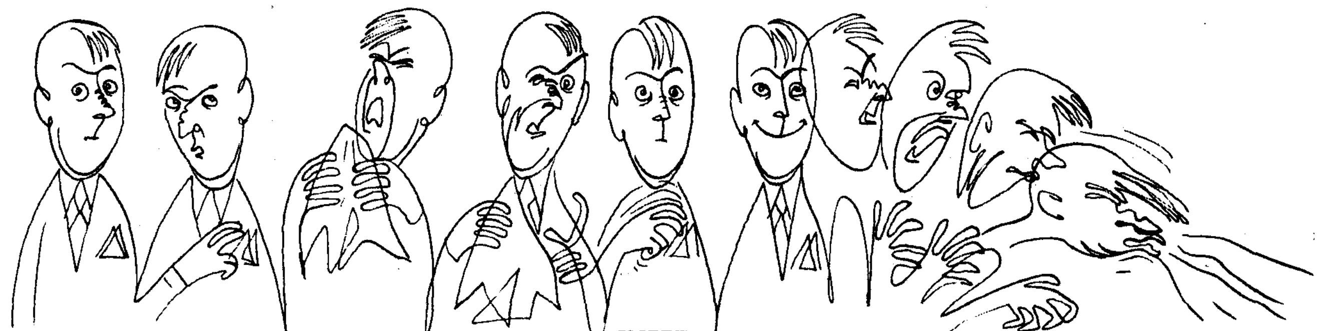
LYING against the edge of the wash, he tried to figure where Keck was hidden. For he knew the rifleman was Harry Keck. Keck had followed Barbara and Molly up the trail yesterday. Or had watched them pass up the trail from some place of hiding. Keck had tried again, and he would not give up now.

Lineer had not seen the smoke of the shot. He did not even know which side of the canyon it came from. But the chances were that Keck no longer was in that spot now. Keck would be seeking higher ground. Almost certainly Keck was on ground overlooking the horse, and was hunting for a still higher vantage point from which he could spot Lineer crouched in the wash.

No, Lineer decided reluctantly, he could not chance exposure to reach his rifle. And he had to get out of the wash, to search out higher ground himself. He had to stay hidden on the defensive, his pistol against the rifle, until Barbara and Molly arrived back at the camp and sent help. How long had they been on the trail this morning? Three hours? Four? It would be a long, cold siege.

He put his fingers again to the tender lump at the back of his head. Blood matted his hair. But the bleeding had stopped. He could feel the deep, irregular gash cut by some rock edge.

Facing down canyon, he began to work his way on all fours back up the wash. Once it widened and its abrupt little banks smoothed away on both sides.



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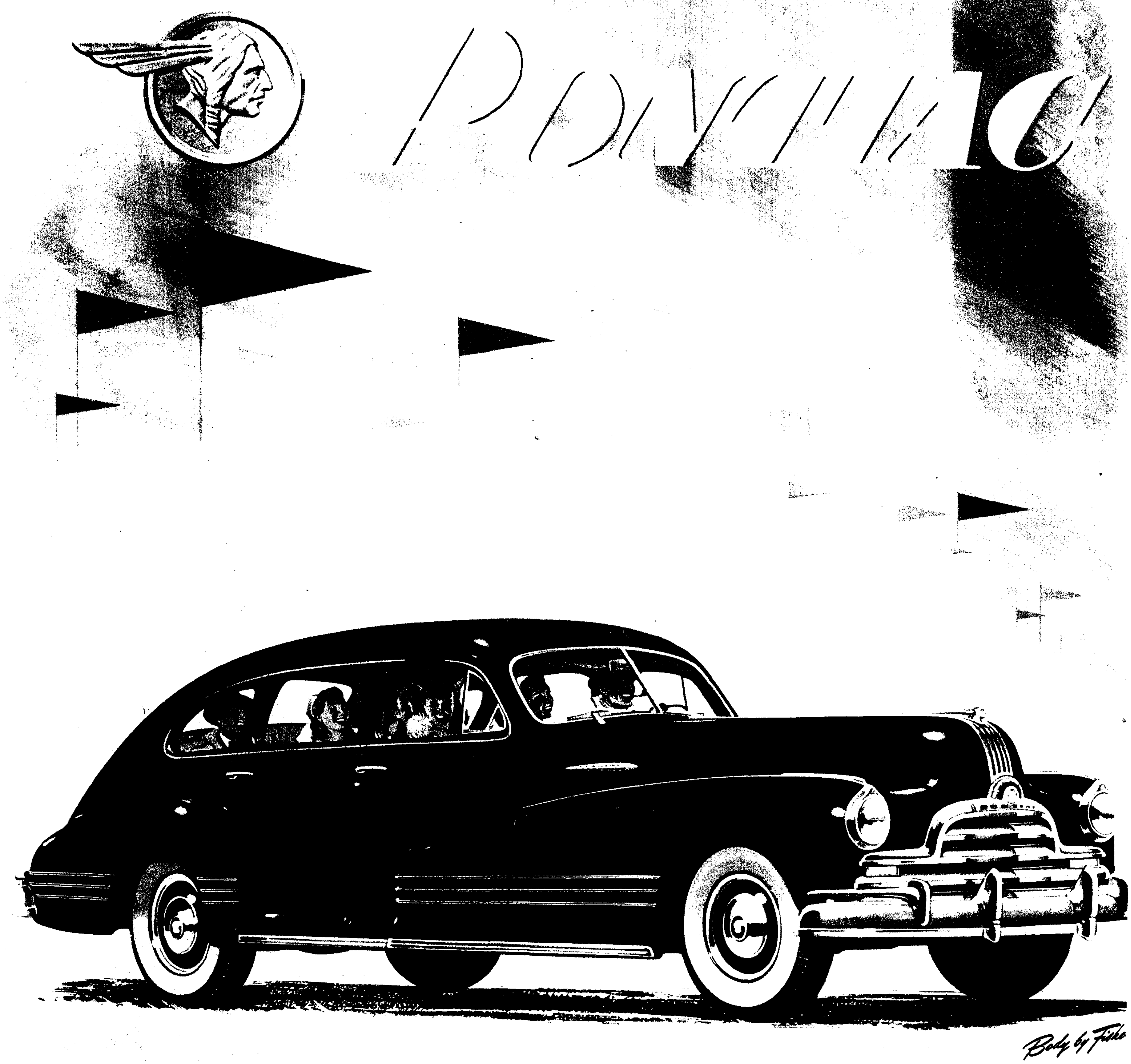

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He hesitated there a moment, searching as much as he could see of the lips of the canyon below him. Then he rose, bent at the hips, and raced across. A bullet whined into the wash behind him. He heard the sharp report. He dived to the safety of the narrowing wash and searched through the screen of dead bushes quickly. But the black smoke puff was dissipated. Keck had lost a shot. But now Keck knew where he was, and he still did not know where Keck crouched.

Now the canyon twisted sharply leftward above him, and he knew what he would do. He remained in the wash until the curving canyon wall shielded him from the rifle below. Then he scrambled out, making his way upward through the limestone outcropping to the first line of junipers. From here he had a clear view for two hundred yards up the trail they had traveled. To his astonishment he saw the horses of the two women standing at the point where the canyon twisted again, and Molly with them. Barbara was not in sight.

He dropped down out of the protection of the junipers and waved his arms silently. Presently Molly saw him and waved back. Then she pointed to his left toward the lip of the canyon.

He jumped back into the junipers, considering this. Molly must mean that Barbara was there, somewhere to his left and above him. But she could be trying to warn him that Keck was there.

CLIMBING carefully upward, keeping always to the shelter of the trees, he angled in the direction Molly had pointed. The junipers gave way to firs that did not offer him so much protection. Slipping through them he made out the motionless figure of Barbara. She lay at full length at the edge of dwarfed shin oak, staring westward through the trees.

He twisted up to her side with a warning whisper, seeing her sudden jerk of alarm and then her gasp of relief. She pointed silently in the direction she had been staring.

"There somewhere," she whispered.

He studied the terrain before him, giving a small grunt of satisfaction. Keck was on the same side of the canyon lip, slightly below him now. To the right the ground climbed rapidly to the crest of a long ridge. Some pine grew there but it was mostly bare gray rock and shin oak. No ground for a man to move over in an encirclement. He dare not approach Keck against that rifle. But Keck could not advance against him unseen.

"Who is it?" asked Barbara.

"Keck."

She stared ahead silently. He knew she was thinking of that night in her garden, the night of her housewarming.

He asked, "Why didn't you ride back to camp?"

"I couldn't," she said simply. "We started. And then—I knew you had a gun but I thought you might be lying down there hurt."

He turned on his side and worried out his watch. It told him the hour was a quarter past twelve. The women could make it safely back to camp, but his men could not reach here before the early dark. He lay still, conscious suddenly that some new element had come into the day. Presently it came to him. The fitful wind had died. He looked worriedly at the sky. The dull gray clouds were milling no longer. They were gathering and racing westward. He could not risk sending the women away alone against the portent of that sky.

"Go back to Molly," he said. "Bring her and the horses down the canyon here. Get as close to me as you can and still stay on the canyon floor. Then you and Molly get out of this wind."

He slipped back with her, taking up a new position to the left where he commanded a view both above and below the curve of the canyon. From here he could see the horses below, the canyon lip on both sides and the upward sweep of the ridge. He began to feel the cold as he settled into immobility. Then the wind came up again, strong and sharp.

After what seemed hours he fumbled out his watch again. It was only three o'clock. His feet were lifeless stumps. His side ached and a dull throb was back in his head. He had not seen Keck since this ambush began. Perhaps Keck was miles away by now. But he thought of the man, of his wild and deadly eyes, and knew Keck would not give up this easily.

For a time he nursed the idea of an ambush of his own. Keck's horse must be down the canyon somewhere. He could slip to the other side of the canyon, drop down until he found the horse and wait there in short pistol range. But that would expose the women. Keck had no way of knowing the women had remained. Yet if he did circle forward and find them, he would not hesitate to use them against Lineer.

The one other possible course was to return to camp. And Lineer set himself stubbornly against that. He had Keck tied down to the same extent that Keck had him. And he had the advantage of knowing roughly where Keck was hidden. He would settle this for all time if he could.

The first thickening of the short winter twilight was settling among the trees when he saw movement to his right front, up the slope of the ridge. He waited, not sure, until it came again. Keck was there, not two hundred yards away, running in short bursts across the gray rock.

Lineer slipped back until the canyon lip shielded him from Keck's view, then rose to run to his right. His numbed left foot gave way under him. He sprawled, his shoulder coming down hard against a gnarled tree root. He pushed himself up and ran on, covering fifty yards before he lifted himself carefully to the top of the canyon ledge.

He had judged his distance well. Keck was moving around a wide clump of shin oak toward this point, dropping every ten yards, then rising slowly to peer through the swiftly dropping grayness. He was fifty yards away, and Lineer was working the fingers of his right hand almost frantically to force the numbness out of them.

Then Keck veered sharply to his own right, coming in on a course that would bring him to the canyon wall twenty yards to Lineer's left. It was too late for Lineer to shift position. He raised his pistol and fired as Keck rose up for the last dash to the shelter of the firs.

LINEER saw Keck whirl and go down, and knew that his shot had struck home. But Keck was up instantly, flinging one wild shot in the direction of Lineer as he raced back for the rocks. Lineer sent three swift shots at him, damning his numb fingers, then lost Keck in the merging gray of twilight and rocks.

Lineer stood a minute more, debating pursuit and deciding against it. He made his way slowly down the canyon side, dropping into almost complete darkness on the canyon floor. Down here the wind raged shrieking through the defile, biting through his clothes and stinging his eyes until tears came. He found the horses humped against the wind in a cleft but could not find the women. He called, raising his voice to a shout against the wind before he heard Barbara's answer.

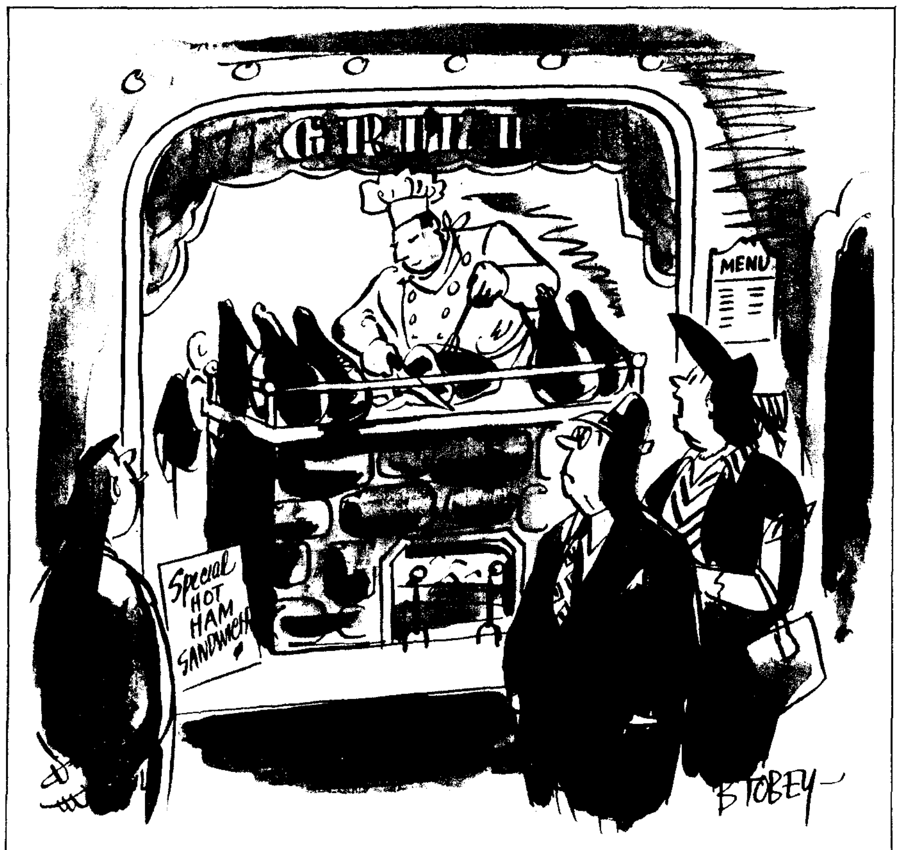
The two women huddled beneath a shelf in a wind-sculptured depression that was almost a cave. He thought of them lying here all through the long afternoon, waiting and not knowing. And then he thought that Tim should be very proud of Molly.

Barbara spoke questioningly. "I think I hit him," he answered.

He left them, returning in a few minutes with their saddle blankets and an armful of small pine branches. Barbara took them silently, understanding his purpose.

Now there was one more thing he must do. He walked boldly down the canyon, relying on the blackness of the night to hide him and the roar of the wind to kill his footfalls. He almost stumbled over the cold body of his horse. He worked with stiff fingers at the saddle girth, loosening it until he could pull out the blanket. Taking rifle and saddlebags, he returned to the shelter.

He divided cold beef and biscuits from his saddlebags with the women. When they had finished he spread one blanket over the pine needles and told them to lie close together. He spread the other two blankets over them, tucking them as best



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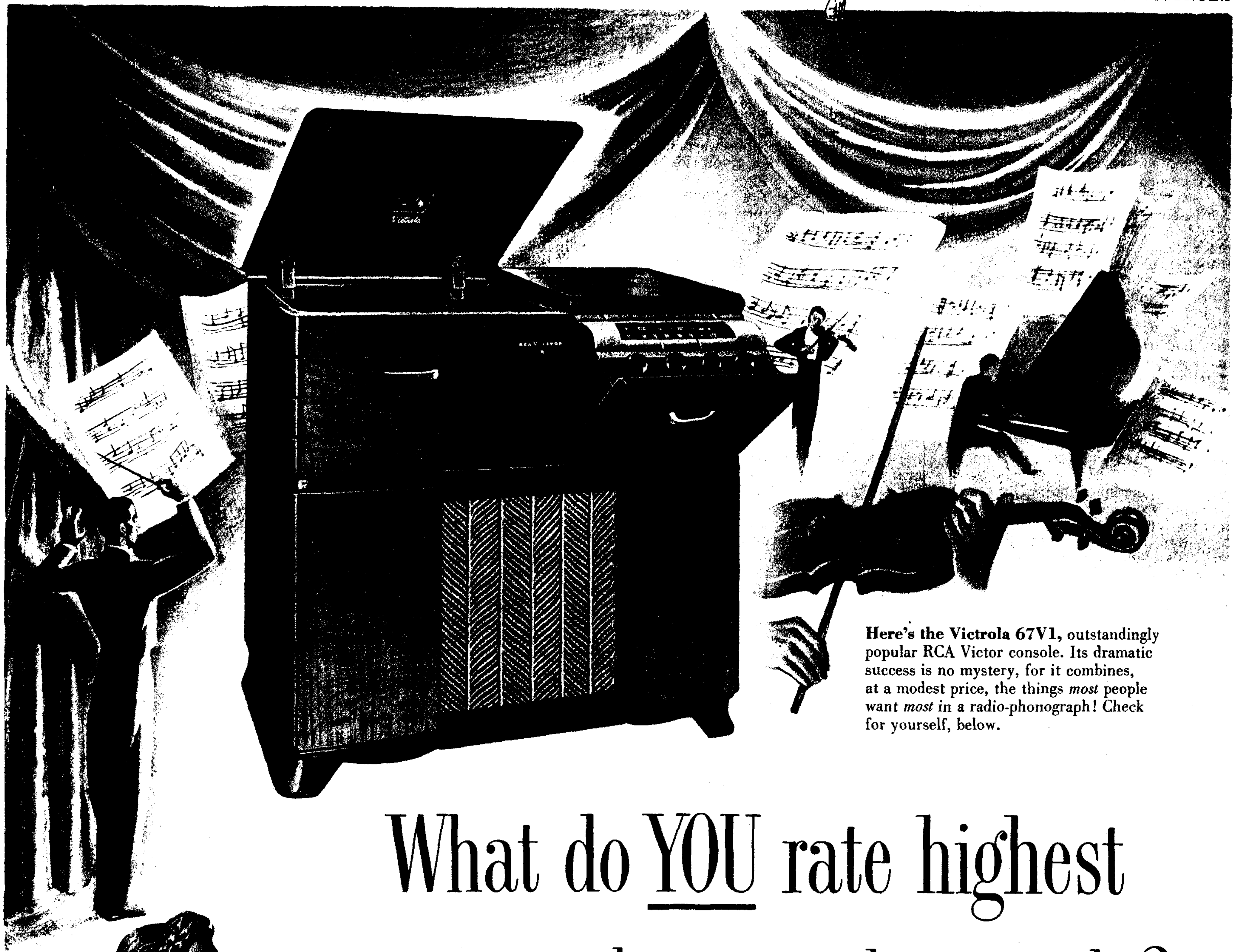

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This exclusive RCA Victor 3-Way Acoustical System recently made radio history in thrilling, public tests of tonal fidelity—the "Golden Throat" Demonstration. Read a technical explanation of it, see actual photographs of the tests in a booklet, free, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

☑ **TONE** that's the finest in RCA Victor history! The "Golden Throat" reflects with undistorted beauty the original performance. 3-point tone control for treble or bass emphasis. For full appreciation of it, hear Toscanini conduct "A Wagner Program"—his latest RCA Victor album.

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☑ **VICTROLA** phonograph, world-famous product of RCA's 27-year electronic experience and Victor's 48-year musical leadership. Fine automatic record changer takes ten 12" or twelve 10" records. No needles to change! The pickup is a permanent jewel-point—the "Silent Sapphire"—so light it saves record wear, cuts out annoying needle chatter, too.

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WHATEVER IS MOST IMPORTANT TO *YOU* —tone, styling, dependability of performance, luxury features like the tiny red light that reminds when your set is on, the extra-long, double socket, plug-in cord—you'll find them all here! Victrola 67V1 plays on AC. Enjoy it with pride! At a moderate price, it means new musical enjoyment for years to come!

Hear Robert Merrill sing "Music America Loves Best," Sundays, 2 PM, EDT, on your NBC station.

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

e could. Then he sat himself just out f the wind, the pistol in his lap, the ifle beside him, his chin on his chest, his ands inside his jacket. . . .

Hours later the wind's high shriek died way. Out of the solitude big, soft snow-akes began to fall.

Barbara called softly, "Jim."

"Yes."

"He'll go away now, won't he? I mean, ecause of the snow."

"Perhaps."

She was silent for a minute. Then she aid, "Jim, there is a time when the or-inary rules between men and women re downright wicked."

He did not answer, for his tired mind id not understand what she was trying o tell him.

"If you don't come under these blan-ets," she said, "then I shall come out nd sit with you."

He thought about that, comprehend-g finally that she meant only one thing, at she was saying sensibly they should hare the warmth of their bodies against e bitter night.

He slipped beneath the blankets as she ade way for him, turning his back to er so that he faced the opening of the ave. He dragged the rifle to him and radled the pistol against his stomach.

He heard her draw in her breath as his y clothes came against her. Much later suggestion of warmth began to flow rough him. It began at his neck and oved down his body until he felt the arm firmness of her thighs against him. e listened, almost unbelieving, as her reathing became regular with sleep.

AT THE first lifting of light he slipped from the blankets and climbed the anyon wall. The sky was clear, the whole arth white. Tall firs, burdened with now, towered protectively over slim nd naked aspens. When full light came nd he found no movement in the full ircle of his gaze, he slid back to the anyon floor.

With the women mounted he led the ay on foot higher up the canyon until e found a gulch emptying in at his left. e turned up this, following it until it rought him out on the ridge. Beyond e ridge he found another canyon. He ngled into this, satisfied now that all anger was past.

At Barbara's insistence he rode some-imes, and either Barbara or Molly walked. It was when they were down to the last shelf above the valley floor, and Barbara dismounted to offer her horse to him once more, that he turned up to Molly. "Molly, would you ride on alone for five minutes?"

Barbara swung to him, startled. He met her gaze, a small grave smile on his lips. She saw the remoteness go out of his eyes, saw the quick swell of turbulence there and the rough purpose that danced on the edge of violence.

"Molly!" she cried. "Don't go!"

Lineer said up to Molly, "The wife of Tim McCarthy will understand."

Molly hesitated, staring at Lineer. Suddenly she hurried her horse down the trail.

Lineer stood before Barbara, his mouth soberly shaped now by a deep longing.

"No, Jim," she said. She raised her hands to his chest, though he had not touched her. But when she would have pushed she found the strength was gone from her arms. "No, Jim," she repeated.

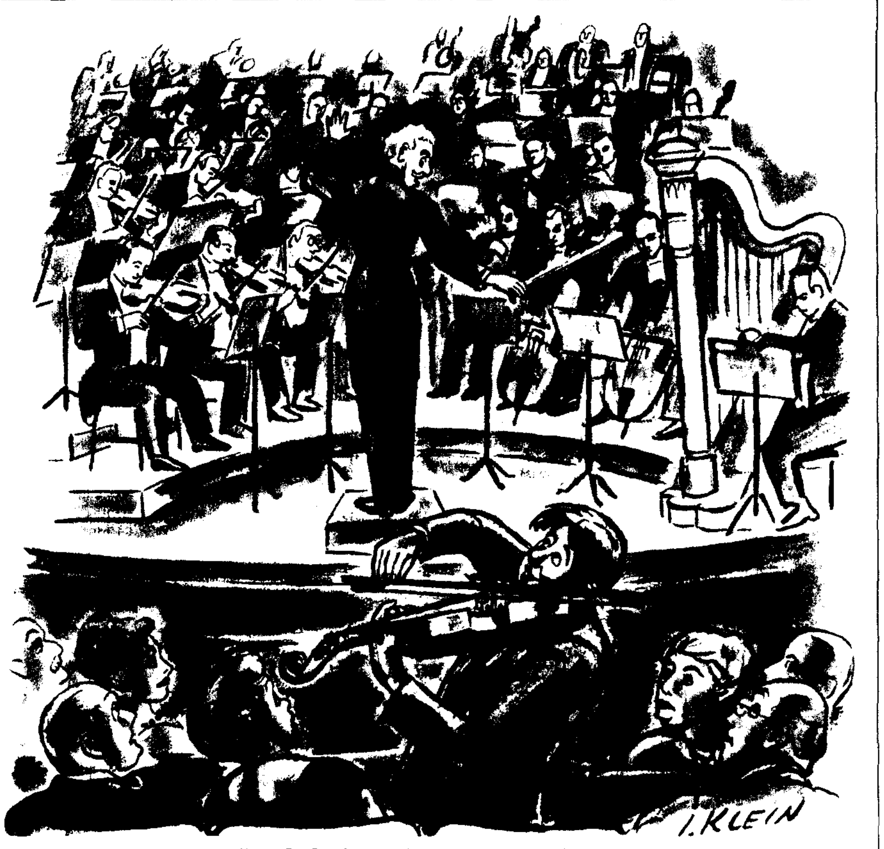
He brought her to him, sweeping her against him, fighting his own roughness, fighting the ache and the power in his body that he might not hurt her. She pressed her cheek hard to his chest, seeking escape from him in the sanctuary of his own breast. But his hands found her chin, forcing her face up inexorably. His mouth came down hard upon hers. His lips found the unresponsiveness of despair there. Then warmth and firmness. Then all the sweetness and all the passion that he had ever dreamed of.

He held her away from him, suddenly and desperately needing to find in her face the confirmation of her lips. She opened her eyes, showing him one glorious moment of wonder and unrestrained gladness. Then the fear and the pain returned to them.

He pulled her body against his own once more, more slowly now yet still not quite gentle. His strong fingers caressed her head and her back and her shoulders, telling her of his need and his want, yet telling her too of the fierce protectiveness that was in him and the strength he had to shield her from all fears and all sorrow. As the first sobs shook her, his hands became altogether gentle.

A long time later she raised her head and stepped away from him. "Shall we go now?"

(To be concluded next week)

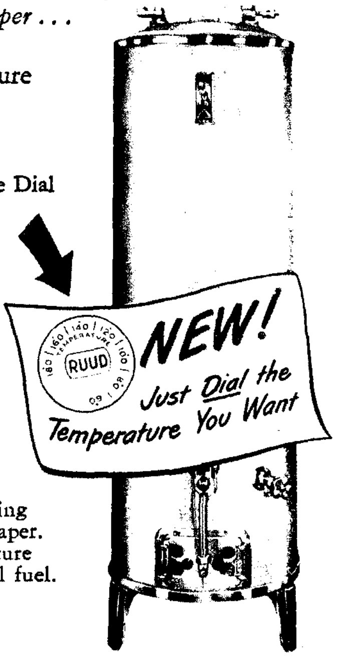


COLLIER'S "No help from the audience, please!" I. KLEIN

HOW CLEVER KAY CURED WASHDAY GRAY

THE HOTTER THE WATER...
...THE WHITER THE WASH

To make your wash *whiter* you need water that's *hotter*. Take the word of impartial laundering experts. They proved that *the Hotter the Water the Whiter the Wash*. And you get *hotter water . . . faster . . . cleaner . . . cheaper . . .* from a Ruud, the Gas water heater with the Monel* tank and the new Ruud Temperature Dial Control.


RUUD
NEW! Just Dial the Temperature You Want

1. Get Hotter Water! Ruud's amazing new Temperature Dial Control lets you *dial* the hotter water you need for whiter wash; then delivers *all* you need, *when* you need it!

2. Get it Faster! No skimping on hot water! No waiting or watching! *Gas* heats *quickly* . . . gives you *speedy* replacement of the water you use!

3. Get it Cleaner! Goodbye to tanks that make water rusty and cause ugly brown stains on linens! The solid, rust-proof Monel tank of your Ruud sends you water that's sparkling-clean and pure!

4. Get it Cheaper! From bathing baby to washing dishes, Ruud-Gas-Monel gives you hot water cheaper. You get Ruud Thrift-design and the new Temperature Dial Control. You heat with *Gas*, the economical fuel. And your solid Monel tank stands hotter temperatures, lasts longer, costs less per year.

Remember, the new automatic washing machines are designed to give you the full benefits of *hotter* water. Make sure your new water heater will deliver hotter water by getting Ruud-Gas-Monel.

Hot Tip: In a national survey 99 out of 100 of our customers say they would recommend Ruud-Gas-Monel. Built for all types of gas, including LP-gas. See your Dealer, Plumber or Gas Company. Write for helpful literature.

Get a RUUD GAS Water Heater with a MONEL Tank

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Pittsburgh 1, Pa.*

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THE GREAT ALL NEW Pacemaker

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ONE WAY $22.75 (plus tax)
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LOW COACH FARE includes reserved seat, use of Lounge Cars and smart Diner.

Soon, your *Pacemaker* ticket will mean more than ever in low-cost luxury. For this famous New York Central coach streamliner will have an exciting transformation.

Yes, the *Pacemaker* will be gleamingly, luxuriously new from end to end. And as always, it will be yours from end to end at New York Central's regular low coach fares.

As always, too, the *Pacemaker* will streak nightly over the Water Level Route . . . linking New York and Chicago on a schedule almost as fast as the 20th Century Limited.

And the *Pacemaker* is not alone! For, today, all over New York Central, world's largest new coach fleet gives you air-conditioned travel that's *fare*-conditioned, too!

New Custom-Built Coaches!
Air-conditioned, with deep, lean-back seats, wide windows, fluorescent lights, and many another luxury that 5,000 Central passengers said they wanted.

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Each so spacious it needs a separate kitchen car to prepare those delicious meals which you select from the *Pacemaker's* special money-saving menu.

New Luxury Lounge Cars!
Both a Tavern Lounge and an Observation Car will be yours for a change of scene . . . music, refreshments, a quiet game or chat on the all-coach *Pacemaker*.

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The Scenic Water Level Route

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

T. V. SOONG
T. L. SOONG
MADAME CHIANG
CHIANG KAI-SHEK
H. H. KUNG

A NEW CHINESE WALL

American businessmen returning to help rebuild China must surmount a great wall of erratic restrictions, discriminations and dishonest competition that has stacked the cards against them, in favor of the fabulous Holy Family

BY WALTER GORDON

THE Chinese have an ancient saying to cover almost any situation that might arise, and an American businessman operating in China is likely to know a lot of them. It wasn't surprising, therefore, when an American businessman in Shanghai tried to explain his compatriots' business troubles since the war ended, as follows:

"The Chinese say that their departed ancestors' spirits live by inhaling the steam from the fine, rich dishes they prepare for themselves. Apparently the present Chinese government thinks foreign business in China can survive on the same fare. The government agencies and the relatives of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek are eating heartily. I'm not even getting a healthy smell of the steam. Nor are many other foreign businessmen. Unless there's a change, I'll soon go home."

This American, who was prosperous before the war, is fairly typical. When Americans and other foreign businessmen went back to China after the defeat of Japan they knew that things were going to be different. They knew what the war had done to their own investments and China's economy generally. They knew that heroic measures were indicated, including strong American aid. They knew that the so-called extraterritoriality agreements, which had long given Americans and other foreigners a privileged status in China, were abolished.

They were, for the most part, willing to accept and foster these changes—or what they had conceived the changes to be. They were also familiar with Chinese traditions of family and personal loyalty and knew that a leader in order not to risk losing his power would be expected to take care of his family and friends first. This is tradition, as old as the "squeeze" or "rake-off" that everyone from houseboy to general expects. Unhappily, the foreigners' conception of the new era fell short of reality by about the same distance the Japs fell short of San Francisco.

At first Americans failed completely to realize the formidable nature of government regulation, favoritism, bureaucracy, blundering and antiforeignism that they now face in trying to do business with China. That realization came slowly —in fact, it seemed to begin with the Great Christmas Present Disaster which blighted the 1946 holiday season for American children in China.

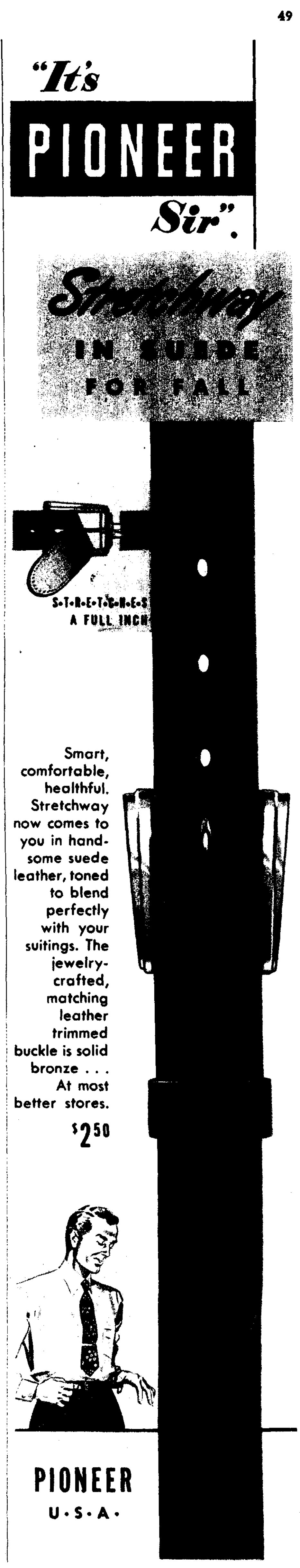
Late in 1946, the Nanking government had imposed a schedule of Revised Temporary Foreign Trade Regulations. Something of the sort was to be expected in line with the drive to rehabilitate China's economy, especially to strengthen the foreign-exchange position. Americans generally had no quarrel with the principle involved in these reforms. But the children, most of whom had just arrived in China, got it in the neck like any innocent bystander.

Notices were received by American families that Christmas packages from fond grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts and cousins had arrived at Shanghai's main post office. Parents who went to claim them, however, were told that Chinese officials were going to send them back to the United States because they contained dolls, games, candy, chewing gum or toy soldiers.

The new foreign-trade regulations plainly stated that importation of toys and candy was forbidden in order to protect China's foreign-exchange position. Of course, it was true that these were gifts and therefore had no effect on the foreign-exchange position. But there was the rule. Protests and appeals were made in vain. An effort to save at least a few packages of chewing gum failed. The gifts were sent back to America.

There was an inclination on the part of most Americans to shrug it off. It was a small thing, after all, probably due to some bureaucratic bungling or confusion. But, in truth, that was just the beginning.

A Catholic sister arrived at Shanghai


"It's PIONEER Sir".

Stretchway IN SUEDE FOR FALL

S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S A FULL INCH

Smart, comfortable, healthful. Stretchway now comes to you in handsome suede leather, toned to blend perfectly with your suitings. The jewelry-crafted, matching leather trimmed buckle is solid bronze . . . At most better stores.

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YOU CAN'T SHAVE WITH PRINTER'S INK

Why be confused by all the shaving claims when you can try a Schick Electric Shaver for 10 days—see for yourself that it's the slickest, handiest, easiest shaving instrument ever—and get every penny of your money back if you're not satisfied!

We can shout to the heavens that this Schick Super won't nick, burn, pull or scrape.

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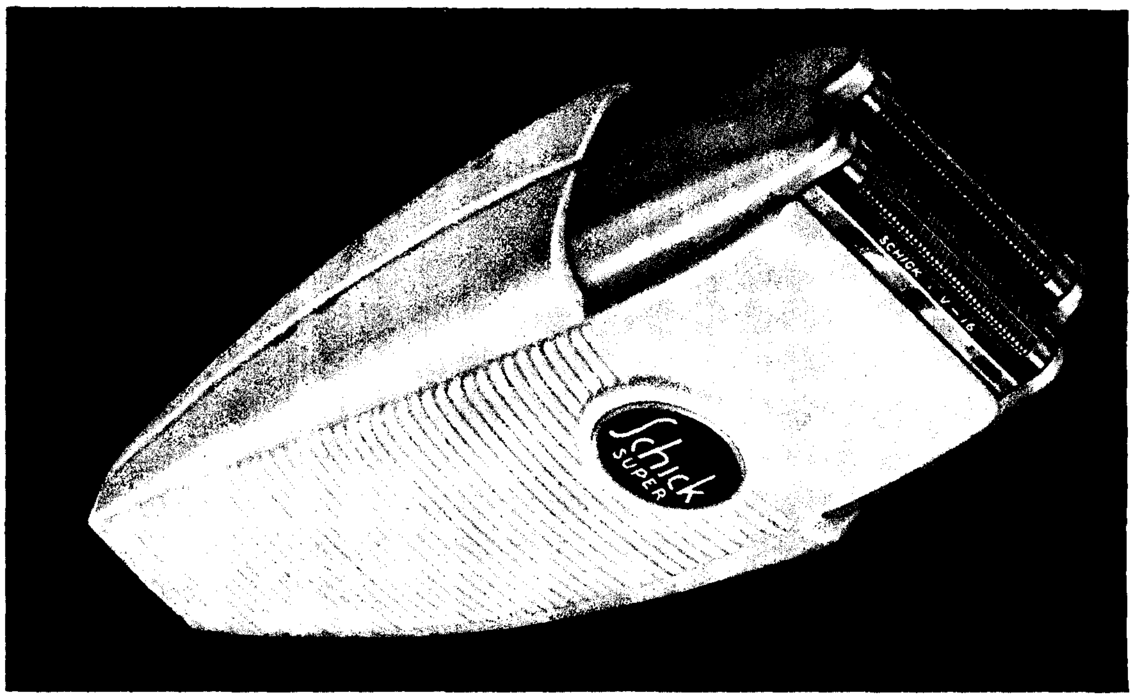
We can even point out that you can *keep your shirt on*—and still get a fast, clean, close shave with the Schick Super.

All that's true—*but what does it prove?*

Only your own face can tell you which is the best way to shave—for you.



IO-DAY TRIAL BUY—Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give you double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at $18.00. Buy one—try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave you ever found, *return it and get your money back in full.* Or—trial-buy the famous Schick Colonel for only $15.00.

So we say this: Buy this Schick Super on our word—backed by 17 years of experience—that it's the finest shaving instrument to be had.

Test it for 10 days—check its speed, its closeness, its ease of handling, its two-way shaving action, its freedom from muss, fuss, nicks, pull and other shaving bothers.

Then—if you don't agree that Schick Super tops any other way of shaving—take it back where you got it and your money will b refunded!

A fair deal? We think it's the only way to avo spending a lot of money on shaving metho that may or may not be satisfactory.

Why not take us up on it—by seeing your Schi Shaver dealer this very day?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CON

FOR COMPLETE CONVENIENCE THE SCHICK SHAVEREST

Handy automatic wall-holder, handsome in any bathroom. Fits any Schick ever built (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe, finger-tip handy next to mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up the cord. $7.95

Shaverest—Trademark Schick, Inc.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER and SHAVEREST

bringing with her $1,500 worth of food, purchased in the United States with contributions from sympathetic Americans and intended for the relief of Chinese children in a back-country mission. Chinese customs officials insisted that an import license must be obtained. The Import Board decreed that the license could not be granted. Aid of an American banker was enlisted. He argued that since the food had been paid for in the United States with funds contributed by Americans, none of China's jealously guarded foreign exchange was involved. His plea met with an adamant "No tickee, no washee" attitude on the part of the customs officials, who continued to demand the import license which the Import Board steadfastly refused to approve.

Then there was the American who, in late 1945, made a trip back to the United States to buy household goods. He returned to China to find that every item he had ordered—including bathroom fixtures and a refrigerator—were denied entry as "luxuries."

Where Prayer Books Are Needed

An American clergyman reached China's shores accompanied by $200 worth of prayer books intended for a village parish. They, too, had been paid for in the United States with American funds, but China's Import Board refused to permit the prayer books to be "imported."

This prompted the Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury to say:

"This one, by golly, stumps us. If anything is a real necessity here it's prayer books. If any country, anywhere, ever stood in need of prayer it's China today."

The incidents cited might seem merely minor irritations, but the businessman who had listened to glowing wartime accounts of the job to be done in rebuilding China found his operations hamstrung by the same regulations which banned Christmas toys and relief food. Worse, he learned that the regulations which brought his activities to a standstill did not apply to the in-laws of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who were setting up scores of new corporations, nor to a rapidly expanding system of state-operated business.

He discovered that the tax laws applying to his business were not the same as those applying to his Chinese competition. And then there emerged the corporations with "Holy Family" connections. These are firms that exploit their relationship with the Generalissimo to extort from American manufacturers valuable agencies whose reputations and business had been built up by Americans.

As a result, the American in China today finds himself in an exceedingly uncomfortable and contradictory position. On the one hand, he is encouraged by his government to continue and, if possible, to expand his activities as part of the American program of assistance to China. This is in keeping with Washington's announced desire for reduction of trade barriers and China's need for machine tools and other heavy equipment to help revive an almost vanished productive capacity.

On the other hand he is faced with an impenetrable wall of restrictions, contradictions, confusion and discriminations, which have developed since China's new foreign-trade regulations went into effect last November 17th. Consequently, American interests which had expected to play an important role in the rebuilding of China are dying on the vine.

Meanwhile, a system of political favoritism, special privilege and family pull is enabling the in-laws of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to gain control of certain major lines of private enterprise and is fostering the growth of state control. Many Americans now are convinced there is a calculated program on the part of certain of China's political leaders, if not of the government itself, to crowd long-established American and other foreign firms out of China.

The American attempting to do business in China finds among his foremost competitors:

Fu Chung Corporation, headed by T. L. Soong, a brother of former Premier T. V. Soong and of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and by H. H. Kung, Madame Chiang's brother-in-law and also a former premier.

Nan Yang Tobacco Company, headed by T. V. Soong.

China Development Finance Corporation, headed by T. A. Soong, another of Madame Chiang's brothers.

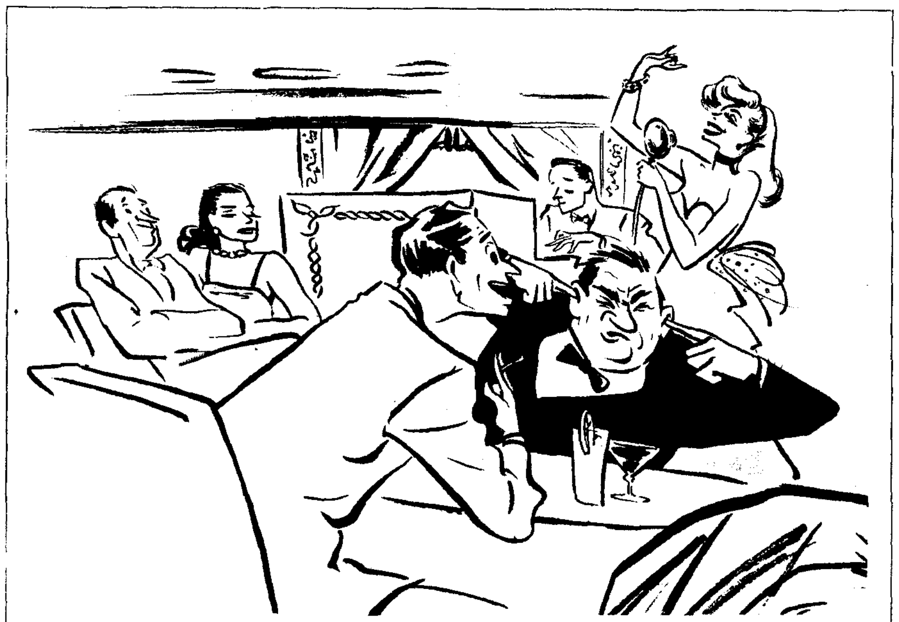
Goldmont Corporation, owned by the brothers and sisters of Madame T. V. Soong.

China U. S. Rubber Company, owned by T. V. and T. A. Soong.

Yangtze Development Company, operated by David Kung, nephew of Madame Chiang and son of H. H. Kung.

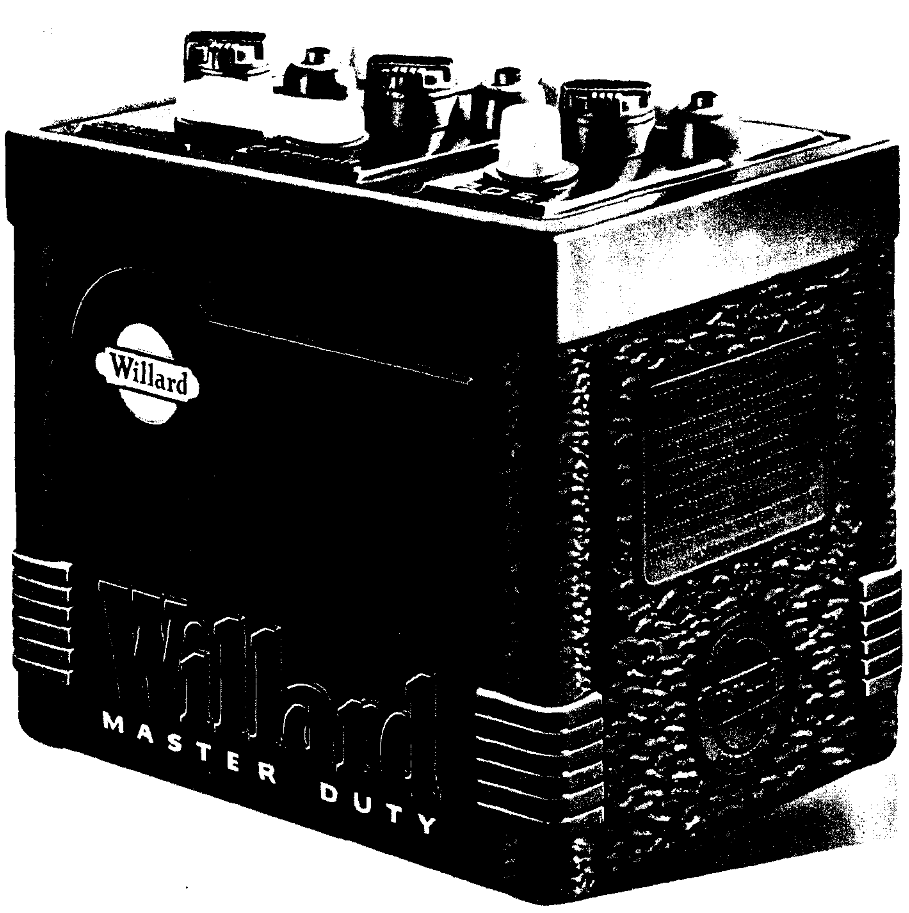
The impressive list of such "Holy Family" concerns extends to pharmaceuticals, chemicals, construction equipment and numerous other enterprises, and includes relatives three and four times removed. Chinese gagsters insist that a new corporation was formed for David Kung's son before the child was a week old. American businessmen suspect it's true.

Every suggestion that these "Holy Family" concerns employ political pressures and family connections to gain business advantages, or evade regulations, has been met with sanctimonious



"If you'd just look at her you wouldn't notice she's off key"

COLLIER'S KIRK



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Motorcycle • Tractor • Aircraft • Marine • Diesel • Stationary
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. . . may I suggest
you ask for
this precious pre-war
Bottled in Bond
Kentucky bourbon now?
I.W. Harper
bottled in bond
Distilled before the war and bottled in bond
under the supervision of the U.S. Government
I.W. HARPER
it's always a pleasure
I.W. HARPER
the gold medal whiskey

denials. However, the Far East American Council of Commerce and Industry and the National Foreign Trade Council, in a joint report, informed the State Department that preferential treatment was accorded "Holy Family" firms in the allocation of import quotas.

"It is significant," the report submitted to Washington said, "in allocating quotas, the board has often seen fit to disregard the years 1935-1937 as a previously designated representative period and has adopted the year 1946 as a base instead. Obviously, to adopt prewar years as representative would have resulted in the exclusion of such organizations as the Fu Chung Corporation, Goldmont Corporation and the Yangtze Development Company from participation in quota allocations."

This charge never has been denied by the Chinese officials concerned.

Diplomatic Passports Misused

T. L. Soong and Stanley Shen, top executives of Fu Chung Corporation, this summer used Chinese diplomatic passports to travel in the United States on private business. Well-established Chinese businessmen of excellent reputation, however, find it extremely difficult if not impossible to obtain passports, on any terms, to permit them to re-establish prewar contacts with American manufacturers.

"Holy Family" firms have capitalized on difficulties which established American dealers encounter in obtaining Chinese import licenses and foreign exchange, to convince American manufacturers that "Holy Family" connections are indispensable if business is to be done in China. With millions of dollars of orders held up for nearly a year by inability of American representatives to obtain credits and licenses, this argument carries much weight. And "Holy Family" firms have advanced millions of dollars for future orders as evidence of confidence in their ability to obtain license and exchange denied to American firms.

Under such pressures, Westinghouse International transferred its China distributor agency from William Hunt & Company, to T. L. Soong's Fu Chung Corporation. Willys Motors took its valuable China jeep agency from Mark Moody to the same "Holy Family" concern, while Anaconda Copper yielded to similar tactics. With these agencies have gone good will built up over the years and, in many instances, contracts on which the former American distributor had done extensive engineering and other spadework during the war period.

When the victims of this political squeeze play ventured a protest, the Board of Temporary Regulation of Imports issued a "denial" in which was buried this revealing paragraph:

"The board, while *not* unaware that certain persons are resorting to unethical methods in attempting to influence the transfer of agencies to themselves, wishes to disassociate itself in the most emphatic manner from such practices."

In addition to the "Holy Family" firms, the American seeking to stage a comeback in China is confronted with competition from China's lusty and growing assortment of state-controlled enterprises. Topped by such commercial giants as Universal Trading Corporation (with spacious offices in New York's Rockefeller Center) and Central Trust of China, these concerns are doing a thriving business as self-proclaimed purchasing agencies for private concerns in China. None has to comply with licensing, foreign-exchange or quota requirements which are pushing legitimate American importers to the wall.

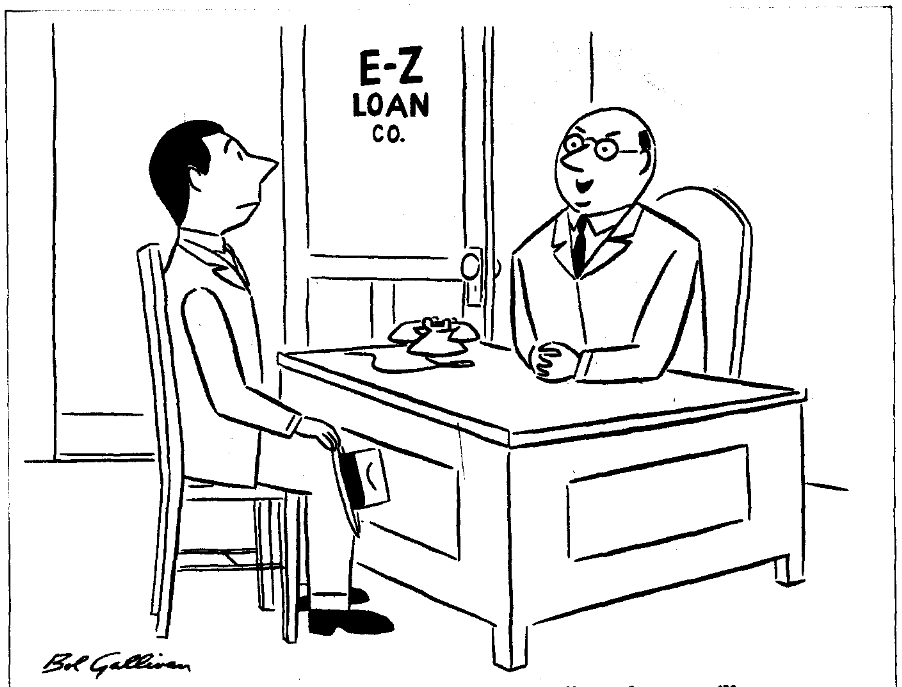
Creation of these official purchasing agencies was agreed to by Washington as a wartime expediency whose activities should be terminated at the end of the war to ~~make way for the~~ development of private enterprise. Despite Washington's postwar requests and repeated promises by China, these agencies not only have not terminated their activities but actually have enlarged and entrenched them. Universal Trading Corporation has incorporated under New York State law, with every appearance of continuing its operations indefinitely. The Central Trust of China in March, this year, circularized numerous American manufacturers with a letter which said:

"Please be advised that we are the authorized purchasing agent for government offices *and commercial firms.*"

In calling attention to this matter in Washington, the Far East American Council and National Foreign Trade Council pointed out that "most of the firms solicited already are represented in China by duly appointed agents or distributors."

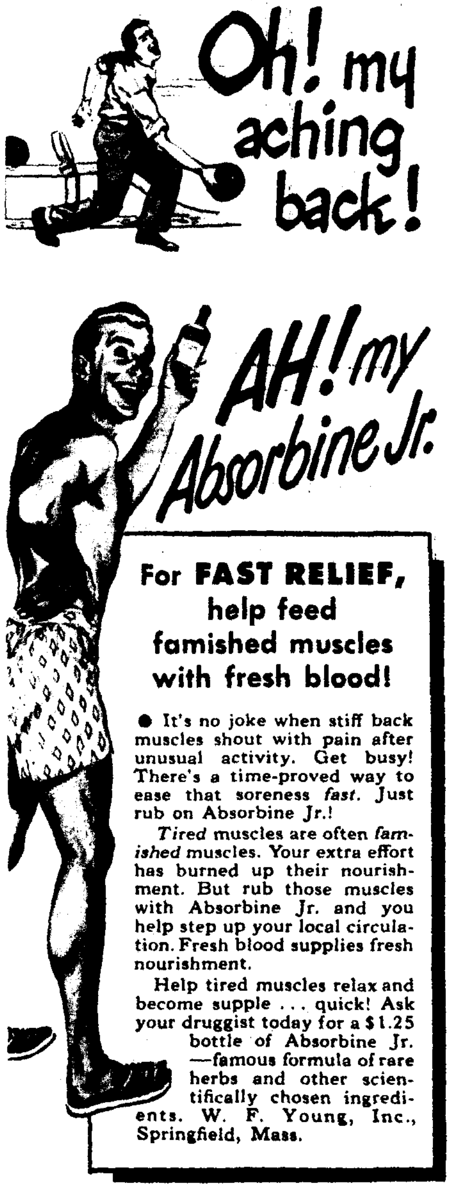
Private business, whether American or Chinese, is unable to compete with these official purchasing agencies. They operate on a one per cent commission on purchases for government agencies and two and one half per cent base buying commission for private accounts and support no selling, service or maintenance personnel in China.

The story of the extent and nature of the activities of these agencies is told in scores of ships' manifests.



COLLIER'S "We can let you have a million dollars, but you'll have to repay it faster than two dollars a week" BOB GALLIVAN

YOUR FORM IN FABRIC
Tailored like a jacket . . . conforms to the contours of your body . . . standards of fit and comfort you have never experienced before in shirts
Excello
SHIRTS
EXCELLO SHIRTS, Inc., a division of F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 B'way, N. Y.



Oh! my aching back!
AH! my Absorbine Jr.
For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● It's no joke when stiff back muscles shout with pain after unusual activity. Get busy! There's a time-proved way to ease that soreness *fast*. Just rub on Absorbine Jr.!

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub those muscles with Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment.

Help tired muscles relax and become supple . . . quick! Ask your druggist today for a $1.25 bottle of Absorbine Jr. —famous formula of rare herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Virtually every freighter arriving in Chinese ports from the United States carries cargo shipped by these concerns. Included are large quantities of goods supposedly rigidly banned as luxuries; thousands of tons of capital and other goods for which American private firms have been unable to obtain import licenses or foreign exchange.

Motorcars are a case in point. Importation of all automobiles by American dealers is limited, almost to the vanishing point. Yet the percentage of new cars on Shanghai's streets is far greater than in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles.

The American firm representing Cadillac in China has been unable to obtain import permits because the price exceeds the $1,200 limitation set by the import restrictions. Yet a recent shipment by Central Trust of China included 23 Cadillacs.

The story is repeated with almost every ship arrival.

The seriousness of the situation was pointed up in one report to the State Department, which warned that "these monopolies, leaving no incentive whatever for further investments, have resulted in the desire of the majority of American firms to postpone all projects and cut to the bone their present investments, with a possible view to pulling out of China by the end of this year."

American importers endorse the premise that China should conserve foreign exchange for the purchase of capital goods to prop up the country's tottering economy.

They insist, however, that the validity and sincerity of the program becomes subject to serious doubt when items banned to American firms flow into China through official purchasing agencies and quasi-government concerns.

Rules Hinder Reconstruction

With rare exceptions, including a moderate relaxation of restrictions late in July, no American firm has been licensed to import more than a few thousand dollars of cargo for which letters of credit had not been established before the new restrictions went into effect last November. In the log jam of thousands of applications for which American importers have been unable to obtain approval are millions of dollars' worth of major reconstruction and capital goods which are supposed to receive priority.

Much of such goods has been on order for as long as two years and some has been in the process of manufacture in the United States for a year or more. Some has been completed and is accumulating expensive warehouse and dockage charges in American and Chinese ports. Substantial payments have been made on such contracts by independent Chinese and American firms.

Included in this category are hundreds of thousands of spindles needed to revive China's once-busy cotton-spinning mills, wool-weaving mills, structural steel and fabrications, mining equipment, hoisting machinery and deep-well pumps which would start China's coal mines producing again, steam power plants, aviation equipment for construction and modernization of China's airways, railway equipment and rolling stock, machinery for processing tung, sesame, rape and other vegetable oils which are among China's few currently exportable products.

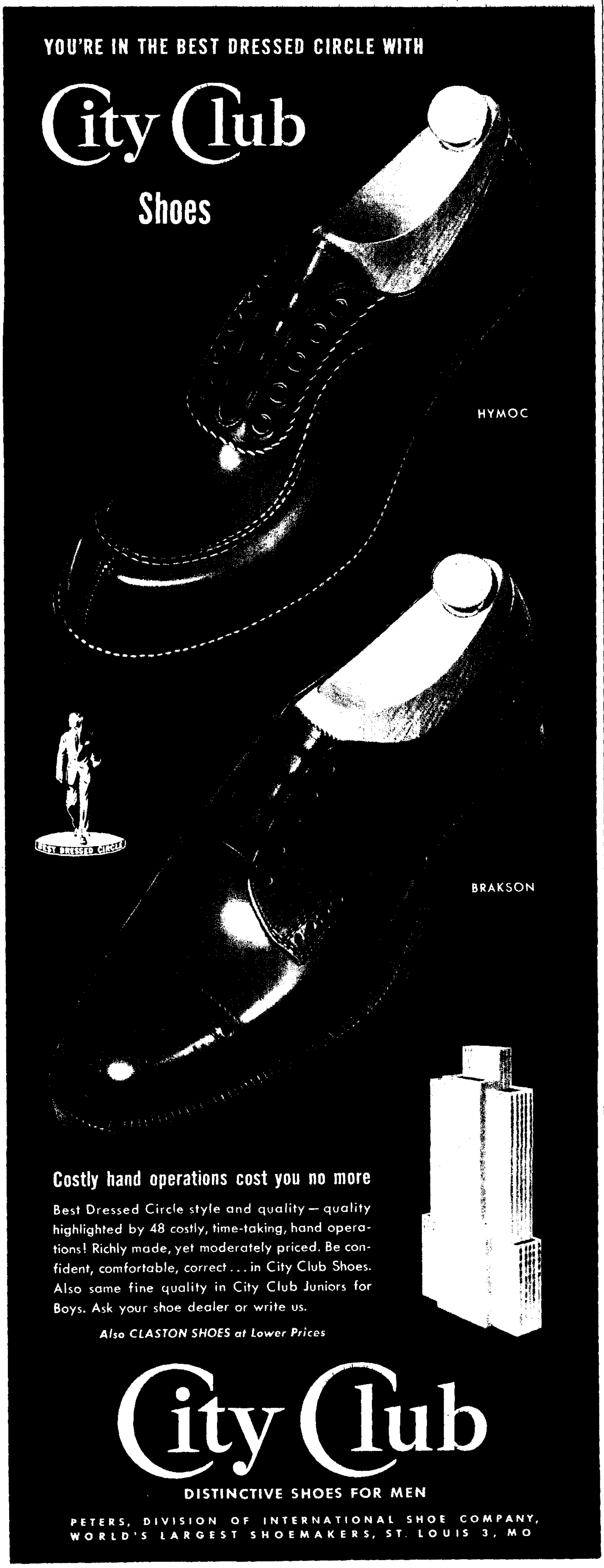
If the American importer attempts to cancel and look to other markets, to protect himself, he is subject to cancellation costs and possible lawsuits by his Chinese buyer. In the latter case he is almost sure to lose because some competitor through exerting one of a number of "influences," including possible payment of squeeze, may have obtained a permit for a small amount of similar goods: If he does not cancel he may get neither import per-

"I've got that light-as-Astaire feeling"

SHE: But darling, our dance lessons don't start until tomorrow. What's come over you?
HE: It's not what's come over me. It's what's come *off* me!
SHE: Sounds like a strip tease.
HE: That's just what this new suit feels like. Notice anything different about it?
SHE: It's awfully good looking . . . but . . .
HE: Not *but*, baby. It's awfully good looking *and* it's revolutionary!
SHE: Revolutionary? How?
HE: Well . . . it's fine worsted; weighs just as much as an ordinary suit; but on my back, it feels almost weightless.
SHE: . . . And the name of this marvel?
HE: Plateau*—made by Timely Clothes.
SHE: If it makes you feel like dancing over chairs, darling, I want you to get six of them!

Plateau is a fine, silky-textured worsted of regular weight. But thanks to Prelaxing, a new weaving method by Pacific Mills, the weight of the yarn is so evenly distributed that it feels almost weightless . . . is wonderfully comfortable most of the year. Plateau also has Balanced Tailoring that makes all Timely Clothes look better . . . longer. In blues, browns, tans, spruce. For your dealer, write Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, N. Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


YOU'RE IN THE BEST DRESSED CIRCLE WITH

City Club Shoes

Costly hand operations cost you no more

Best Dressed Circle style and quality—quality highlighted by 48 costly, time-taking, hand operations! Richly made, yet moderately priced. Be confident, comfortable, correct ... in City Club Shoes. Also same fine quality in City Club Juniors for Boys. Ask your shoe dealer or write us.

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City Club

DISTINCTIVE SHOES FOR MEN

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY,
WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS, ST. LOUIS 3, MO

mit nor exchange and lose a very substantial amount.

In the matter of taxes, too, the American is at a serious disadvantage. His business is taxable under Article VI of China's tax laws, at the flat rate of 30 per cent of all net profits above seven million Chinese dollars (about $150 at present exchange rates), regardless of the ratio of profits to capital. Chinese firms, however, are taxable at a rate ranging from 4 to 30 per cent of net profits, graduated on the ratio of profits to capital.

In both his business and personal life, the American in China, shorn of the former protection of extraterritoriality, has learned that he must gauge his activities by the knowledge that he will be discriminated against by Chinese authorities and courts. The evidence is abundant.

On last March 3d, armed and uniformed officers of the Shanghai-Woosung garrison, led by Colonel Tsang Ya-ming, swarmed into the offices of the American-owned Abis Company. They were soldiers, not police. They carried no search warrant nor warrant of arrest. They nevertheless searched the premises, seized bank notes in the amount of $350,000 together with other property and arrested the manager, Frederick Mysberg, a Dutch national.

Chinese Justice at Work

Mysberg was jailed and charged with violation of emergency economic decrees intended to prevent dealings in foreign currency. The decrees had not, at that time, been passed by China's legislative Yuan, nor was any evidence produced to prove they had been violated. Mysberg was tried, convicted and sentenced to a year in prison. After he had begun serving his prison term, the law under which he was tried and convicted was approved.

Throughout the trial Colonel Tsang, in military uniform, participated in the prosecution, although no provision is contained in Chinese law authorizing him to act in such capacity.

In a number of cases in which Americans have been brought before Chinese courts, public prosecutors have belabored Chinese witnesses as "unpatriotic" for testifying in behalf of "foreigners." In one case the Chinese prosecutor referred to the defendant as "a foreign dog." In none of these instances did a Chinese judge lift a hand to curb such prejudicial actions.

Commenting on the behavior of China's courts, the American-owned China Weekly Review, in which the late J. B. Powell first raised the plea for an end to extraterritoriality, said:

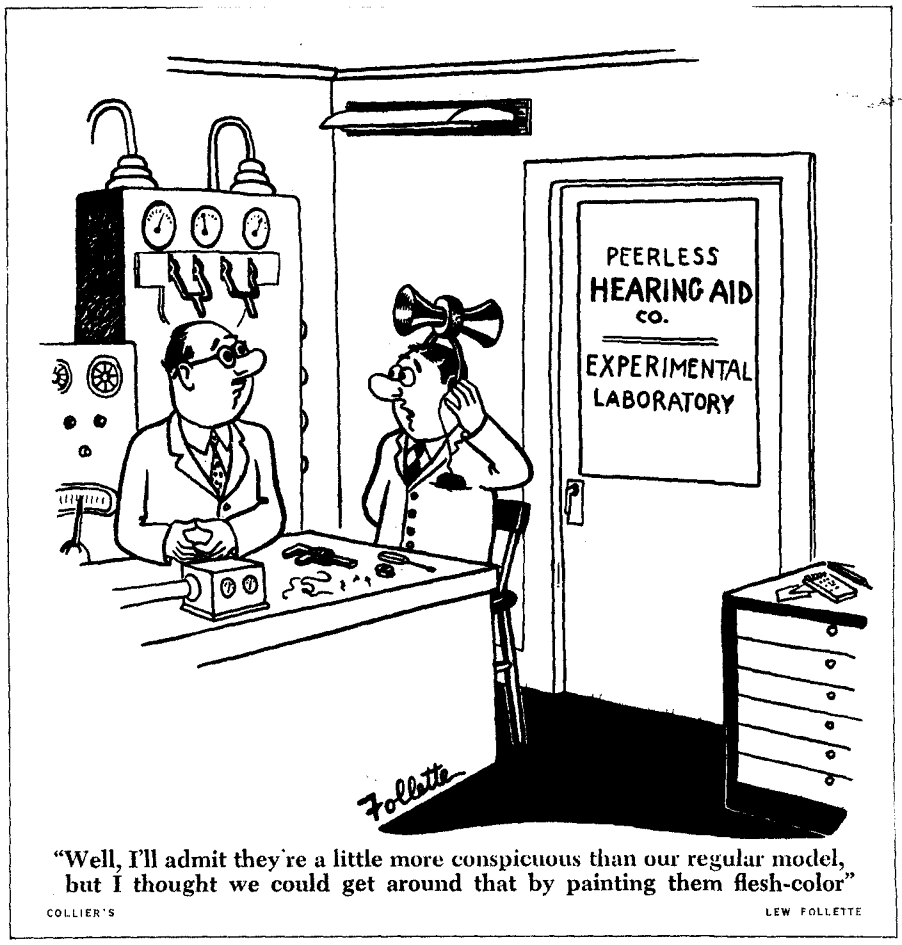
"The Chinese government has completely ignored the provisions of the treaty by which extraterritoriality was relinquished and has behaved in a most irresponsible manner toward foreigners resident in the country. . . . Time after time, foreigners have been jailed without sufficient cause; convicted in trials that were a mockery."

Even in minor matters, the same pattern of discrimination can be traced.

Bruce Smith, president of the Shanghai American Chamber of Commerce and head of a Shanghai automobile sales agency, was taken from his office by police. He was brought before a Chinese procurator and severely and lengthily questioned. He was denied the right of legal counsel or the use of his interpreter. His offense: He had failed to obtain a new automobile from the United States for a Chinese official.

If such examples—frequently repeated—are not enough to convince the American in China that he is on precarious legal footing, he can look at the cumulative record. Only one among all foreigners who have faced Chinese courts since "extrality" was renounced has been acquitted!

Underlying this record of abuses is a ground swell of anti-Americanism among Chinese of almost every level and political stripe. It has come from inability to understand the objectives of America's vacillating China policy; from bitter Communist anger at the use of American arms, training and transport in support of the Nationalist forces of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek while the United States was acting as mediator in China's civil war. It has sprung from the militant opposition of reactionaries within the Kuomintang's one-party rule. It has been engendered by frustrated hopes and requests for even greater financial and other aid. It has been fostered by the paradox of a China, whose largest prewar export was cheap labor in the



"Well, I'll admit they're a little more conspicuous than our regular model, but I thought we could get around that by painting them flesh-color"

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Molded Saddle Leather

There's a smart "outdoorsy" look about this fine, flexible saddle-leather . . . skillfully molded into rugged masculine contours, to create these masterpieces of Hickok originality and style. The Buckles are Hickok "originals" too. Belts, $2. Wallet, $7.50.

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"BOMBSHELL" PENS
PILOT
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REYNOLDS
round-the-world
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three pens come in box!

nographers, without with . . . always ers. ew"

Also... **NEW REYNOLDS 2-WAY "BOMBSHELL"** ...*Writes in 2 Colors!*

Ready-to-write blue-black ink at one end . . . brilliant red at the other. Two ball points! A versatile pen-sation for every two-color writing job . . . with all the famous Reynolds quality features. Now at your local store.

Luminous Cap—Write in the Dark!

ONLY 98¢

NO LUXURY TAX

All these pens are covered by the regular Reynolds Service Agreement, your guarantee of satisfaction and writing pleasure.

REYNOLDS PEN CO.
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If your dealer cannot supply, order direct. Include 10c extra for mailing.

form of goods, now unable to produce a single item which cannot be imported from the States and sold at a price below that asked for the native product. It has been fanned by an intense nationalism promoted by American efforts to "make face" for China as a "big power," and by the belief in the minds of many Chinese that China won the war in the Pacific.

American business returned to China after the war with its eyes open. It knew it faced heavy rehabilitation expense. It was prepared to accept new laws, rules, regulations. It looked forward to gradual improvement and eventual opportunities and incentives for long-range investments. It was not prepared for the exorbitant costs of operation resulting from inflation and China's currency manipulation. It was not prepared for government-fostered discrimination, unequal taxation, competition from a "Holy Family" politico-business empire or from expanding state enterprises.

American interests in China believe their difficulties have an integral relation to the United States' policy of seeking to reduce trade barriers and promote private enterprise. Further, they point out, China's present commercial direction is diametrically at outs with the general commercial policy objectives of the "Suggested Charter for an International Trade Organization of the United Nations."

The present China situation is admittedly discouraging. It need not be hopeless. Concrete proposals have been made which, if supported by Washington, would in large measure overcome a majority of the existing obstacles to development of normal trade and the growth of healthy private enterprise—both Chinese and American.

It has been recommended to the State Department that the United States implement its previously announced policy with regard to termination of the activities of China's official purchasing agencies by again requesting China to bring their operations to a close immediately. [This may have had some bearing on the announcement on August 7th that China Supplies Commission would terminate its activities.] American interests also want China reminded of her obligations under the Sino-American Treaty of Friendship and Commerce. They believe that further American aid, financial or otherwise, should be withheld until China puts an end to unequal treatment of American interests in matters of taxation; favoritism in the granting of import licenses, quotas and foreign exchange; discrimination against Americans by China's law-enforcement agencies and courts.

It has been suggested that the United States examine China's present trade controls to determine to what extent they are justified by her known and potential foreign-exchange resources. Before financial aid was extended to Great Britain, the United States government always has felt justified in calling for a comprehensive accounting of Britain's balance of payments position. No such accounting has been required of China in the extension of loans and grants of aid.

Issues That Should Be Settled

Recommendation also has been made that the United States government seek prompt clarification of the Chinese government's position with regard to participation of private enterprise in the industrial development of China, with specific attention to these questions:

a.) What fields of industry will be open to direct investment of American capital in China?

b.) What fields will be preserved for government monopolies?

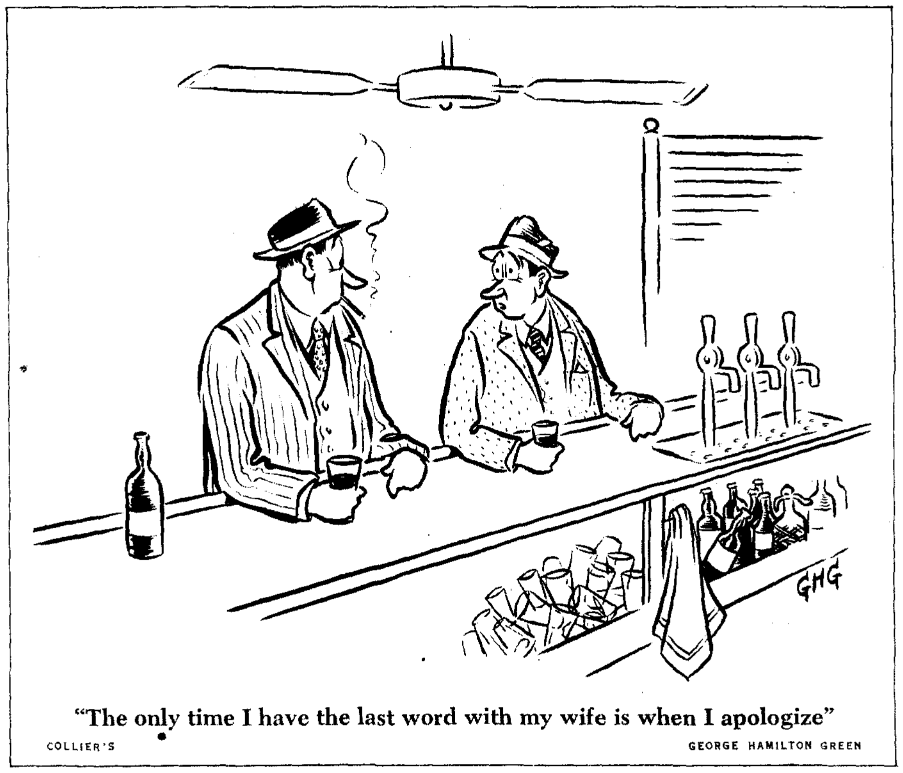
c.) In what fields and in what form does the government intend to exercise joint operation with private industries, and what assurance will be given that government enterprises will not be given preferential treatment?

d.) What fields of industry, aside from government monopolies, will be closed to foreign corporations?

It also has been urged that the government ascertain what assurances will be given American companies contemplating establishing factories in China: (a) that new laws, executive orders or taxes will not be promulgated that would make it impossible for such companies to do business at a reasonable profit; (b) that such companies will be permitted to remit profits to the United States and obtain foreign exchange to pay for goods and services purchased abroad to enable their operation in China; (c) that they will not be subjected to irregular demands and exactions by local authorities that would prevent their operation on a sound basis.

Only when firm understandings have been reached on these basic matters can Americans safely enter into or continue present commercial activities in China. And China's position on these issues should be known before new decisions are taken as to what extent and along what lines, if at all, a future program of economic assistance to China may be justified.

THE END



"The only time I have the last word with my wife is when I apologize"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Better breakfasts with Swift's Brookfield

Give your family this breakfast brimming with energy and they'll start the day with vim! Just a tantalizing whiff of sizzling sausage wakes up appetites in a hurry—especially when it's SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD. For here's a sausage seasoned to bring out the pure pork goodness. Not too spicy, Not too mild. It's "just-right" due to a perfect seasoning blend.

This hearty morning meal offers a wealth of *nutritious* eating. For in the tender lean of Swift's selected pork cuts are extra B vitamins and energizing proteins of high quality. No wonder it's America's favorite sausage!

Now with meat more plentiful your family again can enjoy better breakfasts with SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD Sausage. Whether you want it in links or in bulk, look for it at your dealer's in the familiar package with the red plaid ends!

HERE'S A HEARTY BREAKFAST . . . Pan-fry Swift's Brookfield Sausage according to directions on package. Serve with soft-cooked eggs, toasted English [illegible]

One Pound Net Weight
Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork Sausage
SWIFT QUALITY FOOD
For Goodness Sake Keep Cold
Small LINKS
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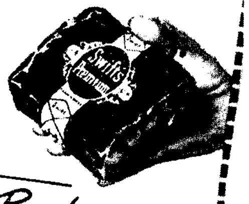
The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!

Also try these

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *tender* FRANKS

Plump, juicy, tender franks made from selected cuts of beef and pork. Sealed in the new cellophane wrapper to assure their freshness and protect their goodness. They're high in protein.

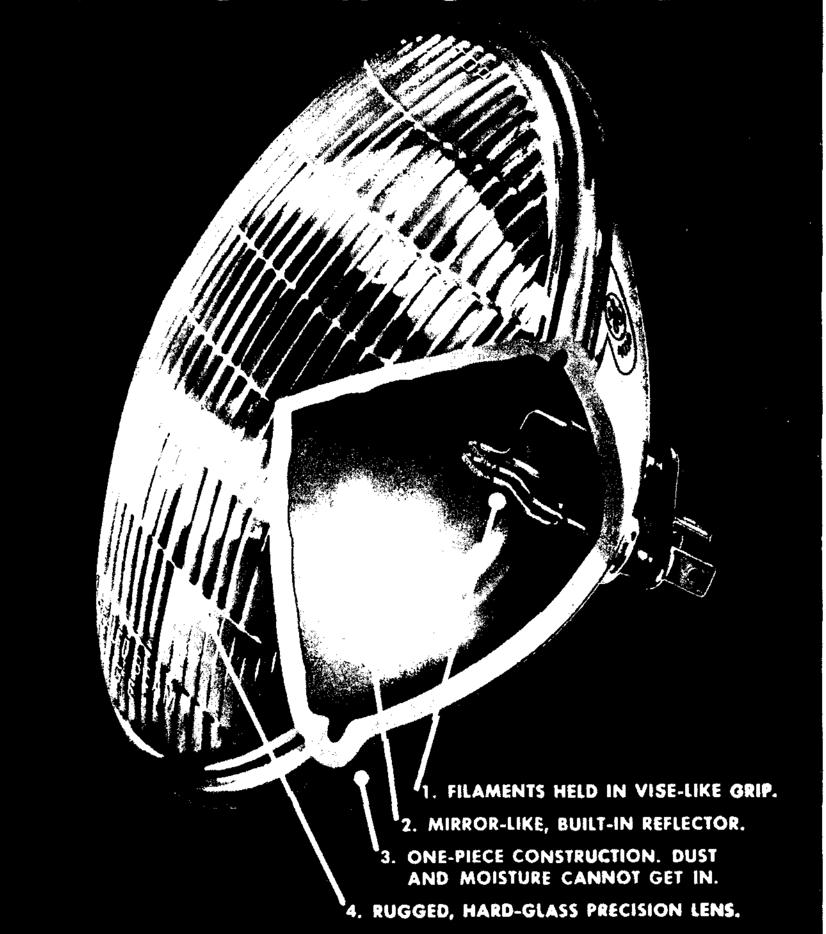

Swift's Premium

Swift's Premium *Table-Ready* Meats

like tasty BRAUNSCHWEIGER are just the thing for hot-weather suppers, snacks, lunches and picnics.

G-E Sealed Beam headlamps

DO NOT GROW DIM!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2. MIRROR-LIKE, BUILT-IN REFLECTOR.
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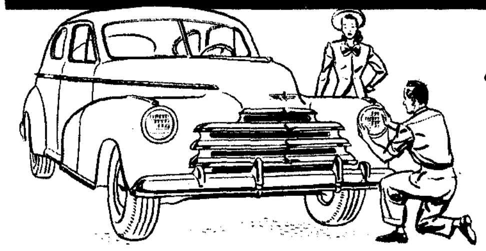
4. RUGGED, HARD-GLASS PRECISION LENS.



..and now you get 12% MORE LIGHT ON THE ROAD!

More useful light than ever before . . . more light *on the road* . . . that's what you get with the new General Electric Sealed Beam Headlamps . . . 12% more light for driving and 16% more for passing.

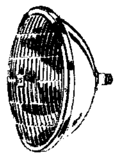
THE WHOLE THING IS A BULB

And the G-E Sealed Beam Headlamp *does not grow dim.* Road and laboratory tests prove that the average G-E Sealed Beam Headlamp retains 99% of original light output, right up to the end of lamp life. Why? Because the whole thing is a single, rugged, hard-glass bulb. No dirt or moisture can get in; the reflector won't tarnish.

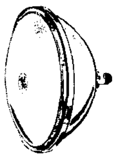
REPLACE WITH G-E

How long since you had your headlamps checked? Why not do it next time you leave your car for service? And be sure to replace burned-out headlamps with G-E Sealed Beam Lamps.

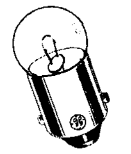
Whatever lamps you need for your car, it pays to insist on . . .



G-E fog lamps are back again! Same "all-glass" construction as G-E Sealed Beam Headlamps.



G-E Spot lamp. Clear, penetrating beam you'll find useful on dozens of occasions. "All-glass" construction.



Instrument indicator bulb. One of many bright, long-lasting G-E miniature automotive bulbs.

FOR EVERY SOCKET . . . FOR EVERY CAR

G·E LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE SLOWPOKE

Continued from page 19

"I'll let you know," said Tommy.

Thinking of Mira somehow made Tommy stubborn and angry, and when he felt like this, he felt all the more strongly that it would be nice to walk over and talk to Paula Cummerfield. He rose from the doorstep and started for the corncrib in the opposite direction from the knoll where Paula was. . . .

Redfield returned to his customer in the pasture.

"If that's him," said the city man ungrammatically, "why don't we go down and have a chat?"

"That's he all right," said Redfield, "but can't you see he's busy?"

"No. What's he doing?"

"He's after that summer girl."

"Then why's he going the wrong way?"

"It seems like the right way to him."

The city man peered curiously at Redfield, who gave no sign. "Let's get back to the property then," he said. "What's the hitch?"

"There's no hitch, Mr. Lounsbury. No hitch at all."

"I'm glad to hear that. I assume, then, we can have the papers drawn up at once. I've already had the title searched. Suppose we meet at the courthouse on Saturday and close the deal?"

"I don't know about Saturday."

Mr. Lounsbury then skipped to Monday and ran through the remaining days of the week.

"Around the thirtieth is the earliest," said Redfield.

"Why on earth must we delay from the second to the thirtieth?"

"Few matters to straighten out."

"But you said there wasn't any hitch, remember? I asked you the direct question and you said in so many words that there was no hitch."

"Do you want the property or don't you?" inquired Redfield.

"You know damn' well I want it. My nerves are like short-wave reception on the radio combined with sunspots and aurora borealis. They scream at me, they go swoosh, and they wail off and whisper under their breath. I've got to find some real peace somewhere. Very well, then, the thirtieth."

Redfield pushed back his all-season cloth cap, and the two men started for the car which had been left by the roadside. They paused long enough to look back and watch Tommy Linton's detour coming to a climax; he failed to net Paula Cummerfield by a good three minutes. Paula had sauntered over a rim of hill.

"That young man doesn't cover ground fast enough," observed Mr. Lounsbury.

"I noticed that too," said Redfield.

The meadow grass was almost knee-high. An oriole sang from the wild cherries in the hedgerow. Mr. Lounsbury forgot to be irritated. Twenty minutes later he dropped Redfield at the Odd Fellows building on Main Street.

THIS was the location of the office of Dr. Albertus T. Hunter, for forty-six years general practitioner of East Baddow and environs. Presently Redfield and the doctor were matching shrewd glances.

"Just been out to Tommy Linton's homestead place," Redfield remarked.

"Nice out there on a day like this," said the doctor. "Did you go for the ride?"

"Not specially. Took a feller out. He wants to buy the property. Having trouble with his nerves, he says. Seems they bring him in Cairo, Johannesburg and Guam when he'd ruther have local stations or maybe no program at all. He desires quiet."

"H'm. Can you get a good price?"

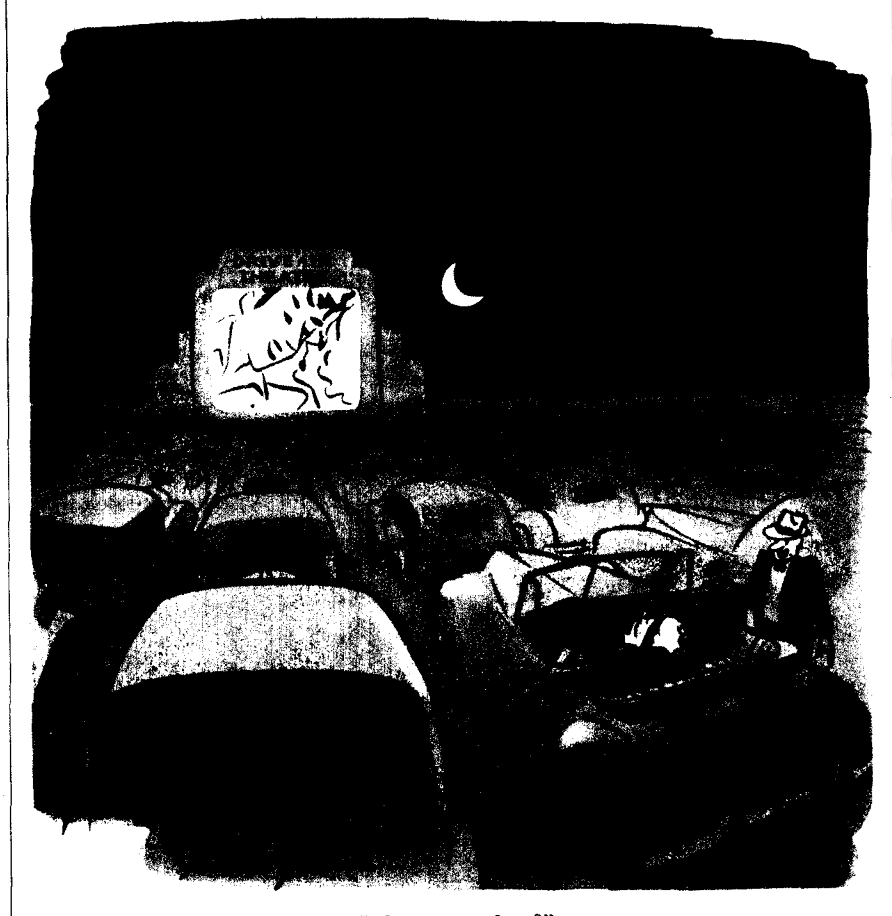
Redfield changed expression slightly, evidently deciding to be candid. When he spoke, a stranger would have thought candor was natural to him, but the doctor was not a stranger.

"He wants the place real bad. He'll pay $15,000."

The doctor whistled.

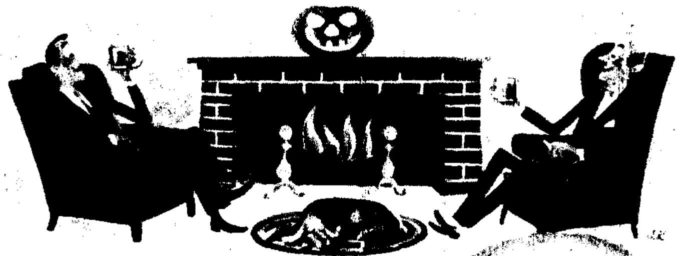
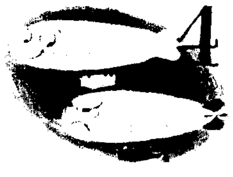
"It's a fair price all in all," said Redfield defensively. "Shouldn't wonder if he could turn the place over most any time for half that."

"I'm sort of surprised Tommy will



COLLIER'S "This seat taken?" LARRIE HARRIS

KINSEY'S OCTOBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 Special Delivery est'd., 1885. Sign here, please!	 2 First Pan American Conference, 1889. Amigos!	3 Miles "Speak for me, John" Standish dies, 1656.	 4 First dirigible-balloon race, 1909. What speed!
5 Kinsey adds new pleasure to Old Fashioneds!	6 Balloon attempt to cross ocean fails, 1873.	La 1903		ire, cow!	 10 California adopted women's suffrage, 1911.	11 Theo. Roosevelt first president to fly, 1910.
 12 Columbus discovers America in..uh..er..uh...	13 White House cornerstone laid, way back in 1792!	1 A Kinsey O Don't m		6 n raids ry, 1859.	17 Burgoyne surrenders, 1777 Going, going, goyne!	 18 U. S. takes formal title to Alaska, 1867.
19 1st balloon wedding, 1874. Ah love! Ah publicity!	 20 Only 56 shopping days till Dec. 25!	2 Incandescen invented by Edi		3 uts Rommel amein, 1942.	 24 Fox-hunting season opens. Yoicks!	25 Geo. Washington Bridge in N.Y.C. opens, 1931.
 26 First mule imported into U.S., 1785, Hee-haw!	27 1st N.Y. subway starts packing 'em in, 1904.	 28 Statue of Liberty unveiled, 1886.	29 Bottom falls out of Stock Market, 1929. Oops!	30 Adams, 2nd Pres., born 1735. After you, George!	 31 An old-fashioned spirit has a happy Hallow'een!	

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The best Old-Fashioneds are, you'll find
The mellow, made-with-Kinsey kind!

Cool, crisp October is the ideal month to make like Columbus and discover just how wonderfully heart-warming Kinsey Old Fashioneds can be. Here's how:

½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . add enough water to cover sugar and muddle well . . . 2 oz. of mild Kinsey Whiskey. Stir well. Add ice cube, lemon rind, slice of orange, lemon and a cherry.

Lots of smart people have already discovered that superbly smooth, flavor-full Kinsey makes *any* drink taste better. Try it for yourself and see!

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SINCE 1892

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

KINSEY
SILVER LABEL
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

GOLD LABEL Rich, Full-Bodied

SILVER LABEL Light, Mellow

BLENDED WHISKIES: *Gold Label—86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Dist. Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

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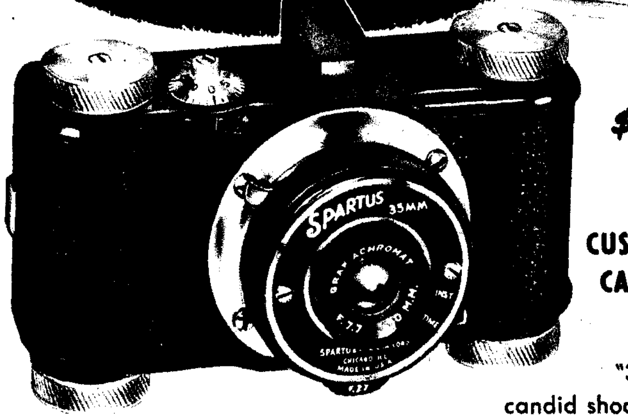
MAGNIFICENT
FULL COLOR PICTURES
OR SPARKLING BLACK-AND-WHITE
CAN NOW BE YOURS WITH . . .
The
SPARTUS "35"



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A twin lens reflex camera: You see the picture *before* you take it.
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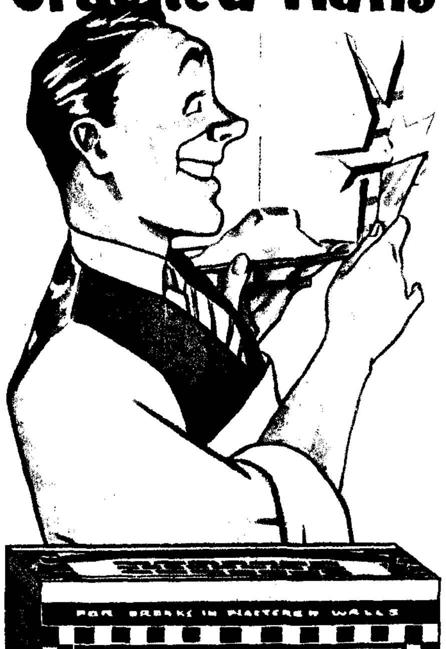
The SPENCER CO. 711 W. LAKE ST. CHICAGO 6, ILL.

Cracked Walls



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Anyone can repair walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes smooth, firm patch that does not crack or fall out. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.

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RECORD CHANGERS

Music Lovers

Webster-Chicago Record Changers handle records quickly, smoothly — give years of dependable service.

Selected for their outstanding performance by such radio greats as:

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WEBSTER-CHICAGO
5610 BLOOMINGDALE AVE., CHICAGO 39

sell. Sorry, too, I don't mind saying. It'll be a pity for him to clear out."

"Well, he hasn't exactly made up his mind. It's a matter I've got to attend to."

"Where's the hitch?"

"There's no—all right, that's why I'm here. You know how slow Tommy is. Chances are he never will make up his mind, barring outside help. Too bad how people are talking about him, last man home from the war and all that. Even starting up old stories about how Tommy's father set out for Sunday-evening church and arrived just in time for Wednesday-night prayer meeting."

"That was his grandfather. I recall him well."

"I don't care if it was his aunt," said Redfield. "I realize Tommy is slow like his folks, and I want to know if you can't prescribe some vitamins to tune him up."

DOCTOR HUNTER rose, walked across to the window and looked out at practically all there was of the East Baddow business center. One glance to the left, one to the right: His eyes took in the boys in front of Whippey's drugstore, the delivery truck waiting at the curb by the meat market, the post office slumbering between mail times, a few other basking stores and nothing else. The survey seemed to reassure and satisfy him, as if he had verified something eternal and cherished.

"Redfield," said he, "I feel sorry for you and your five-per-cent commission on $15,000, but what you ask of medical science is too much."

"Don't make snap judgments, Doctor," urged Redfield anxiously. "Folks are even saying Tommy lost the war and went back to look for it. That boy has to be hastened for his own good."

"The quality of moderation in Tommy Linton is nothing he or you or I can help," the doctor went on. "It is deeply fixed in his genes. Do you know what genes are?"

"Kind of hooked up with genealogy?"

"Kind of, but on the dry side. The science is genetics, and it has to do with the characteristics which are inherited. Did you ever know an East Baddow Linton who wasn't slower than water running uphill in January? Or a Plummer who wasn't sharp? Of course there are mutations, but when they occur in East Baddow there is usually a migration of the mutated individual, leaving the original strain unaffected."

"I'd built a lot of hopes on vitamins," said Redfield. "Never tried 'em myself, but I read the ads."

"In New England villages," Dr. Hunter continued, "things run in families more than elsewhere, and families run true to form. I'm the third Hunter to treat patients in this office, and your father was chairman of the selectmen for a full generation before you. It's all in the genes. Now if Tommy Linton and a girl with, say—"

"A girl?"

"Yes, say with genes carrying certain necessary dominant traits, such as—"

"I bet I know the very one."

"Hold on," said the doctor, "this is going to take more than one generation."

"I've only got until the end of the month."

"Then I don't think you'll make your commission," said Dr. Hunter.

"You don't, hey?" returned Redfield noncommittally, and went briskly down the stairs, eyes alight, humming something which seemed like Genes with the Light Brown Hair. . . .

The next morning was sunny and, being ready for an encounter with Paula Cummerfield, Redfield set a course midway between the knoll and her summer home, in order to head her off if necessary. Then he closed in, thereby succeeding the first time with an enterprise which Tommy Linton had not brought off in a present total of eleven tries.

At close range Paula was less spec-

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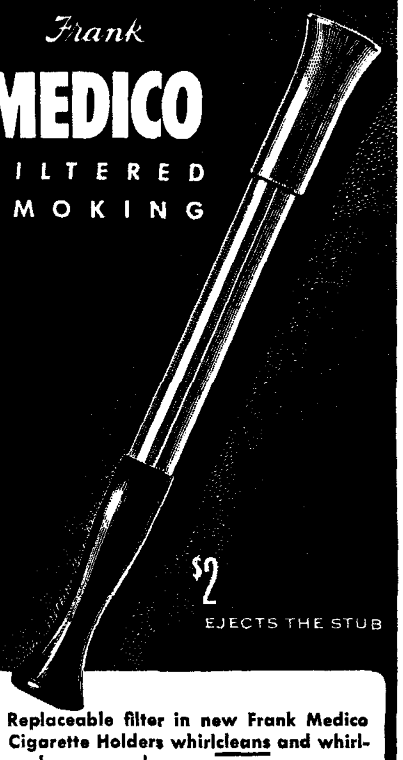

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• I'm not crying, folks. I'm as brave as the next guy—but I've got worms, and watery eyes are a symptom.

The tears will go if you treat me with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They're safe, thorough, gentle on my system, and they kill worms fast!

Sergeant's Puppy Capsules give pups, and small dogs weighing less than 10 pounds, the same sure relief from worms.

Sergeant's 73 years of research and kennel-testing have developed 19 dependable dog care products. Each one helps you to give your dog the care he deserves.

• *Watery eyes are only one of the symptoms for worms. Keep a careful check on your dog's health with Sergeant's new FREE Dog Book. Ask for it at drug or pet stores, or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.*

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DOG CARE PRODUCTS

tacular but not less gratifying than at a distance. She was sitting on a broad boulder which the glacier, eons ago, had apparently brought for this purpose. Redfield passed over the bronze-gold arms and legs and the playsuit—which was nothing much in the way of an interruption—concentrating his attention upon a slender, earnest face. Paula smiled in his direction, but her hazel eyes remained serious.

"Morning," he said, then half aloud, "You look kind of agile and volcanic."

Paula's smile altered a little but the same intense expression remained in and behind her eyes. She said, "If that's a compliment, I'll try to find one in return. Oh, yes, your suspenders match your eyes."

"It's on account of the genes," said Redfield. "The genes run as big as turkey eggs around East Baddow; but what I came to see you about, Miss Cummerfield, was the way you sit out here like a Coast and Geodetic Survey marker in fancy undress. Being a selectman, maybe it's my place to speak to you."

"Somebody objects?" Paula asked, her spine straightening.

"Well, the young fellow next door is terribly easy embarrassed."

"He must be a lout."

"Actually he's a fine-looking young man, unmarried, owns property, is all loaded up with good prospects, and you might almost say he holds $15,000 cash, less five per cent, in his hand this very minute."

"I don't think I understand," said Paula severely.

"He's just a mite slow about things," said Redfield.

"Nobody should be as slow as that. It isn't reasonable."

THE conversation turned upon itself a couple of times, then stopped. Redfield was satisfied with the seed he had planted, but as he was turning away he saw Paula put on her glasses and pick up a book. The book seemed to have a title something like The Inwardness of America and it was by three men named Adams, Cabot and Lowell.

"Excuse me," Redfield said, "but I heard you were from New York."

"No," said Paula coldly, "Boston."

"Holy mackerel, I believe I've made a mistake."

Redfield did not enlarge on this remark, and Paula watched him with a perplexed frown as he departed. . . .

From the view of East Baddow, a pin point in the universe, all things went routinely until two o'clock in the afternoon. That was when Tommy Linton emerged from a thicket of bayberry bushes and confronted Paula Cummerfield at last.

"It took you long enough to get here," Paula observed. "I've been watching you skirmish around the countryside."

"Is that so?" remarked Tommy awkwardly. "I hope I'm not intruding."

"Not at all," said Paula crisply. "Since you're here, we might as well begin at the beginning. I believe in fundamentals, don't you?"

"Sure," said Tommy.

"Then suppose we start with the causative factors of Puritanism. Sit down, will you?"

Tommy sat on the rock beside her. The rock was warm.

"At the outset," she went on, "the Puritans were in revolt, don't forget that. They were against the excesses of the period, but not against simple, natural things. . . ."

Tommy found it easy to listen, though at times his attention wandered. Paula ran through a century or two, dwelling mainly on the migration of Puritanism to America and its course in this country. By the time she had reached the question of abbreviated summer dress for the young woman of today, Tommy was agreeing eagerly.

"You see," Paula concluded, "it's quite easy to get around these prejudices if you start at the beginning and follow through. Now let me ask you this: Does it occur to you that there is any impropriety in a girl choosing a perfectly sensible summer costume which permits freedom of her arms and legs and also favors a healthful tan?"

"Why, no, not at all," said Tommy. "I think it's nice."

"You do?"

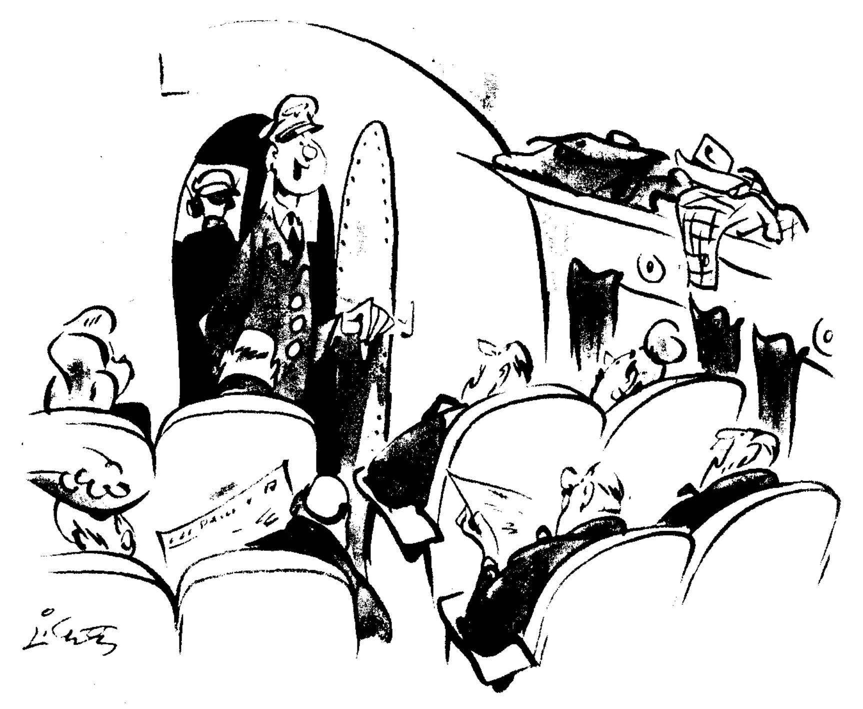
"Yes," said Tommy, "and I'm glad you've asked me about a personal problem, because I've been worried about one myself. I need to discuss it with somebody, and I like the way you go at things. You make everything friendly. Do you mind if I start at the beginning?"

"Why, no," said Paula. Tommy did, and after he had talked for ten minutes or so, she managed to interject a question: "Are you telling me the story of your life?"

"I guess I am, in a way," said Tommy. "Is it all right?"

"Go ahead," said Paula.

There were various digressions, however, in which she took part, and it turned out they not only went into Tommy's life but the life of New England. The session was adjourned at supper-



COLLIER'S "We're still lost, but we're making very good time" GEORGE LICHTY

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● Loaded with crunchy walnuts, fruity Dromedary Dates! Children love it! And so wholesome!

✓ SLICE IT!
● Spread the fruity slices with butter, cream cheese, peanut butter, jam or *baked beans!* Grand for lunch—for company—for a tasty bedtime snack!

✓ HEAT IT!
● Serve hot DATE-NUT DELIGHT *m-m-m!* Just heat loaf in top of double boiler. Then slice and add whipped cream, hard sauce or *any* good topping. Serves 4-6, *deliciously!*

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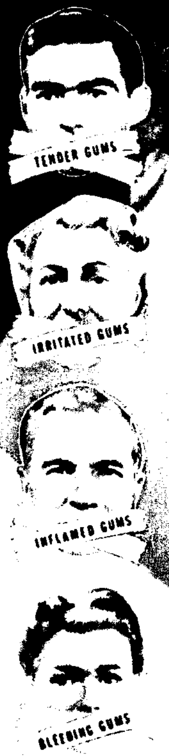

4 OUT OF 5 MAY GET IT—

Neglect Often Leads To Pyorrhea Which Only Your Dentist Can Help

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time, resumed after breakfast, and by *the middle of the second afternoon* following had reached the subject, in Tommy's biography, of Mira Hatfield.

"So she didn't wait for you," Paula said.

"No, she didn't, and I can't make up my mind whether I'm glad or sorry. Oh, I was hurt at first. I guess I was angry too, then ashamed. But when I began to work out of the hurt feelings I didn't feel so sore about it. I was relieved."

"Didn't you really care for Mira?"

"Yes, I must have, before the war. Maybe I still would if she'd come around and act as she used to, but I never did like the idea of selling the old place and moving away. It didn't seem right, somehow."

"You're confused," said Paula.

"I'm afraid there's something bigger than I am. I can't see why things keep coming out as they do, or why sometimes they don't come out at all for me."

"You must try to think clearly. Work with definitions. Begin a sentence 'What I want is—' and then go right on and finish it, directly and honestly."

"I'd have to think it over for a while," said Tommy.

"No. Do it now."

"It would be better, maybe, if tomorrow—"

"Now!" said Paula firmly.

"What I want is—" Tommy began, and suddenly his face lighted up— "not to sell the old place."

He grinned. He felt better.

"Good," said Paula. "Now again."

"What I want is—to get married."

"Go right on," said Paula. "To whom?"

"To you," said Tommy.

PAULA was in no position to say anything, and by the time she had again become a free agent she seemed to have lost the thread of the conversation. Tommy had kissed her in a slow, temperate yet fiercely kindled manner. His arms had seemed to hold her permanently.

"You're wonderful," he said.

"Well, Tommy, I do like you."

He interrupted her again.

She came up for air and said, "But there's so much to be sure about. There's still Mira. Suppose you should see her again and she should act as she used to."

Tommy tried to dispose of Mira in a few words but was not wholly successful. When they parted under the stars, she was still what Paula referred to as an unknown potential and possibly a moral impediment. . . .

Early next morning Tommy was alone in his yard sizing up prospective improvements when Mr. Lounsbury called.

"Linton," he said, "I've been looking forward to this. I'm glad I found you at *home. The name is Lounsbury.*"

"Oh, I've heard about you in town," said Tommy. "You can get Buenos Aires without any set at all, let alone an aerial."

"What an absurd story," said Mr. Lounsbury. "I can't imagine how it got started. There's nothing like gossip in a small town, is there? I can't imagine how such things start."

"You mean you can't get short waves on your nervous system?"

"We just won't discuss it," said Mr. Lounsbury. "I came here for personal and business reasons. Linton, I've been thinking for a long time of buying a restful place in this neighborhood, and when you come right down to it, there's no need for agents, is there? I mean, the principals get together, and in your case you save the commission on $15,000, which is a mighty nice piece of money."

"Did you say $15,000?"

"That, of course, is my top figure for your property."

"You must be Redfield Plummer's customer."

"But if you and I do business, we don't need Plummer, do we?"

"Anyway, I'm not selling," said Tommy.

"Now, now, of course you'll sell. Think it over."

"I did," said Tommy. "I had help. Say, can you get Mexico City?"

"No, I can't get Mexico City any more than you can! What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I was just interested. When you hear a story going around, there's generally something to it."

"Damn it, Linton, you confuse me I'm *not* interested in radio, do you understand? I hate radio. I'll find Plummer. I want to know what he means by stringing me along. No hitch, he said. That's what comes of trusting a smart Yankee. Well, he can't get out of it. I'll hold him to it."

This was the moment when Paula arrived on the knoll, stood on tiptoe atop the boulder and held both arms aloft, waving. Tommy went to join her, taking the shortest possible route. Her kiss was as cool as the morning breeze from the east.

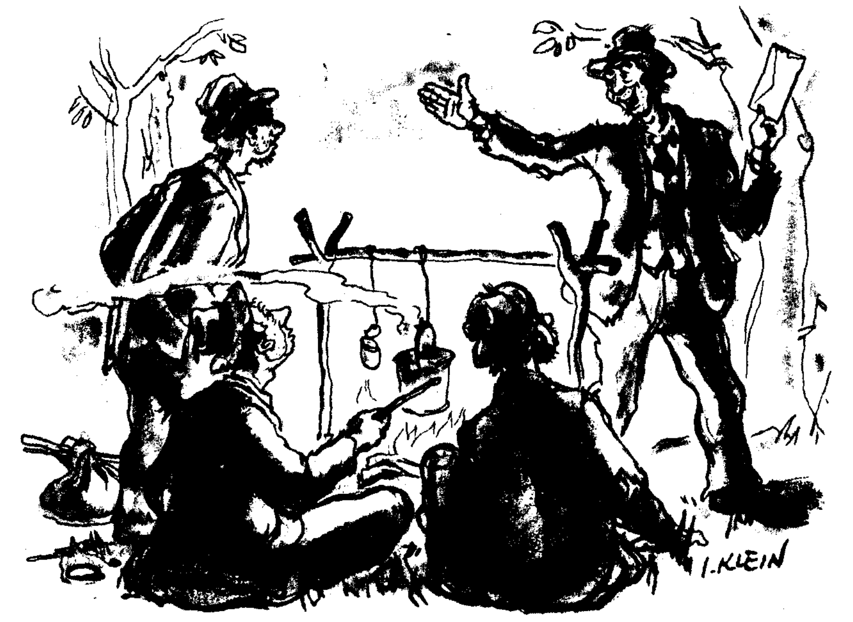
"Who was your caller?" she inquired.

"New York man named Lounsbury. He says he wants to buy the place. *First* Redfield Plummer's his agent, then he isn't, then he is. I guess he doesn't know his own mind."

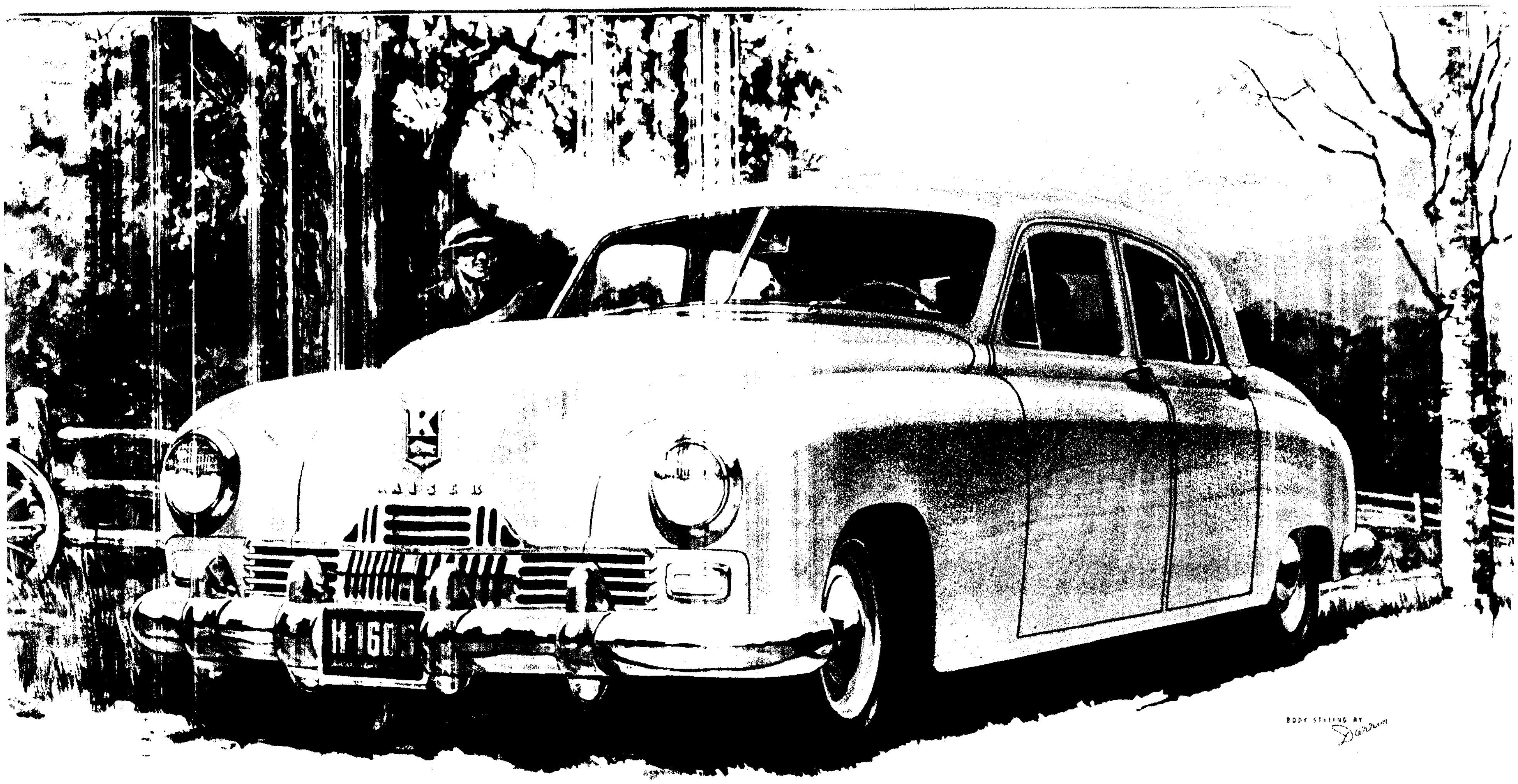
"I wonder if we know ours," said Paula thoughtfully. "After all, you were in love with Mira."

"I'm not now. I'm in love with you."

"That is not so certain," said Paula. "I



COLLIER'S "Well, boys, I won't be seeing you any more. The juke boxes are reviving a number I recorded in 1928" I. KLEIN



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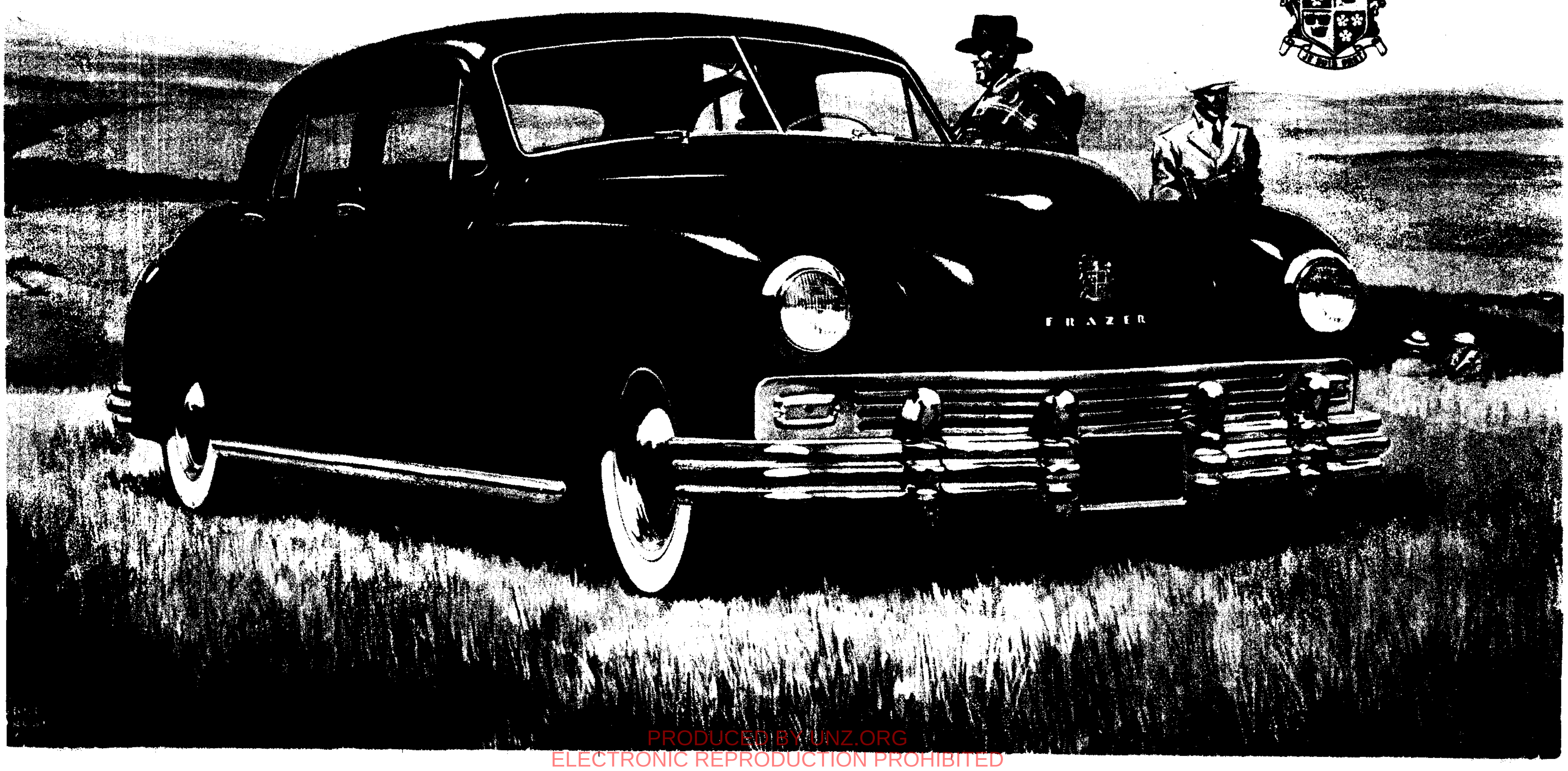

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wonder what decisions you would have come to, and when, if I hadn't pressed you."

This was the beginning of a long and fairly indeterminate discussion. Mr. Lounsbury, meantime, was tracking down Redfield Plummer whom he found at last in conversation with Dr. Hunter.

"How are you coming about Tommy Linton?" the doctor was asking as Mr. Lounsbury clattered onto the veranda.

"Can't say yet," said Redfield. "It turned out the girl's from Boston."

"What significance do you attach to that?"

"I'm afraid she won't let him sell the place. They're liable just to settle."

"I don't know," said Dr. Hunter. "Do you think it's likely? She's young, pretty, and used to city ways."

"A girl from New York or Chicago would have pulled Tommy out of here all right, and it wouldn't have taken a generation, but Boston is different. Remember the saying about the Greeks in the old schoolbooks, Doctor? 'Wherever were Hellenes, there was Hellas.' It's the same with Boston folks. It's a state of mind they have, superior to geography."

Mr. Lounsbury arrived, puffing, in time to hear Dr. Hunter's next remark. "Maybe it would have been better to patch things up between Tommy and Mira Hadfield."

Later, after Mr. Lounsbury had finished his expressions of complaint and reproof, he asked Redfield what Dr. Hunter had meant by this. In a general way, Redfield told him.

"So that's how the land lies," said Mr. Lounsbury. "I'm glad to hear about this Mira affair."

"Common knowledge," said Redfield.

"Do you want your commission or don't you?" inquired Lounsbury.

"I most always want my commission."

"Then I shall expect some co-operation for a change. If you had been frank in the first place, this deal might have been closed before this.". . .

The next morning but one, when Tommy Linton went out to his woodpile, a female form was established on a near-by section of stone wall. This seemed a favorable circumstance, along with the sunshine and blue sky.

"Darling," said Tommy, "you're early."

"Am I?" said a familiar voice.

"Mira!"

"Who else?"

She wasn't so tall as Paula, and wouldn't add up to the same things, but she was looking well in blue slacks.

"How on earth did you get here?"

"Mr. Lounsbury drove me out."

"You shouldn't have come."

"Of course I should. What's pride in a case like this? I was wrong, Tommy, I admit it. I'll marry you as soon as you collect your $15,000, and we'll go to Boston just as we always planned."

"Hold on," said Tommy. "Things have happened."

"Of course they have," said Mira. "Whoever would have dreamed you could get such a price for the old place?"

Mira had come close to Tommy, and he thought he penetrated her design, but before he had decided what to do about it, she was putting her arms around his neck. He felt the universe closing in. He wondered how you went about repulsing a too ardent female who had formerly been your illusion of romance.

WHILE he was still wondering, Paula Cummerfield arrived at the usual outpost. Tommy saw her across Mira's brown curls. He struggled for decision. He struggled for action. He pushed Mira away, not impetuously but earnestly, so that she sat down firmly on the grass with an anatomical thump.

"Paula!" Tommy yelled.

Paula did not look back. He lost her behind the grassy fringe of the knoll. He climbed the wall. He made haste, but by the time he reached the boulder she was nowhere in sight. He sat on the boulder alone, considering.

In a way, he was back where he had started. He could not see how he had been at fault, yet such things did not happen to most people. They happened peculiarly to him.

He concluded that he had better try to find Paula, but at her house they said she was out for the entire morning. In the afternoon they said she could not be disturbed. In the evening they said she had gone to bed. The following morning she had left him a note.

"So you see," she had written, "there will always be Mira. It is just as I feared."

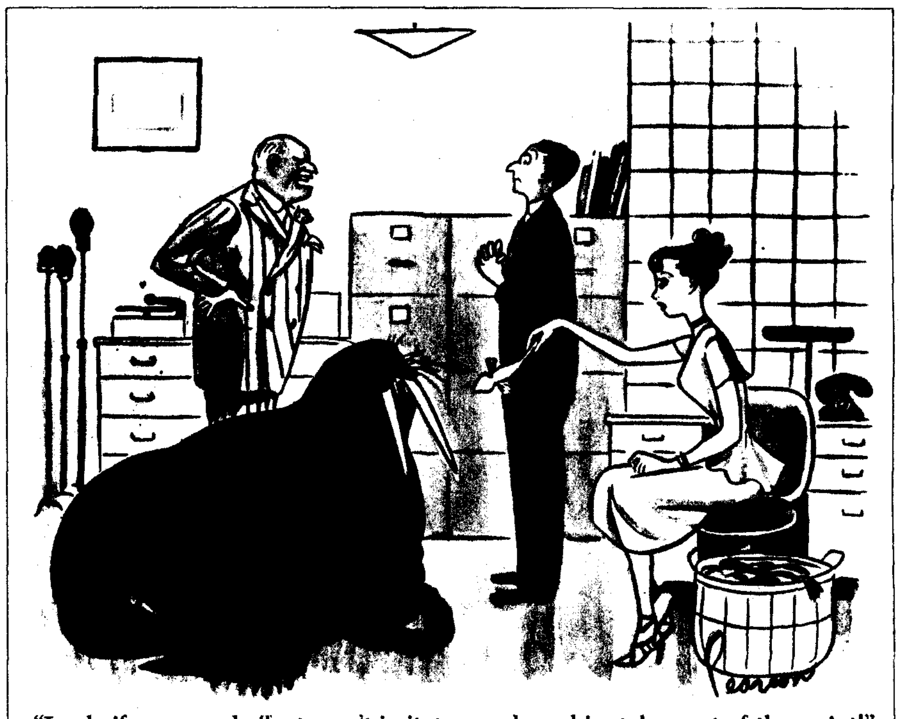
Tommy sat on his doorstep holding the paper in his fingers when he heard someone approach. He feared the worst, but it was not Mira. It was Redfield Plummer.

"All right," Tommy said. "I'll sell the place. I don't want to live here any longer."

"That's up to you," said Redfield, "but I'm not Mr. Lounsbury's agent any more. I must remember to tell him, next time I see him. What I came here for was something different."

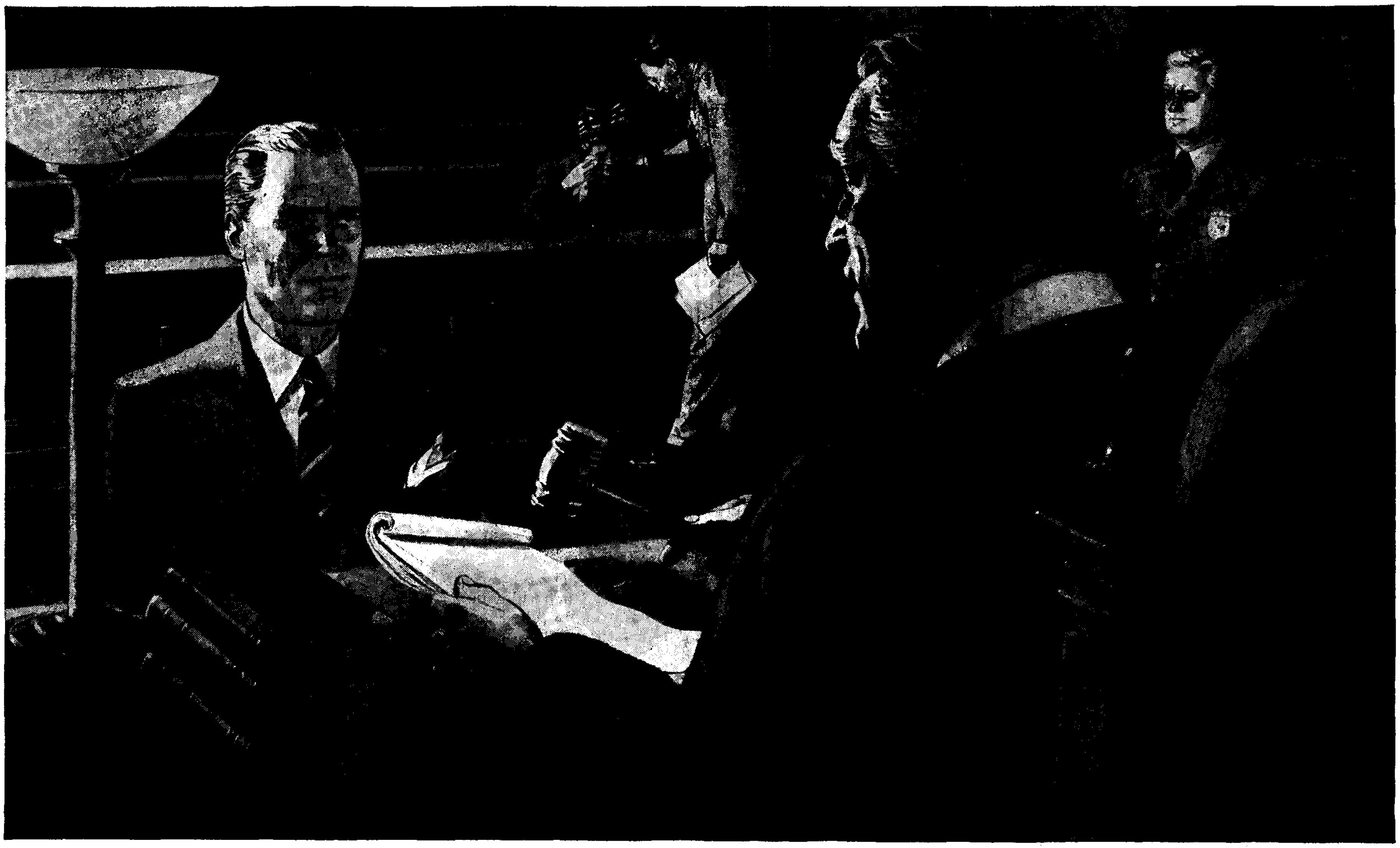
Tommy looked puzzled.

"It's thirty-six after nine right now;



"Look, if our sound effects can't imitate one, have him taken out of the script!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON



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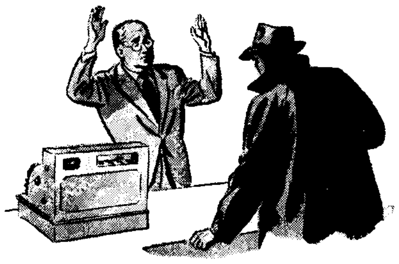

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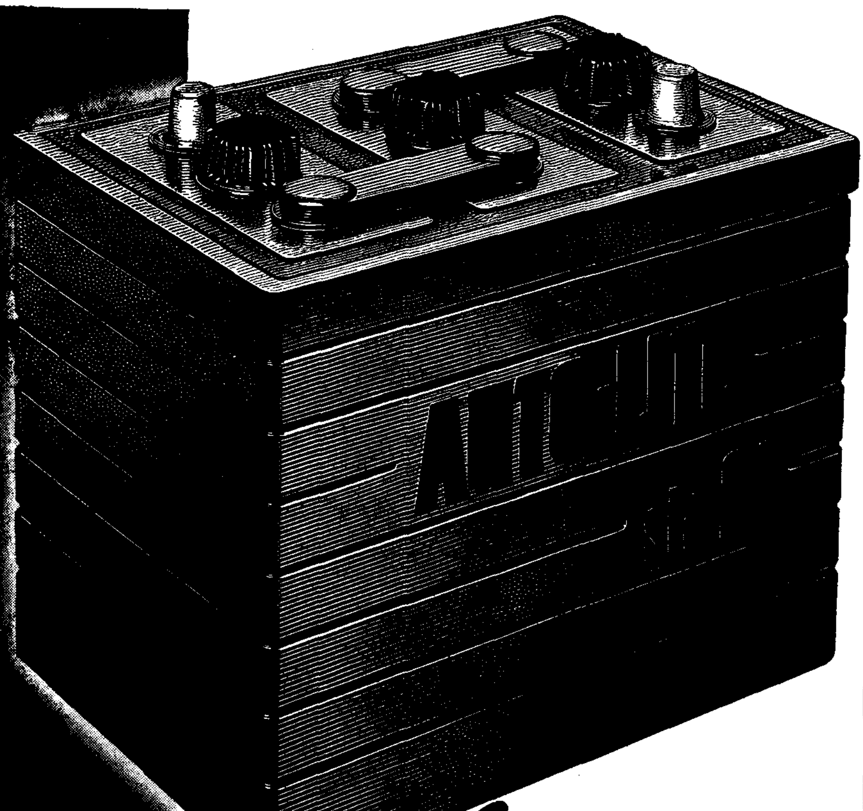

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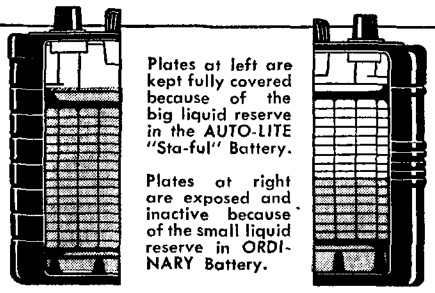

Plates at left are kept fully covered because of the big liquid reserve in the AUTO-LITE "Sta-ful" Battery.

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Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation.

the morning train leaves the depot at ten fifteen, according to the timetable. Paula Cummerfield is likely to be on it. Unless."

"Unless what?"

"Unless you can get to the depot first, which is unlikely."

"Gosh!" said Tommy.

"Think you can make it?"

"I've got to."

"If you don't, I s'pose I might as well collect my commission before resigning. This is asking a lot of your genes."

Tommy mounted his bicycle. He was off.

"Don't stop to answer any questions," Redfield yelled after him.

On the East Baddow road Mrs. Harper stood on her back stoop and called, "Tommy Linton, where you going so fast?"

Tommy slowed involuntarily, started to answer, then remembered. He put on more speed. Mrs. Harper wiped her hands on her apron and ran for the telephone. At the Four Corners the road gang was sorting out tools.

"Hey, Tommy," yelled Linc Setters, the foreman.

AGAIN Tommy faltered, almost fell off his wheel, and renewed his grind. He didn't see the road gang leap into the truck and come piling after. He rode faster, faster. He took the short cut through Baker's pines where the truck ran into a ditch. He rode his bicycle as if it were capable of superterrestrial flight, but a newly cut tree rose ahead. The front wheel crumpled and he was catapulted into a heap of brush. He was just about to face the situation in a logical, deliberative way when he heard a sound resembling the whistle of a locomotive. He began to run.

He entered Main Street loping. People began to yell. There was so much noise that Dr. Hunter peered out the window of his office in the Odd Fellows building. The doctor had never seen such a sight in East Baddow before. Tommy Linton was streaking it through the middle of the street, and panic had overtaken the populace.

"I don't know what it is, but it must be bad," yelled Amos Whippey.

The soda clerk had joined the drugstore boys and they became a flying wedge. The meat-market truck started up so suddenly that it shed the morning's orders out over the tailboard. Dr. Hunter felt his hair trying to rise and bristle, and he descended the stairs without, so far as he could remember, even touching. East Baddow, having seen Tommy Linton on the gallop, waited not for whatever dreadful event was causing this prodigy of nature.

Tommy looked up at the town clock. The hands indicated ten-thirteen. It would have been his nature to slow down and consider this, but motion had taken possession of his will, his muscles and his co-ordination. The birds overhead were winging at the double to keep up.

He turned the last corner. No train was in sight. The depot platform was deserted except for Paula Cummerfield sitting on a trunk. As he hurtled through the last interval and braked himself to a halt by her side, he saw that her eyes were puzzled and earnest. She looked at her wrist watch.

"Ten fifteen," she said. "Tommy, you would have made it anyway!"

Tommy did not understand, and, ignoring the throng of East Baddow inhabitants who continued to assemble, with emotions of apprehension and excitement in their faces, Paula explained.

"Redfield Plummer told us the train time by the winter schedule," she said. "On the summer schedule the train doesn't leave until eleven-ten. When I saw you coming down the stretch I finally understood what he was up to. He thought you'd never make it by ten-fifteen and he was allowing you that much extra. But, Tommy, you didn't need it."

Mr. Lounsbury was in the crowd, trying to shake off a cluster of small boys.

"We only want to listen for the short waves," said the oldest one.

"Get out!" exclaimed Mr. Lounsbury severely. He added, "Everyone around here is crazy, even the children. Where's Plummer? I want Plummer. He's a swindler."

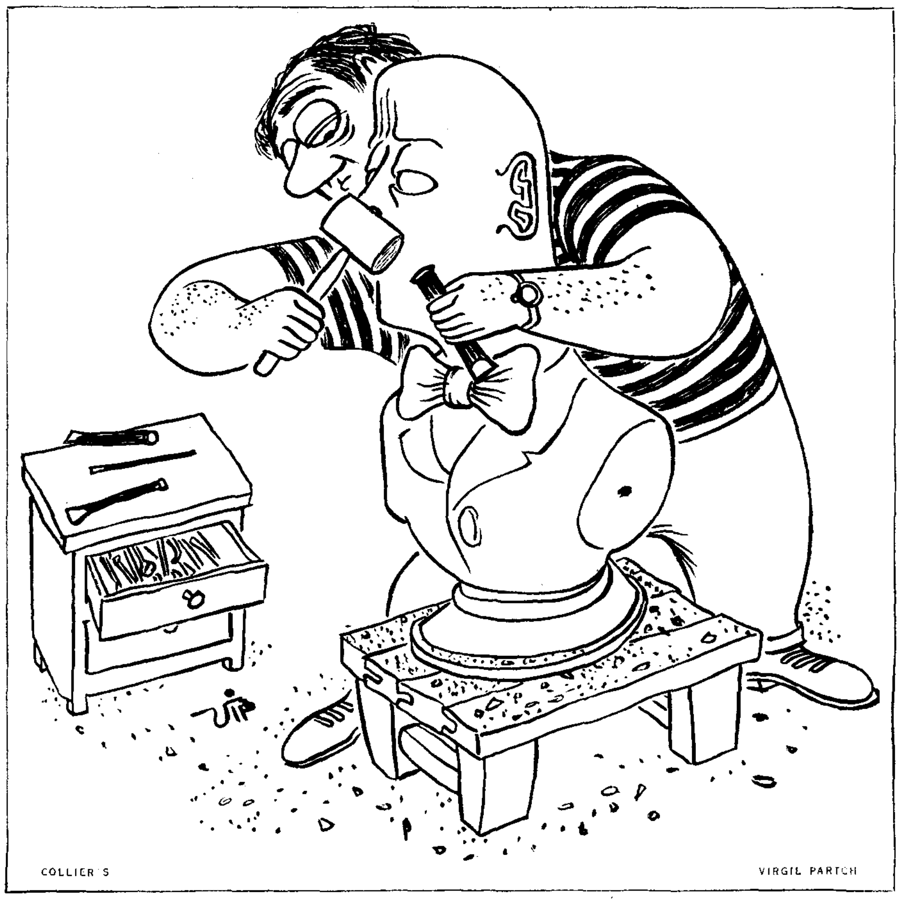
"Now, now," said Dr. Hunter, "Redfield may connive a little, but he never swindles. He's sort of like—"

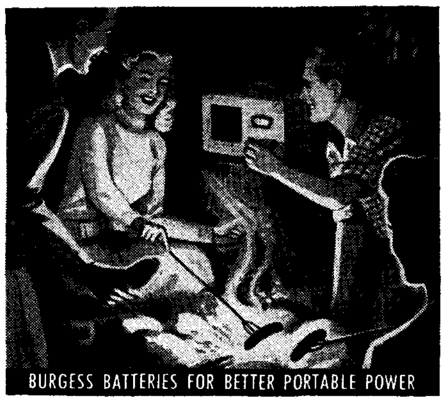
"Why, he's sort of like the genie in the Arabian Nights," said Paula.

Just about then, Tommy regained the power of speech. He said, "You don't need to trouble about Mira."

But Paula had known this since ten-fourteen and a half.

THE END

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THE BARONIAL BLUES

Continued from page 25

reign of Queen Elizabeth. Under Knole's seven acres of roofs there are said to be as many entrances as months in the year, as many courts as days in the week, as many staircases as weeks in the year, and as many rooms as days in the year.

Another treasure of the National Trust is Blickling Hall, the famous Jacobean house formerly owned by the late Lord Lothian. Still another is Montacute in Somerset, which has been described as "one of the most beautiful and magnificent homes in the world." Lord and Lady Astor have given their famous estate, Cliveden, together with its fabulous Thames-side gardens, to the nation, although they continue to make their home in the big house. The National Trust has also acquired Charlecote Park, on the River Avon, where the Lucy family has lived since 1189. Miss Fairfax-Lucy still lives in one wing of the great house.

Decline of the Landed Gentry

England's Labor government receives most of the blame, or credit, for the fate that is rapidly overtaking the country's landed aristocracy. Actually the government's policies, if carried out, will simply complete a process of disintegration that began some 80 years ago. By the beginning of the 18th century, England had become the most successful farming country in the world, with one quarter of the population looking to the land for a living. It was the golden age of British agriculture but it didn't last.

"The greatest single event of the 1870s," wrote G. M. Trevelyan in his Social History of England, ". . . was the sudden collapse of English agriculture. The cause was the development of the American prairies as grain lands within reach of the English market. The new agricultural machinery enabled the farmers of the Middle West to skim the cream off virgin soils of unlimited expanses; the new railway system carried the produce to the ports, the new steamers bore it across the Atlantic. The overthrow of the British landed aristocracy by the far-distant democracy of American farmers was one outcome of this change of economic circumstances."

Since the early 1880s, except when two World Wars threatened the country with famine, England's policy has been to keep farming on the verge of bankruptcy, in order to obtain cheap food and keep industrial wages down, so that England's importing industries would have an advantage in international competition. Even today landowners are trying to operate under the handicap of rents that give a smaller return on capital than any other investment—not more than 2½ per cent at best, and seldom that much. While agricultural wages have increased 150 per cent, and material costs more than 100 per cent since 1939, the average rent for agricultural land is still 28 shillings per acre. This is approximately the same as in 1914, and considerably lower than it was in 1870.

Even more crippling is the effect of taxation and death duties. Under the rates in effect in 1925, seven years after the first World War, an estate of £2,500,000 was reduced on its owner's death to £1,500,000. Today, with the death duties increased to 75 per cent, in line with the government's policy of liquidating the rich, property vanishes much faster. The heir to an estate worth £2,500,000 in 1946 would receive only £625,000, and although the rates are reduced after the government has taken the first healthy bite, in less than 100 years the estate would be worth not more than £50,000.

Only last year the Marquess of Bath

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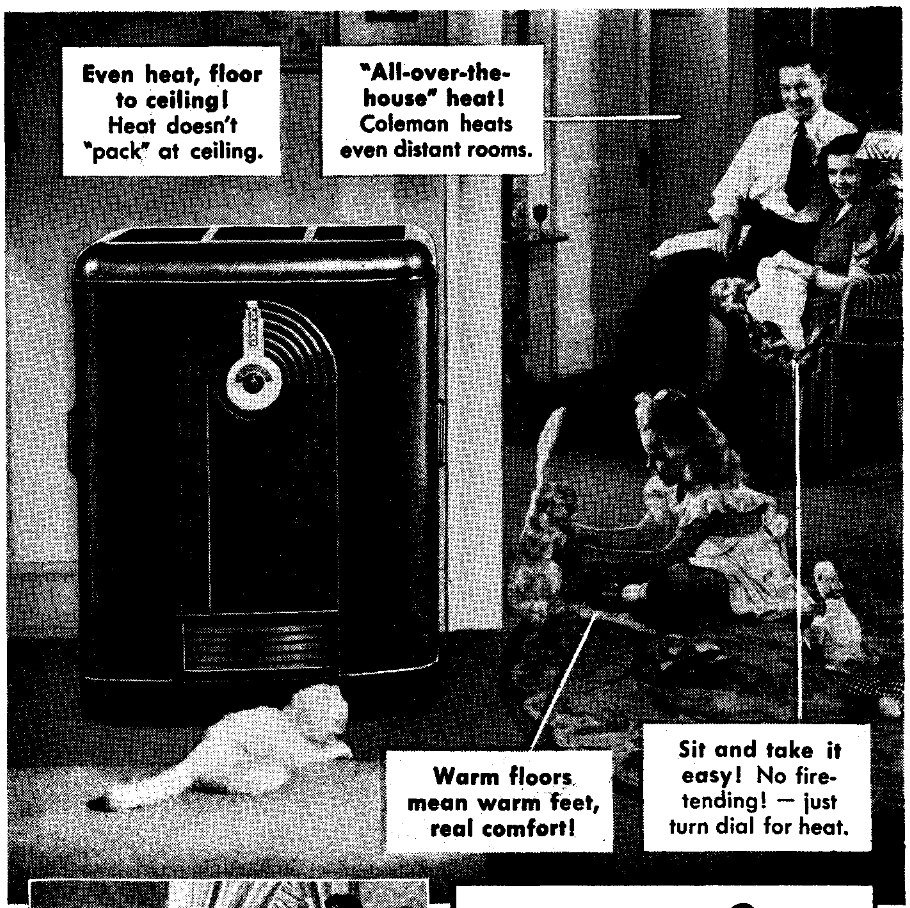
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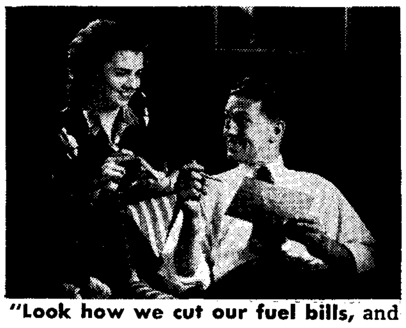
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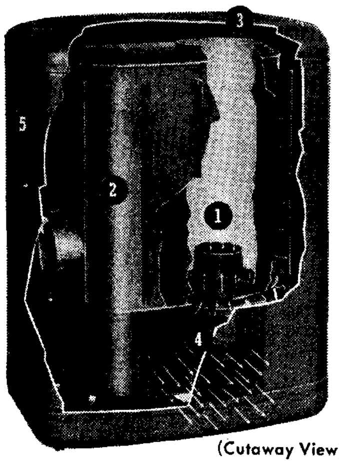

(Cutaway View)

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had to pay almost £1,000,000 on succeeding to his father's estate, and wrote to his tenants that in order to raise the money he would have to sell some of his land. His complaint received very little sympathy. The government organ, the Daily Herald, remarked that "Plain men will not shed very bitter tears for Lord Bath's troubles. No doubt the possessions which he will retain for the upkeep of himself and his family will constitute a nest egg which most people would not sneeze at."

It seems clear that the next few years, assuming that the Labor party remains in power, will see a great many of England's finest homes become national property. Under the wartime coalition government, the principle of compulsory acquisition of land needed for national planning was established.

But the new Town and Country Planning Act goes much further than anything contemplated when Winston Churchill was Prime Minister. In conjunction with the Agricultural Act it places the large landowner at the mercy of the state. Under the latter law acreage may be acquired compulsorily by the government if, in the opinion of the Minister of Agriculture, it is being managed inefficiently.

To take an extreme case, a landowner may lose his property if he ignores a governmental order to erect new cow barns. In such a case, his heir cannot succeed to the property, nor can it be sold; it will be taken over by the state at the current market price. The Planning Act nationalizes an owner's development rights in his land.

Hereafter the government will receive the benefit of increases in value where land is developed and used for building, quarrying, etc. This act also provides that the Minister of Works shall have power to acquire buildings of special architectural and historic interest, together with the adjacent land, when such structures are not being properly maintained.

Act Gives Wide Power to State

It is this last provision that many owners of big estates believe is the joker in the act. They point out that it could be so interpreted as to give the state the right to take over almost every great house in England, since with the shortage of labor and materials, not to speak of high taxes, it is impossible to maintain one of the big mansions in a proper manner. As an example they mention Burghley, the great Elizabethan home of the Exeters, which took 31 years to build and for 150 years has been one of the show places of England. Today Burghley is closed to the public.

"We have been obliged," the Marchioness of Exeter explained, "to put a notice in the local papers that we deeply regret that we cannot show this house until such time, if ever, as staff is available to enable us to take proper care of the historic contents and to show them to the public."

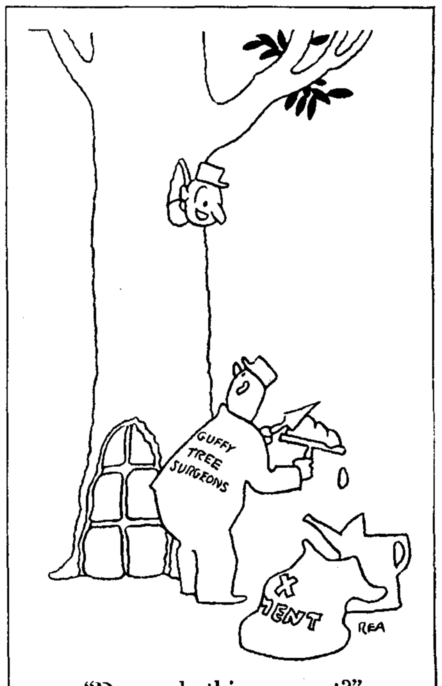
In the early days of the war a school for mentally deficient children was established at Hickleton Hall, an 18th-century great house owned by Lord Halifax, former ambassador to the United States. After Dunkerque the property was taken over by the British army. Lord Halifax hoped to make his home there again when the war ended, but high taxes and staff shortages compelled him to vacate the hall. Most of the furniture and other contents were sold at auction early in 1947.

Lord and Lady Halifax now live at Garrowby, forty miles from Hickleton Hall and once their shooting lodge, which is their principal residence. "But so that we can keep our feet on our home soil," said Lord Halifax, "we have found somewhere to perch in Hickleton village"—a four-room stone cottage formerly occupied by the postmistress.

In common with the owners of many other great houses, Lord Halifax has found a new use for his property—he has given it to an Anglican sisterhood for a girls' school. In Aberdeenshire the owner of Craigston Castle, Major Urquhart, has converted this 17th-century house into a community center for the neighborhood.

Polesden Lacy, in Surrey, which was left to the National Trust by Mrs. Ronald Greville with its priceless pictures, books and furniture, is being used for a somewhat similar purpose. It was here that the present King and Queen of England, then the Duke and Duchess of York, spent the first part of their honeymoon.

Wootton House, the historic home of John Evelyn, the famous British diarist, and still owned by a John Evelyn, is to become a National Fire Service College. Hurstmonceux Castle, dating from the period of Henry VI, is the new home of the Royal Observatory. At historic Elvaston Castle, near Derby, the former seat of the Earl of Harrington, 250 young women are studying to become teachers. A similar group is busy at Alnwick Castle, owned by the Duke of Northumberland, while the duke still lives in one wing of the great building.



"Do we do this one next?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Himley Hall, the ancestral home of the Earl of Dudley, with 200 acres of gardens and parkland, has been bought by Sir Ben Smith for the West Midland Divisional Coal Board, which has also acquired five other country mansions.

A 15th-century mansion which was built for Richard III, Bragroves House, has been handed over to the Bowes Museum Trust, which will open it as a local folk museum. The War Office is using Eaton Hall in Cheshire, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, as a cadet training center, while the duke makes his home in a small wing of the building. He is trying to sell the private 15-inch railway line which used to carry supplies to Eaton Hall from the nearest railway station, three miles away.

The Corporation of Wigan, in Lancashire, has bought Haigh Hall—known locally as the house of a hundred windows—from the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, but so far hasn't decided what to do with it. Meanwhile the earl is living in a small flat over the estate offices. It has been reported that he plans to build a small house, but he denies it.

"It is quite impossible," he said, "to get a license to build a house. At the moment I am trying to get a license to buy a bath."

THE END

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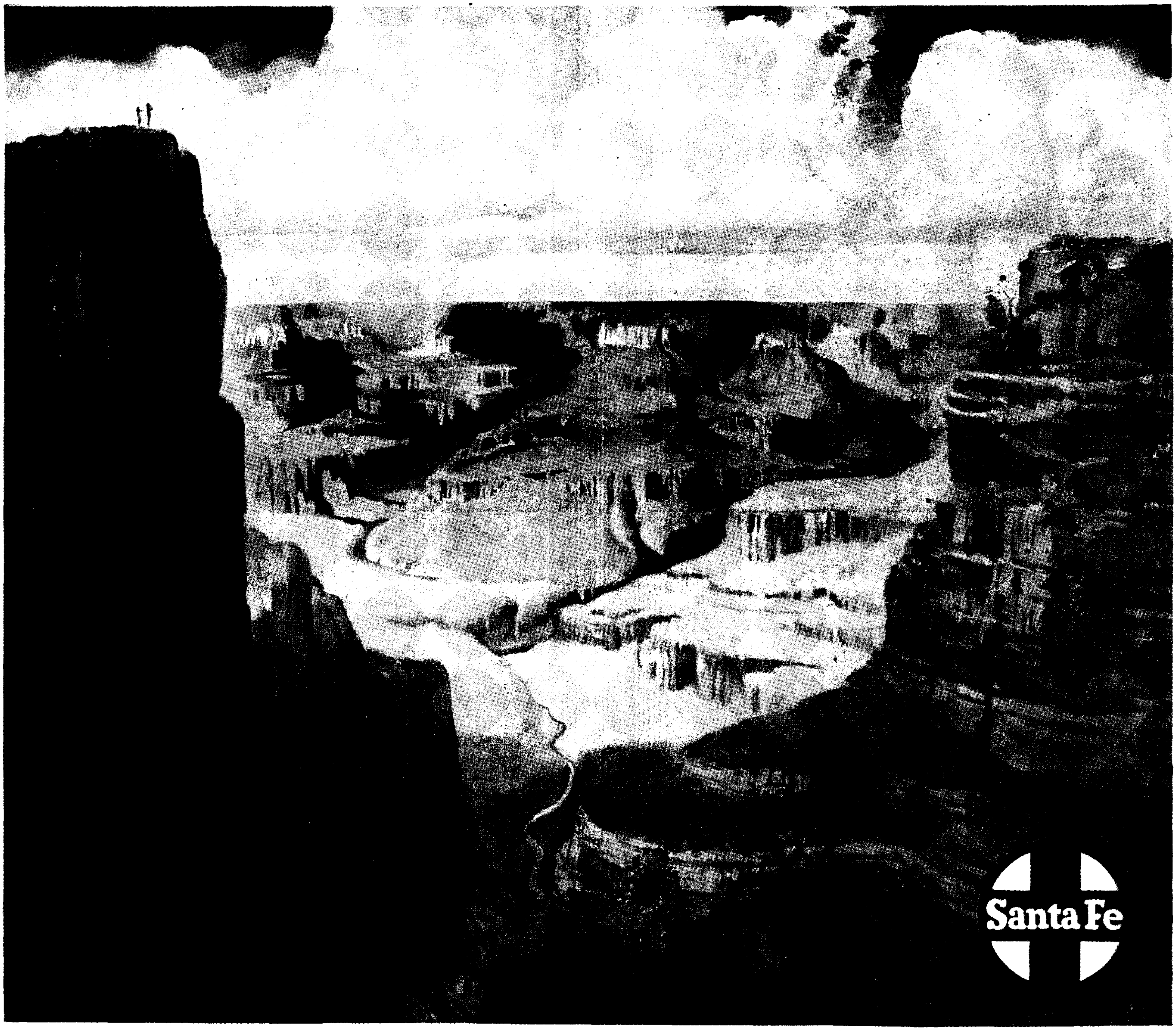

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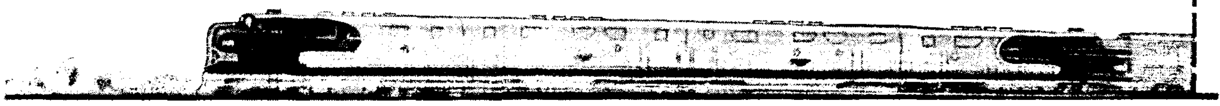

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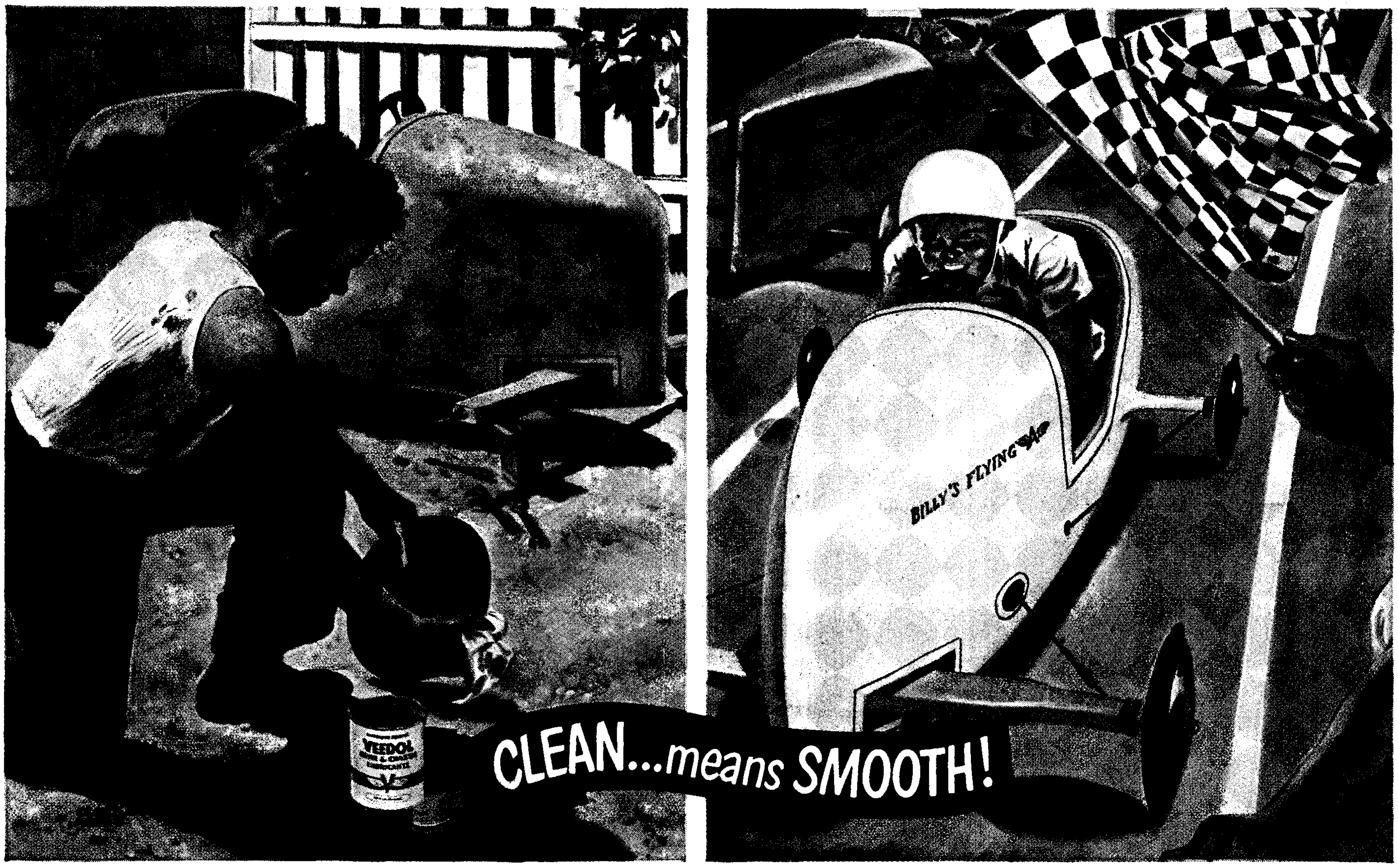
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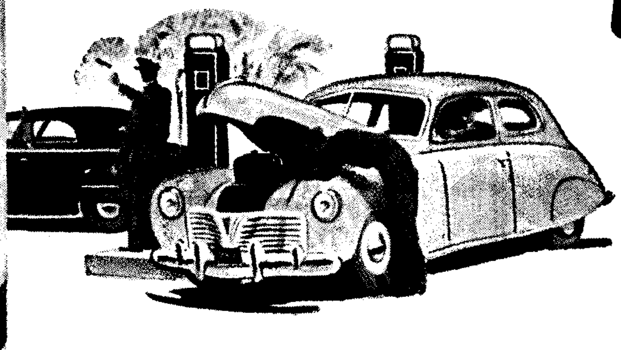

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BURIED TREASURES

BY HARVEY H. KEELER

A FEW years ago a laborer working on a street excavation in Manchester, Virginia, picked up a shiny pebble. He was intrigued by its unusual sparkle, and showed it to some jewelers. Investigation proved that it was a 23-carat diamond! Not a perfect stone, it is true, but good enough to be cut to 11 carats and marketed at a price that made the laborer's head swim.

In West Virginia a group of young men were pitching horseshoes. One of the pitchers noticed that the shoe kicked up the earth and dislodged a clear, attractive stone. He picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"What do you think you have there," joked one of the other players, "a diamond?"

He didn't think so, of course, but after he showed it to several mineralogists, he learned its true worth. It was, indeed, a diamond; and it is now on display at the U.S. National Museum in Washington, D. C.

A youngster in Alabama went to the spring for water and picked up a diamond that finally found its way to the Morgan Tiffany Collection in New York's Museum of Natural History.

These spectacular finds make good stories, of course, but don't let them panic you into taking to the hills with pick and shovel. Diamonds *are* found in America, it is true; but not in very great quantities. No such strikes as the Kimberley Mines in South Africa or the productive sources of Brazil have been discovered in the United States.

Glacial deposits are believed responsible for the occasional diamonds found in the Great Lakes region. A well digger in Wisconsin brought to the surface a fine diamond weighing 15 carats. And there have been stories of Wisconsin farmers uncovering raw diamonds in their plow furrows. Indiana, Illinois, Montana and Michigan have also produced isolated stones, many of considerable value. There have been some valuable finds at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California and Oregon.

Gems in New York's Substrata

Many varieties of the world's best gem stones and minerals have been taken from excavations for buildings, subways, sewers and wire viaducts in New York City. Few of the city's seven million know that the rock bed under those tall skyscrapers has been a virtual storehouse of materials producing topaz, zircon, garnet (one weighing nine and two-thirds pounds was found beneath Thirty-fifth Street, near Macy's), amethyst, beryl, tourmaline, dolomite, fluorite, chrysoberyl, galena, hornblende, malachite, moonstone and agate.

If all of this surprises you, you may be further shocked to learn that the highly regarded sapphire is also a native of certain parts of the U.S. Emeralds and opals are to be found here, too. Besides all these, there are literally hundreds of crystalline formations which may be fashioned into jewels. These include turquoise, obsidian, onyx, sardonyx and pyrite (the infamous "fool's gold").

I became interested in gem stones and minerals while I was in the Army. I found jewels outside my barracks door—jewels from rocks! Some of the boys called me a "rock hound" and began to suspect me of a mild sort of psychoneurosis. But I didn't care, for I developed a hobby I can enjoy anywhere in the world.

It all began when I was window shopping in the little Oregon city near our Army post. I was looking for some Christmas presents for some small fry in my family, and I wanted something typical of the section of the world where I was stationed.

Finally I was attracted by a colorful display of stones in a store window. Some of the stones were evidently shown just as they were found, others were cut and polished on one side, and many more were set in gold and silver as rings, brooches, pendants and eardrops. I went in the store and spoke to the proprietor: "What sort of stones are those?"

"They're moss agates," he replied, "and there are lots of them on the grounds at your camp. Every day you probably walk over many that would make good cuts."

I was astounded. "If I bring some in, will you work them for me?" I asked.

He agreed, and that is how I became a rock hound.

The first batch of stones I brought in to him proved almost worthless. Only about half were real agates; the others were something else. And none of the agates could be worked. They were either too cracked, or the patterns were too close to the surface to take polishing.

The second day's batch was the same, but with a little advice from the proprietor, I succeeded in hitting the jackpot the next day. I had enough agates for more than a dozen separate pieces.

Every night for two weeks I haunted the shop to see how my agates would turn out under the workmanship of the proprietor. The process fascinated me. He cut the stones with a steel saw impregnated with diamond dust, ground them to shape on a carborundum wheel and later smoothed the surface with a whirling sandpaper disk.

An ex-G.I. tells how he found jewels in the rocks in his own back yard. An amateur gem-hunter, he now has a hobby with all the thrills of the chase

The final polishing was done with a felt disk and tin oxide solution. This brought out a high sheen.

I took the finished stones back to camp, showed them to the boys. They'd been looking at me with questioning glances as I hauled rocks into the barracks and put them in my foot locker. Now they were amazed at the ring sets, pendants and eardrops which I showed them.

In the meantime I had been delving into books. I learned that my home state, Connecticut, produces a great variety of rocks and minerals, including some of the most popular gem stones. I could scarcely wait to get back home and explore my own rocky 120-acre farm.

While I was still in Oregon I took a trip to the Applegate River and panned my first "color" of gold. The term "color" is used advisedly. After a large pan of dirt is washed in the river water, you may, if you're lucky, have just enough gold left in the pan to show color. It's no way to get rich quick. Experts who have worked it for years are lucky to average two or three dollars working from dawn to dusk every day.

But the experience had confirmed me in my new hobby, and the lure of rocks and minerals continued. I took excursions up dry creek beds for varicolored jaspers and common opals. The local Red Cross helped us set up our own lapidary shop at the base, and we started working on a camp collection. A friend who ran a gift shop back home had seen the stones I sent the kids, and asked to try some on the market. They went over with a bang.

Finally I was sent back East for discharge. On the way home I kept remembering the deep red crystals my brother had found in the stone fences on our farm when we were kids. He had called them garnets. I began to wonder if there really was gem material in Connecticut.

When I got home, it was my family's turn to wonder what the Army had done to me. For I was working far harder on the farm than I ever had before—lugging rocks all over the place, chiseling away at them, and sweating with fervor. I did find garnets, and also two kinds of crystals—black and yellow—that I couldn't identify.

Exploring the Old Homestead

My friends became interested, and we set off on an exploring party. Armed with chisels, hammers, gloves (rocks are often sharp) and a flashlight to explore the dark crevasses, we went to the place where I had found the black formations. They turned out to be tourmaline crystals, which are often worked into jewelry. The rocks with the yellow crystals produced two aquamarine beryls and a golden beryl. We also found more garnets. Not all of these stones were in good condition, but several were clear enough to be polished and set in jewelry. I had found gems in my own back yard!

In almost every section of the country, rock and mineral finds of real interest await the explorer. Some of them may have little or no real value, but occasionally a real sparkler turns up.

Sapphires, for instance, are native to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Montana and California. Stones of the beryl group are found in widely scattered sections of the U.S. These include the emerald, the aquamarine, the golden beryl and a rare pink variety known as morganite. One bluish-green prism weighing 2,900 pounds and measuring four feet in length was found at Grafton, N. H., Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, South Dakota, Maine and New Hampshire are also beryl territories.

Topaz has been found in Utah, Colorado, California, Missouri, North Carolina, Connecticut and New York. And zircons, which have had an amazing growth in popularity recently, have been found in New York, New Jersey, Florida and North Carolina.

Amethysts are fairly common in many sections of the United States. Some of the finest American amethysts come from Maine.

Most large cities and many small towns have mineral clubs which hold regular meetings and field trips. Much can be learned of rocks and minerals through these organizations, and with experienced leaders the best territories for unusual finds may be explored.

In 1940, for instance, a group of people in and around Los Angeles formed the Los Angeles Lapidary Society. At present there are nearly 200 members. To retain membership they must attend at least one monthly meeting, go on at least one field trip and exhibit five of their own cut stones each year.

There may not be a fortune in rock hunting, but there's the thrill of the chase and the excitement of an occasional real discovery. For gems, like gold, are where you find them. ★★★

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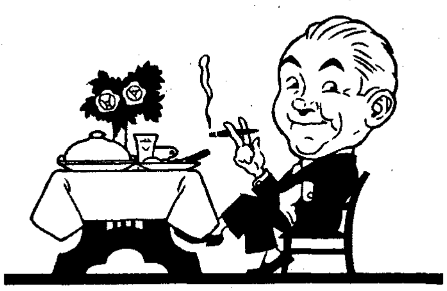

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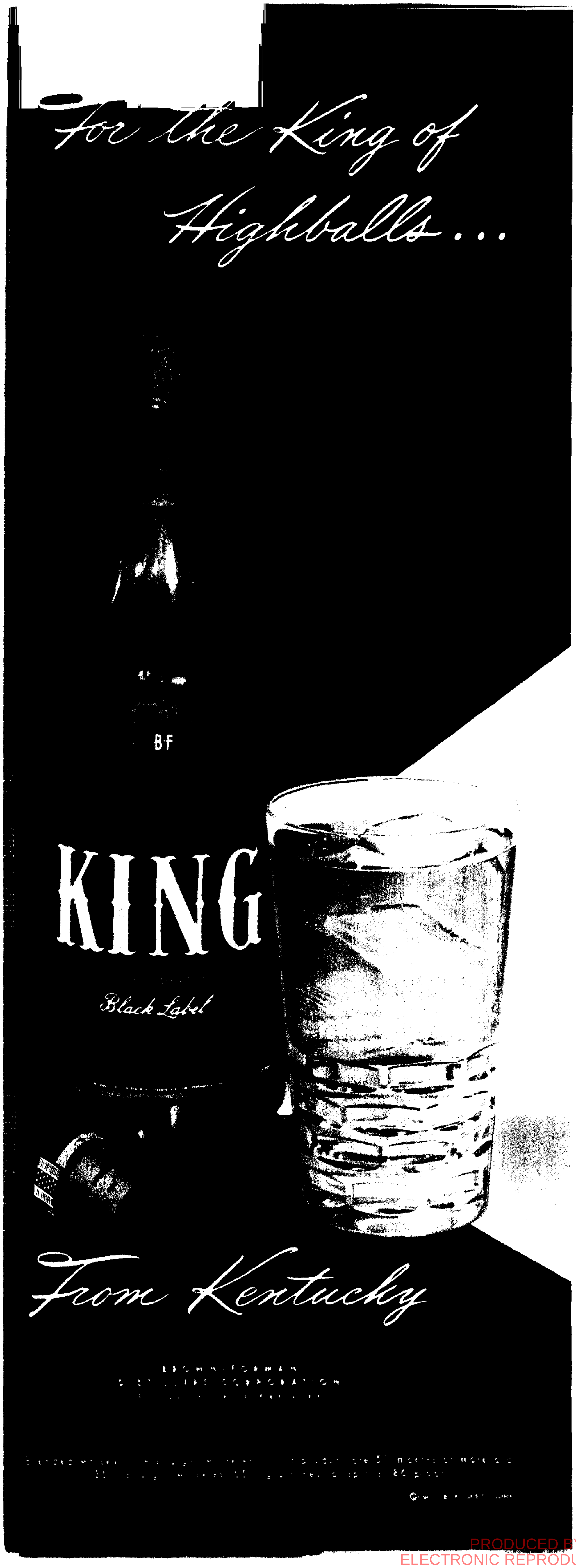
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THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 21

much interested in the financial aspects. By this time the President had turned the whole negotiations over to the State Department. They were concluded November 16th with recognition of the Soviet Union.

This recognition was one of Roosevelt's first attempts to create a community of good neighbors as the best security against the depredations of the neighborhood roughnecks. His interest in naval affairs and his experience during the first war made it natural for him to think in terms of global strategy. People do not yet realize how early he saw the dangers presented to the world by the smash-and-grab attitudes of such nations as Germany, Japan and Italy.

He backed Henry Stimson's attempt to unite world opinion against the Japanese violation of Manchuria; he even took advantage of the PWA appropriation to lay down the first large warships the United States had had since the Washington disarmament conference. By strengthening Russia, he was able in a single move to bring pressure on the outer flanks of both Japan and Germany.

Three Who Came to Washington

In May, 1933, Ramsay MacDonald, Edouard Herriot and Hjalmar Schacht visited Washington to discuss world economic affairs.

Roosevelt had an immediate and sharp antipathy to Schacht. The German operator was a bit too slick and calculating for the President's taste. I can recall him mimicking Schacht one day, putting his hands to his head as I entered the room and grunting, "Ach, you must help my poor guntry!"

He was not fooled by Hitler either. From the start he was convinced of the probability of the revival of German aggression. These fears, as he told me in May, 1933, were responsible for the disarmament appeal he was to address to the world on May 16th, the day before Hitler spoke to the Reichstag.

I asked him a difficult question. "What is the likelihood of war with Germany?"

"A very strong possibility."

"Will the U.S. have to go in and defend its treaty rights?"

"We won't have to send any men abroad anyway."

He told me a few days after the appeal, "I think I have averted a war. I sent word through the German ambassador to Hitler that I was going to send a message and that if his message (to the Reichstag) was of the same character as Von Papen's (inflammatory speech at Münster a few days before) I would not blame France if she went to war." This same spirit on the part of European statesmen might have prevented the disastrous Western surrender to Germany years later at Munich.

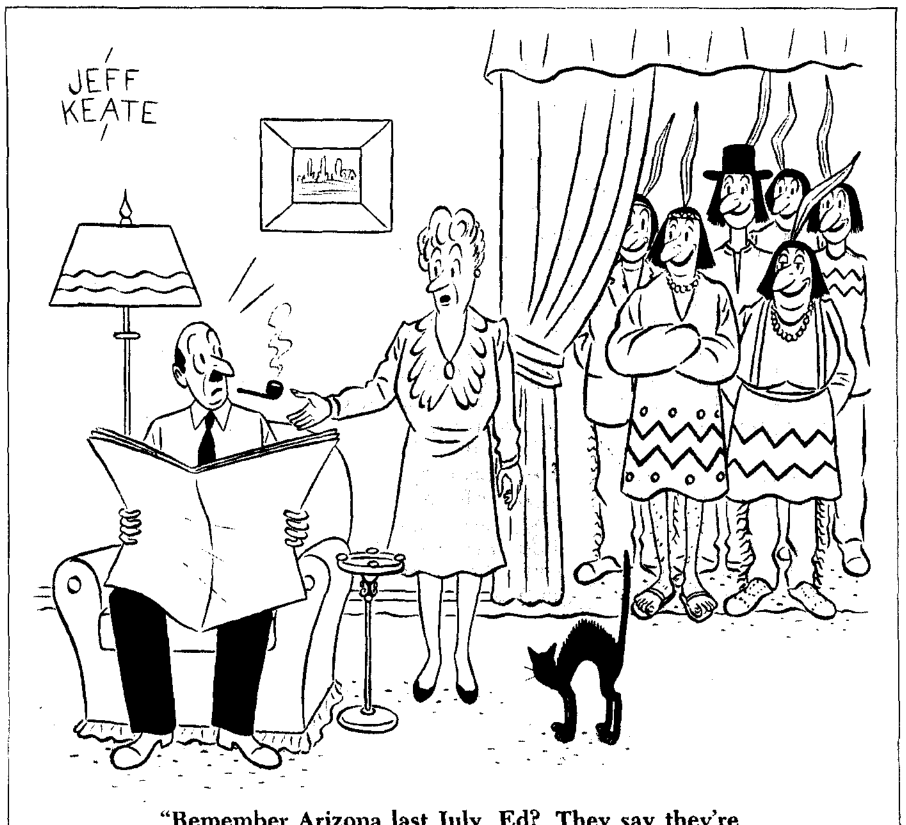
But the country in 1933 was predominantly isolationist. Some of the men on whom the President depended most in working out his program for domestic recovery were economic nationalists. Moreover, many of the international economic plans would have held up domestic recovery.

Roosevelt felt he had to make concessions to the prevalent isolationist opinion, and some of the concessions, like the neutrality legislation of 1936, were, I think, mistaken.

It is to the credit of the State Department that it sought through this period to keep foreign affairs in the foreground. I want to say this now, for I shall have critical things to say later about its management of foreign affairs. The rest of the Cabinet, even including men who were to become deeply alive to the Nazi menace, like Harold Ickes and Henry Wallace, were too much immersed in domestic questions in 1933.

For instance, a controversy arose at one time over sale of one million bales of cotton to China, which would dispose of a considerable part of the cotton surplus being held by the government at great expense at a time when cotton prices were at an all-time low. It would also strengthen China against Japan.

The State Department's Far Eastern expert, however, contended that it might offend Japan. I argued that the sale would raise prices and might increase the value of our stocks as much as 100 million dollars. Wallace simply ignored the foreign-policy implications. With him it was a battle of mind and conscience over whether the American



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farmer stood to gain more if cotton were sold to the Chinese or plowed into the field in line with his program of paying farmers to withdraw land from cultivation. He had an unofficial opinion from the Justice Department that it would be illegal to sell cotton held by the government against loans to farm co-operatives.

"If you hold it is illegal, why argue about it?" I asked. This brought a strange reply and a shift in his argument.

"Well," Wallace said, "if you do sell I do not want it announced for at least thirty days, so that the price of cotton will stay down and I can go out and conclude my arrangements to lease land from cotton growers and withdraw it from cultivation, because if the price of cotton goes up now it will make it much more difficult for me to lease the land."

"I wonder if you realize what you are doing," I replied. "You would be withholding information from the farmers and if, in a month or two, they learn that you knew all the time that this Chinese deal had been concluded, they would feel that you had misled them."

"I do not care what they think as long as I can lease their land," Wallace remarked.

I said I was not going to let the President be put in such a position.

"All right," Wallace remarked to Jesse Jones, "make any kind of deal you want but when you get ready to release the publicity let me know."

Later, Chairman "Cotton Ed" Smith of the Senate Agriculture Committee, telephoned me to say that Wallace had convinced him that the co-operatives' cotton should be sold. The change of heart on Wallace's part shocked me and prompted me to make note in my diary as to my feeling regarding his attitude.

Such arguments as this one with Wallace merely demonstrated the difficulty of concentrating on foreign problems at a time when emergencies at home absorbed most of our time and efforts.

Police Methods Doomed to Fail

The State Department was not, I think, appeasement-minded in its basic viewpoint, though it had appeasement-minded officials. But its approach was timorous, conventional and correct. It was dominated by what I used to call the "foreign-office mentality"—the notion that you got things done in foreign policy by being a gracious host at diplomatic banquets. It refused to recognize the obvious fact that Japanese militarism and European Fascism had released new and ugly forces in the world—forces that could not be dealt with by polite methods.

The disarmament-conference obsession was typical. The world-disarmament club was probably the most exclusive club on the earth, with the possible exception of the International Bank at Basel. It used to meet regularly, pass resolution after resolution praying for world peace through disarmament, and then adjourn.

The American member of the club was a pleasant and unimpeachable gentleman named Norman Davis. He was one of the ablest diplomats of this school, and his failure shows how badly the school as a whole missed out on what was going on in front of their noses. A great war machine was being built up in the center of Europe. Everyone knew it—but no one ever said: Stop it, nip it in the bud. Instead, smiling and urbane, they made concession after concession and passed resolution after resolution.

Not all the State Department was like this. In my judgment, Hull counted too heavily on disarmament conferences and reciprocal trade agreements. Both goals were laudable, but neither attacked the problems that led up to the second World War. Herbert Feis, as Economic Adviser, led the program for stockpiling strategic materials. Sumner Welles, par-

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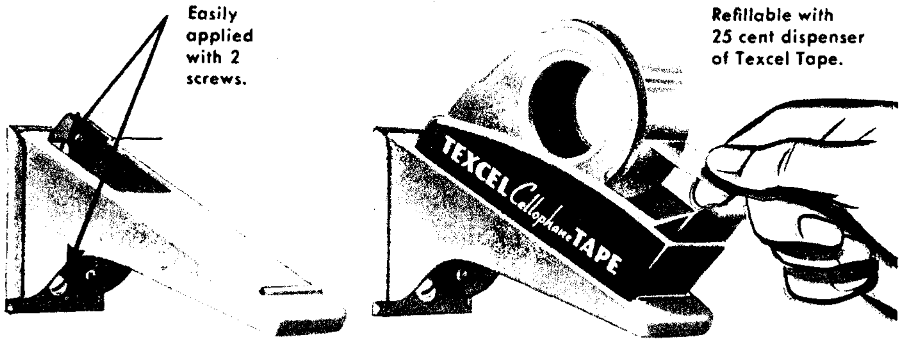
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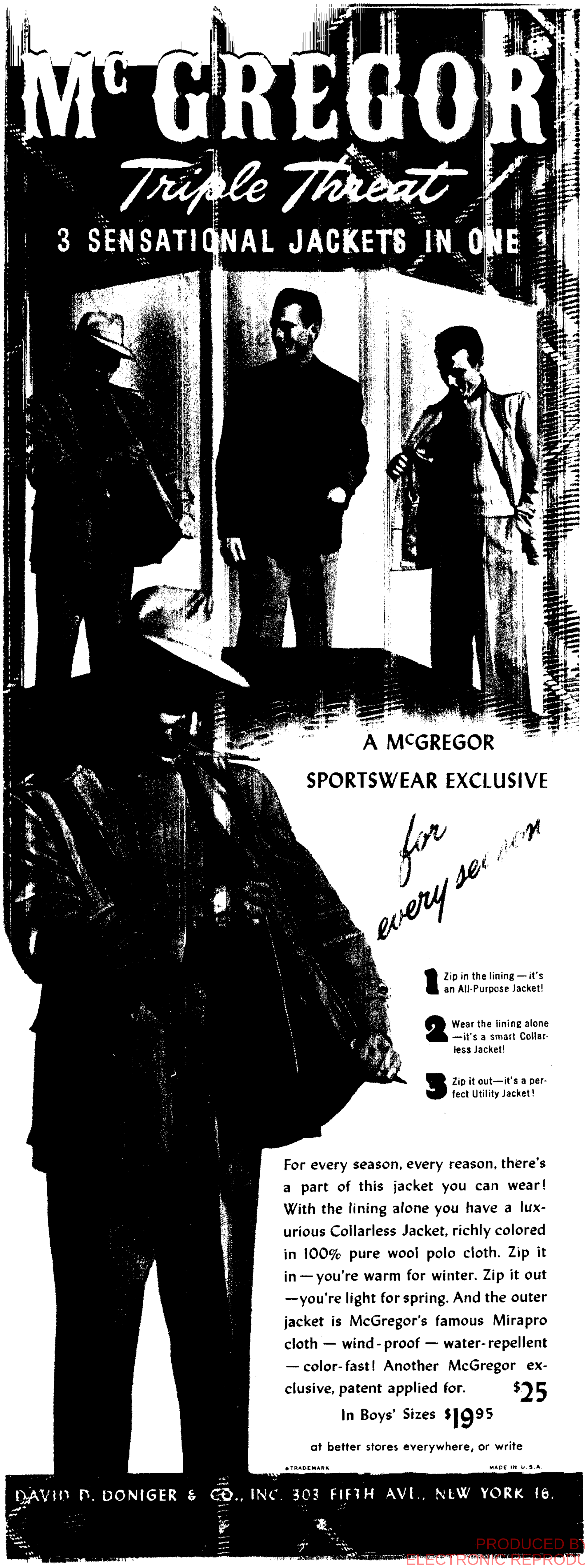

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ticularly in his later years, made valuable contributions. But men like Davis set the tone. Cordell Hull felt comfortable with Davis, who was a fellow Tennessean, and used to rely a good deal on him. I greatly respect Cordell Hull's fine moral and human qualities. But it would be foolish to deny that differences arose between us on many concrete issues.

His moral force sometimes verged on mere testiness; and, while disliking Fascism, he did not always see that its threat to peace had to be met by vigorous action on our part. The State Department was beating its wings ineffectually against a rising storm.

At the same time, the War Department was even less alert to its responsibilities in guarding national security. George Dern, Roosevelt's first Secretary of War, died in 1936. He was succeeded by Harry H. Woodring of Kansas. Far from appreciating the menace of Hitlerism, Woodring denied its existence and favored a policy of isolationism.

Even after war had broken out in Europe, when the President asked him one day in a Cabinet meeting whether the War Department needed anything, Woodring replied, "Several million blankets."

Louis Johnson, the powerful and dynamic Undersecretary, seemed to loathe his boss. The conflict between the two further paralyzed a Department already enfeebled by Woodring's utter failure to provide leadership.

With the State Department wedded to the methods of old-fashioned diplomacy, with the War Department demoralized by dissension, Roosevelt was forced to turn a good deal to the Treasury to implement his antiaggressor program.

The attitude of the Treasury was: Stop the aggressors in their tracks through every possible use of American economic and financial power. As I look back, I feel that none of us was doing much more than yapping at the heels of a world striding inexorably toward war. I still think, though, that the Treasury approach was a good deal more realistic than the State's.

The Treasury, I should add, did nothing in the foreign field (or in any other) without the full knowledge and approval of the President. His own presentiments grew steadily more sharp and ominous. I still have the sheet of White House stationery on which I scrawled, following a conversation with him on December 13, 1934: "If the Nazi inhuman policy should be extended to England because her back is to the wall, he the President believed the U.S. would, of course, go in and help England."

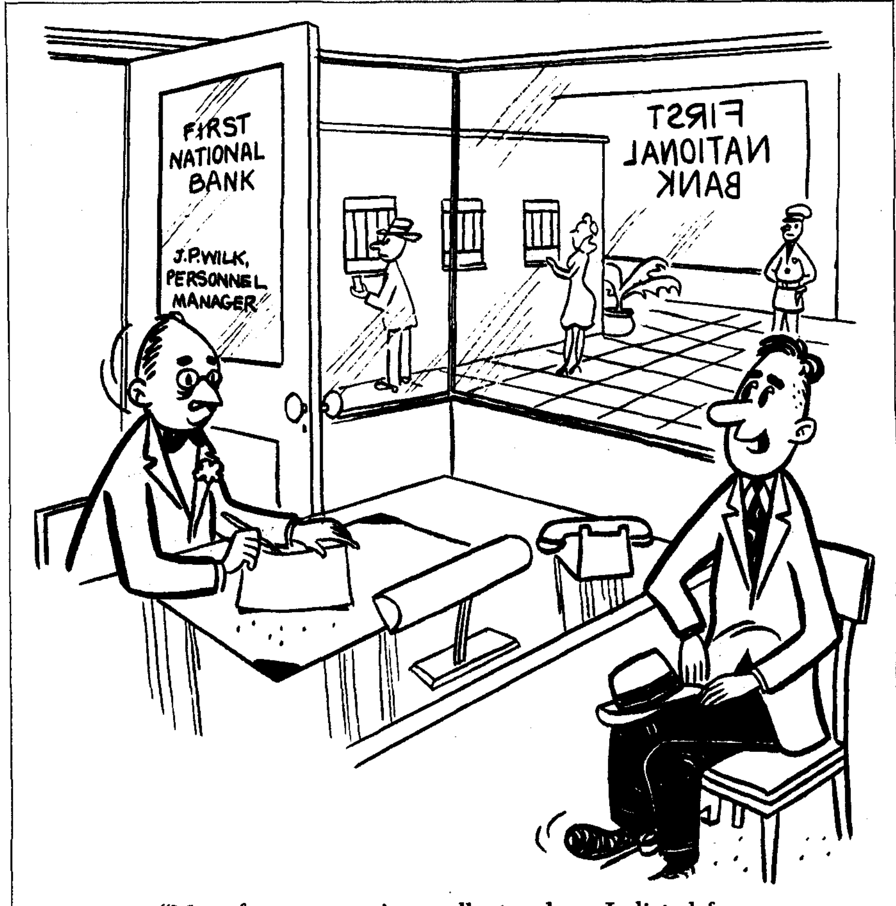
This difference in approach between Treasury and State produced intermittent tensions which sometimes flared into open conflict. One example was the struggle over countervailing duties in 1936. It seemed to me that Germany would begin its program of world conquest by economic aggression, and that we should be vigilant in checking the first signs of such aggression. Under the direction of Dr. Schacht, the Germans were weaving a web of bilateral agreements through which they could enforce their will on other nations.

Checkmating Unfair Subsidies

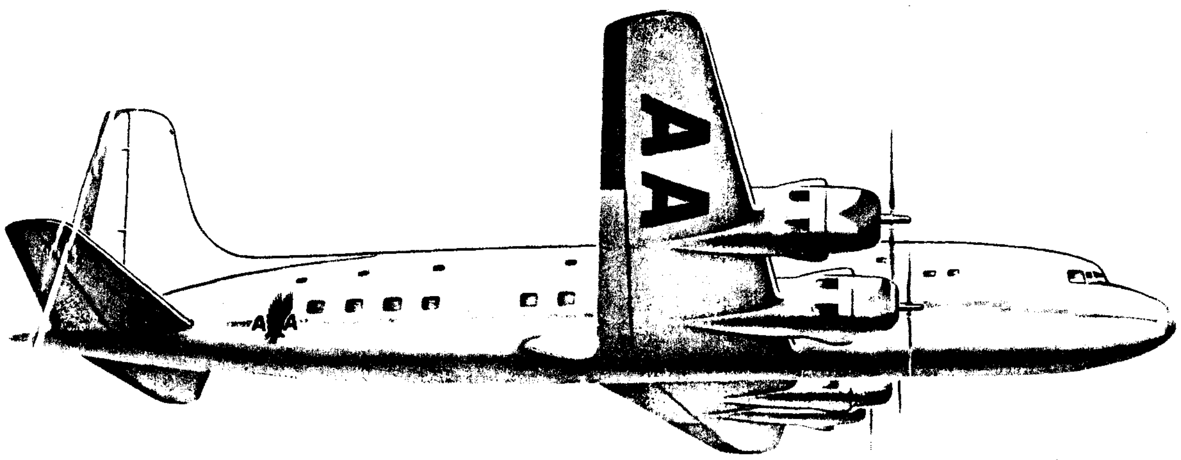
In particular, Schacht had developed a system of export bounties. By the use of "scrip" marks—marks purchasable from the government at a special rate but convertible at face value—German exporters received unfair subsidies in their competition for the American market.

The Treasury's brilliant general counsel, Herman Oliphant, pointed out in November, 1935, that the Smoot-Hawley Act required the Secretary of the Treasury to impose "countervailing" duties on imports to balance these artificial subsidies.

There is no point in reporting in detail the tedious controversy that followed. The State Department bitterly fought the application of countervailing duties. Hull and his advisers interpreted the German action not as part of a concerted plan of economic warfare, but as some kind of internal financial adjustment. They threw the book at the Treasury in their effort to stop this measure—all on the ground that it might "offend" Hitler. It was a perfect instance of the constitutional timidity of the State Department—which, like any foreign office, sought primarily to keep things calm



"My references are in excellent order. Indicted for embezzlement three times—acquitted each time"



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What with the band and the passing troops, you'd think Tom Donohue would have his mind on the honor of a parade review. But he's got a lot of remembering to do.

Tom and the Army have come a long way since that warm September morning, back in 1917, when they first met.

Green? In the first two weeks, Tom Donohue hunted enough sky-hooks and left-handed monkey-wrenches to fit out a whole regiment. But he had ambition and an Irish grin.

Not long after that, Tom went into the Argonne and came out with a Distinguished Service Cross . . . then home, to train recruits into the kind of soldiers it took to win.

Things were settled pretty well for a while . . . until the people forgot their Army. There were pay cuts . . . few technical schools . . . wooden howitzers. But there was romance (he married Grace). And the chance to travel to distant places . . . soft, balmy evenings in Manila . . . poi and outriggers at Waikiki.

Then World War II. Soldiers were back in style . . . bright young fellows came in wanting to know. And there was the damp, quiet night when he got his men out of the jam . . . and into one himself. Sole American representative in a meeting with nine Japs. "For gallantry . . . the Silver Star."

Home again. Three fine kids. One at West Point. And now, for Tom, retirement.

Well, a lot of things have changed. It's a strong Army now . . . volunteer all the way with good men coming in to fill the vacancies . . . fine schools . . . the best equipment. But other things haven't changed. Comradeship, for instance . . . thirty years of the best any man ever had. Yes, and a sense of having served well and faithfully in every job that came along.

Well done, Sergeant. At ease!

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YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW at any cost—and of its persistent blindness to the real aims of Germany.

The President sided with the Treasury but, as so often happened, was unwilling to overrule Hull directly. Taking note of the disagreement in Cabinet meeting, he referred the matter to the Attorney General for an interpretation of the law. In spite of great pressure from the State Department, Homer Cummings finally backed us up.

On June 4, 1936, the Treasury slapped on the duties. The State Department was confounded by the action. Dr. Schacht had even told Merle Cochran, a Treasury representative overseas, that he had "reliable information" that the duties would definitely not be imposed. Contrary to the fears of the State Department and the bluster of the German press, the Treasury policy worked.

In August the German ambassador advised us that these would be stopped in the American trade.

It was the first check to Germany's career of economic conquest. If the State Department had been more prepared on this and other occasions to defend America's interests and less inclined to worry about offending the dictators, we might have checked Germany and Italy in other ways short of war.

The State Department was not alone in this attitude. In the midst of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, Jesse Jones, then head of the lending agencies, proposed that the U.S. grant Italy a short-term credit for the purchase of cotton. The Treasury killed that idea.

War Crisis of 1936 Averted

But I would rather stress the positive side of the Treasury program at a time when the President told me he thought the chances of war in Europe in 1936 were one in three. Our biggest effort to build up the democracies in this period was the tripartite agreement of 1936 by which we stabilized the ratios between the U.S. dollar, the British pound and the French franc. This agreement helped France through currency crises in 1936, '37 and '38, thus strengthened international security—temporarily. In 1936, Robert W. Bingham, then our ambassador to Britain, said he thought the tripartite agreement had averted war in 1936.

One apparent cause of the generally shaky financial situation was the great proportion of the national budget every European nation was devoting to rearmament.

Early in 1937 the Treasury prepared figures which showed that the fifteen countries studied were spending 20 per cent of their revenues on arms. I brought this memorandum to the White House for one of our Monday lunches.

The President asked me, "How is the foreign situation? How do you feel about it?"

"I feel extremely blue," I said, "and feel that the world is just drifting rapidly toward war. We patch up the French situation every so often, but with the constant increased percentage of their budget going for war purposes we really cannot help them. The European countries are gradually going bankrupt through preparing for war. You are the only person who can stop it."

The President said, "I feel like throwing either a cup and saucer at you or the coffeepot."

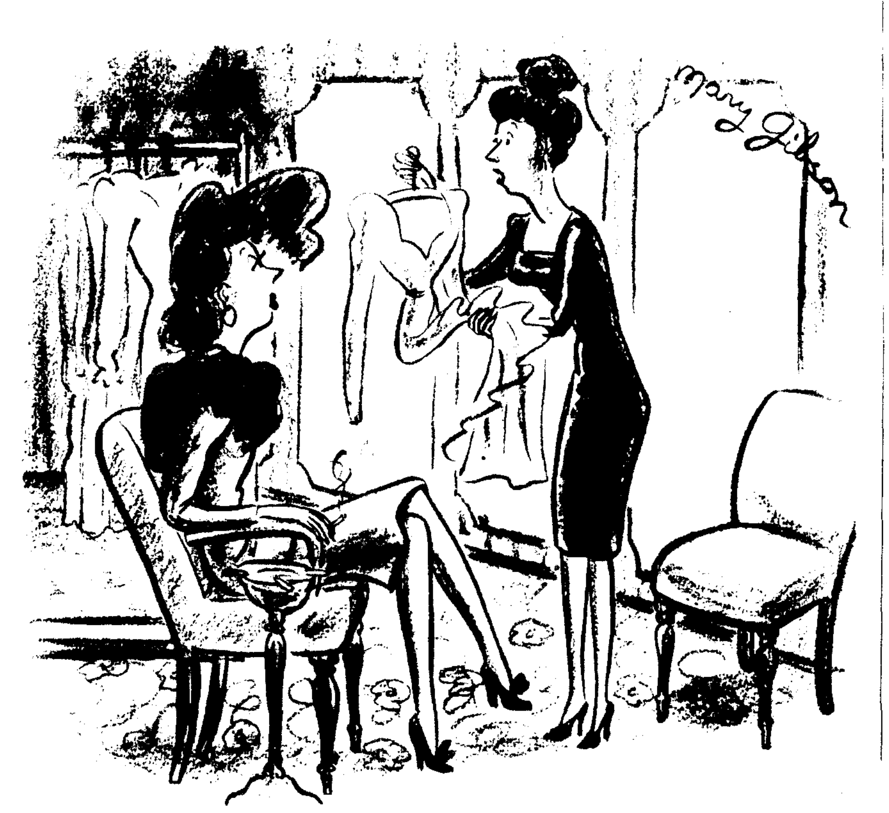
I said, "Or throw both. But why?" I should have remembered that he had a phobia about being told that he was the "only person" who could do anything.

"Well," the President said, "I had Hull and Norman Davis for lunch and Davis said, 'The only person who can save the situation is Roosevelt,' and then I said to Davis, 'How?' and Davis said, 'By sending a secret envoy to Europe.' "

Roosevelt sniffed, "Another Colonel House." He went on: "Hull's philosophy is that through his trade treaties he would increase world trade and take up the slack of unemployment as the individual countries gradually disarmed."

I said I agreed with Hull in the long run, but that we might have a war on our hands long before the trade policies would have full effect. At that time, I was attracted to the notion of a really serious attempt at world disarmament. With the President's backing, I sent messages to Neville Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in Britain, urging the exchange of suggestions over how to arrest the arms race.

One message produced no results. The President suggested another. "Let's put a burr under Chamberlain's tail," he said. But Chamberlain replied that the peaceable people of Europe wanted England to arm more, not less. This was a sensible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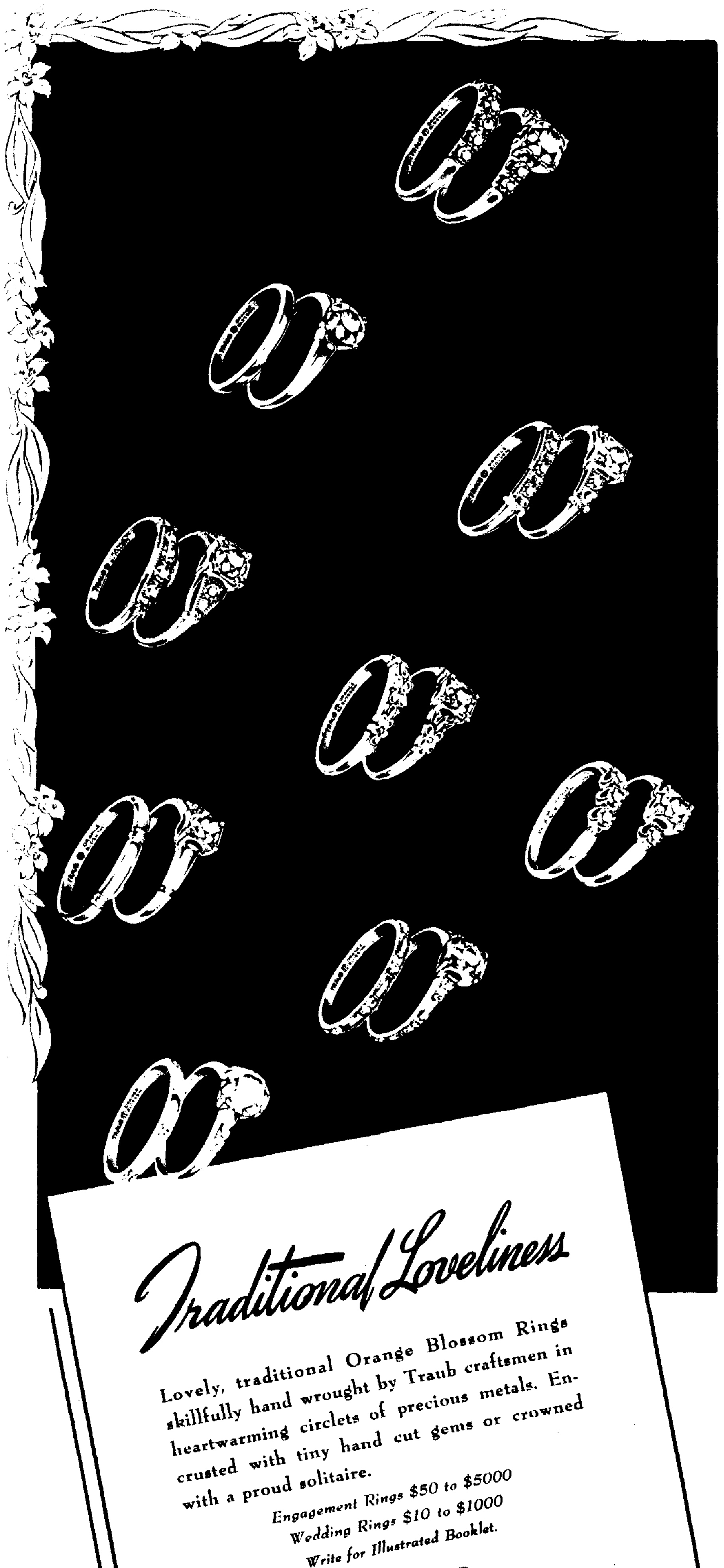
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OUR FACTORY THEN →
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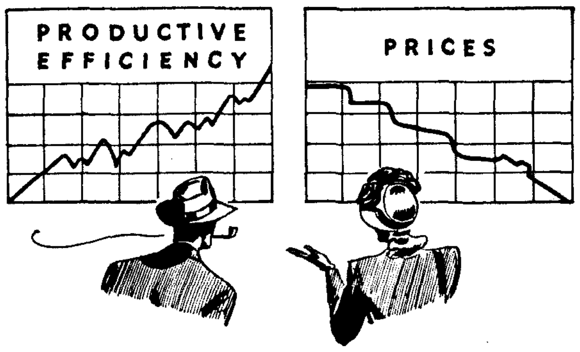
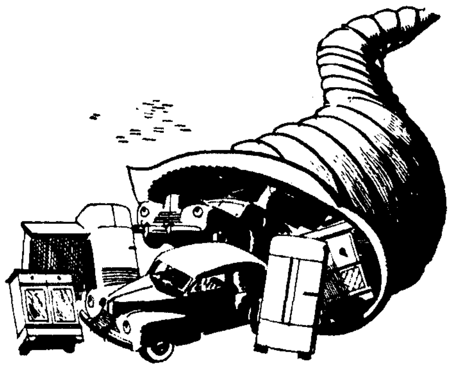
4. So you see, in the long run it's really *you*—not the manufacturer or the retailer—who sets the size of prices and profits. And the firms that do the best job of competing for your "votes" are the ones that *stay* in business—and *grow!*



5. When a firm grows—thanks to your "votes"—it produces and sells *more goods.* This means it can get along with a smaller profit *per unit*—and sell at still lower prices. This in turn attracts still *more* customers. That's how competition works constantly to boost production and reduce prices.



6. And even part of the profit you "vote" to well-managed firms finds its way back to you in the form of better living. For the reasonable profits of industry pay for research and expansion to develop new products, better products, more jobs—and greater security for everyone.

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reply. If only Chamberlain had shown the same spirit a year later.

In October, 1937, the President delivered his memorable speech in Chicago urging the quarantine of aggressors. This was his first great effort to awaken the American people to the increasing gravity of the situation abroad.

But in regard to execution of his policies, the conflict between the State Department and the Treasury continued.

An important part of this conflict revolved around the infamous Silver Purchase Act, which was of importance in foreign affairs because it involved our efforts to bolster Mexico, China and Spain as a phase of the Administration's efforts to curb Fascism. The act, requiring the Treasury to buy silver at a high price in order to raise the world price, was forced through by a bloc of sectional-minded Western senators. Even as late as 1939, Roosevelt was forced to "buy" repeal of the Arms Embargo Act by agreeing to a more favorable price for domestic silver, because Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, told him, "We have got 18 votes—and what are you going to do about it?"

The Western bloc thought only of benefits which would go to their states, but the Silver Act played a role in foreign relations because it could strengthen anti-Fascist nations which had silver to sell. Mexico had a democratic government struggling for survival, with its main source of revenue coming from silver it sold the U.S. Treasury.

Some elements in the State Department, however, would not have been disappointed at the Mexican government's financial collapse, hoping for a new regime that would be more generous in recompensing Americans for expropriated oil lands. The State Department thus fostered a British-American boycott of Mexican oil. This provided a splendid opportunity for the Germans, who needed Mexican oil and also saw a chance to promote enmity between Mexico and the Anglo-Americans. Our silver purchases from Mexico were our best weapon against this Nazi maneuver.

With Roosevelt's support, I tried to persuade Hull and some of his subordinates that the Cardenas regime in Mexico was no more radical than that of Thomas Jefferson. I apparently failed to impress him, because he later reiterated a contrary view and asked me: "Could you drop the price of silver about a cent? We are having a lot of trouble in Mexico and you know the President and Daniels (Josephus Daniels, our ambassador to Mexico) have given the Mexicans the impression they can flaunt everything in our face. I have to deal with those Communists down there. Couldn't you drop the price of silver?"

"I don't think so," I replied.

A Silver Policy to Help China

Our silver policy also was important in efforts to help China's shattered economy and in the President's desire to stiffen her against Japan. In 1934, the need for a meeting with representatives of Chiang Kai-shek's government to work out a financial plan to aid China became obvious, but the State Department hung back and seemed unable to straighten out all the diplomatic complexities involved.

Then, one Sunday night in February, 1935, Bullitt went unexpectedly to the White House and told the President that the Chinese minister, Dr. Sze, had shown him a confidential cable which Sze felt he could not take to the State Department, because he wanted to be sure the information reached Roosevelt. The cable said Japan had offered to assist China and to join her in opposing American efforts to hold up the price of silver (possibly by dumping large amounts of silver to depress the market) in return for Japanese economic control of all of China north of the Yellow River.

To the President, this meant confirmation of his belief that our policy of buying silver at a fixed price was "somehow . . . hurting Japan," presumably by delaying a collapse in China. He later repeated to Hull that it should be made clear to China that our Treasury would be glad to discuss Chinese monetary difficulties but Hull was not receptive. Much later—in 1936—Hull was still saying that Japan resented any American or British interest in Chinese finances, and that he preferred to do nothing, to offend no one, for the time being.

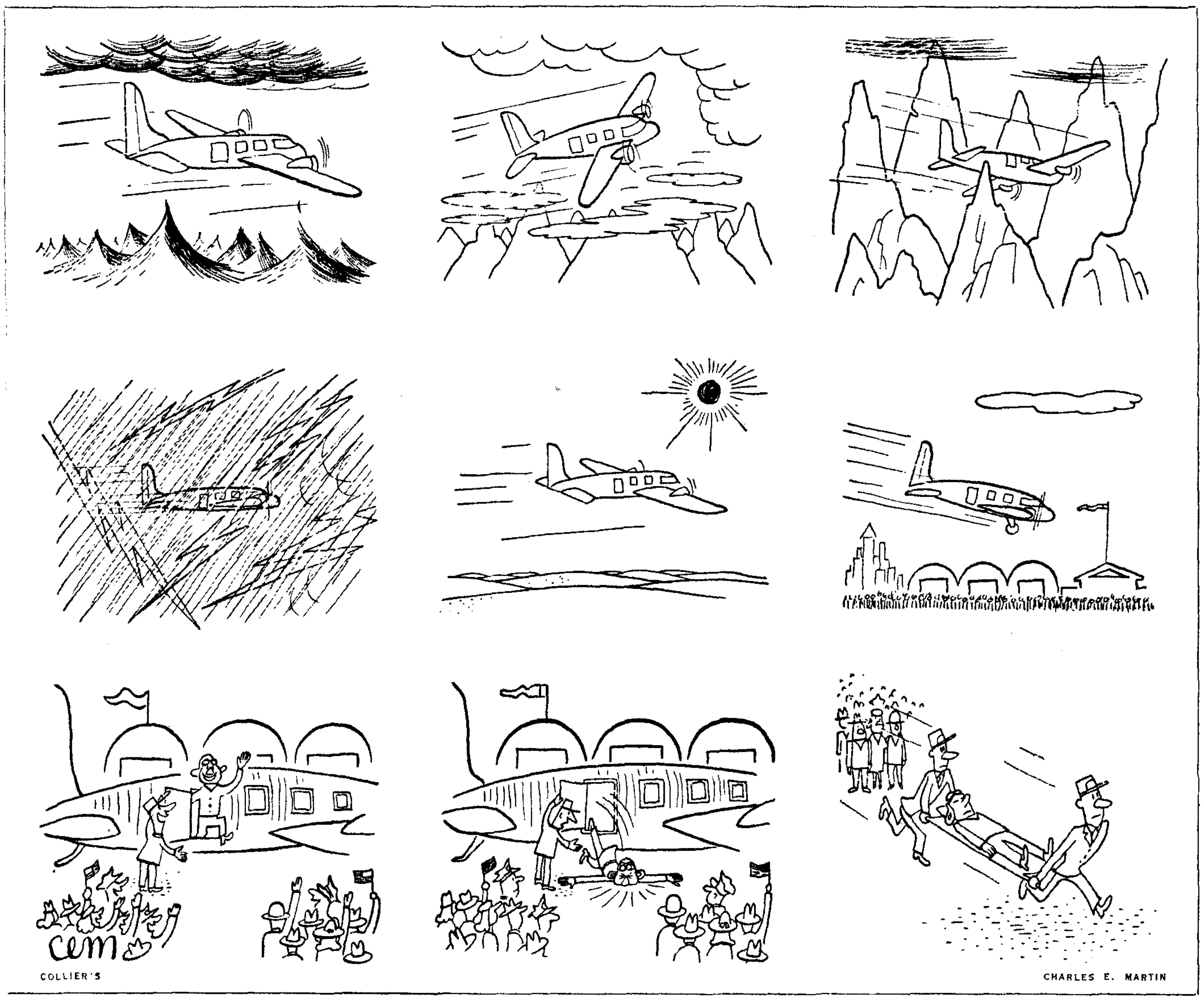
Another conflict with the State Department arose over Spain. On January 27, 1938, Fernando de los Rios, ambassador of the Spanish Republic, which badly needed money for arms, called on me to inquire whether the Treasury would under the Silver Purchase Act buy from his government silver stored in a fortress near Barcelona.

"The answer is yes," I said. As soon as his government delivered the silver in New York, we would be ready to buy it.

But De los Rios was actually never able to use the money to buy arms for the Spanish Republican soldiers. His $15,000,000 remained in a safe-deposit box in the Riggs National Bank across Pennsylvania Avenue from the Treasury while German and Italian planes bombed helpless Spanish cities. I hoped the President would overrule Hull, but he didn't.

I think his main motive was less a fear of alienating organized pro-Franco groups in the country than a desire not to force the hand of his Secretary of State. He felt that he could not afford, for the sake of a single issue, to weaken Hull before Congress, where his popularity often won the Administration a narrow victory on major fights.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau discloses how President Roosevelt pushed airplane production for the Allies over the bitter objections of General Arnold and Secretary Woodring; how he planned to continue Lend-Lease after the war and how Churchill asked Roosevelt if he should get up on his "hind legs and beg like Fala?"



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FLAHERTY'S DECLINE AND FALL

Continued from page 23

She took him back to the house then. He acted dazed. When he had gone to his room, Sally entered her parents' bedroom and gently awakened her mother.

"Mom," she said, "wake up. We got a tactical problem, us females. I need a winner's advice."

Mrs. Shannon sat up in bed. "I've been waiting," she said. "I thought that boy looked wary." She got out of bed, donned her robe and slippers. "Don't wake your father. He'll listen and think he has to make funny remarks."

Shannon, without even turning over in bed, said, "It's going to be a terrible thing to see, but I hope you two corral that fellow. I like him."

Sally walked over to the bed, stooped and kissed her old man's bald head.

In Sally's room Mrs. Shannon sat on the bed and watched her daughter comb her hair and cream her face. "What's the matter, Sally? Another girl?"

"I love that man, Mom, but he's not having any. It's not competition. The big stiff says he can't afford it."

"I asked your father about that; he's a regent on the college board you know. He said Flaherty gets $3,000 a year. That's enough to start on. Why, when we—"

"It isn't money he can't afford."

"What then?"

"He says he can't afford going insane for the next few months. Claims a man in love has lost his marbles. He says he isn't going to fall in love until he gets done writing about some Indians—dead ones at that." Sally put down her brush and faced her mother. "Judas priest, Mom, what can you do with a mulehead like that? His mind's made up."

"Piffle!" said Mrs. Shannon. "His mind's got nothing to do with it. Men generally talk like that before surrendering. Your father said he wouldn't marry me until he had $1,500 saved up."

"How much did he have?"

"I gave him two hundred, so he had two fifty."

"What did you do to him?"

"I made him love me a little more." Mrs. Shannon, smiling to herself, traced out the pattern on the bedspread. "Mike is right about a man's being off his trolley when he's in love. But what he doesn't seem to realize is that he can't decide when, where and with whom he is going to fall in love, and make it stick. Nature decides that. Once a man starts falling in love it's usually all over except for a lot of talk."

For the next half hour Flaherty's future was under new management. By the time Mrs. Shannon crawled back into bed he had become the target of a plan as old as Homo sapiens. Mrs. Shannon, smiling with memories of an old campaign, looked at the gently snoring target of 25 years ago, who slept beside her. She raised on one elbow and kissed him softly on the cheek.

EARLY the next morning Sally and Flaherty piled into the jeep and drove 10 miles over a desert road to the ranch of C. K. Thurston, upon whose land was the pueblo.

"Here's where we borrow horses for the ride into the pueblo," Sally said. "I'd better warn you, I got a young fella in here who likes me whether I am a species gone insane or not. I'll be back in a few minutes. Try to be mannerly to your rival, Professor."

She returned with a broad-shouldered, flat-bellied, young man of nineteen or twenty. His hair was fair and curly, his eyes were brown. He wore hip-fitting denims and his open shirt revealed a chest tanned the color of fried bacon. "Mike," Sally said, "this is Leslie Thurston. Michael Flaherty, Les."

The men shook hands. "Sally tells me you're all hopped up about the old pueblo on the place," Leslie said.

"Very much. Mostly Hopis through here, I suppose?"

"Could be. Indians, dead or jumping, never much interested me." He put his arm around Sally and hugged her. "Some of my neighbors do though."

"Yes," Flaherty said, looking away. "Is the pueblo far?"

"About an hour's ride from here. How are you on a horse, Professor? Country's pretty rugged out there."

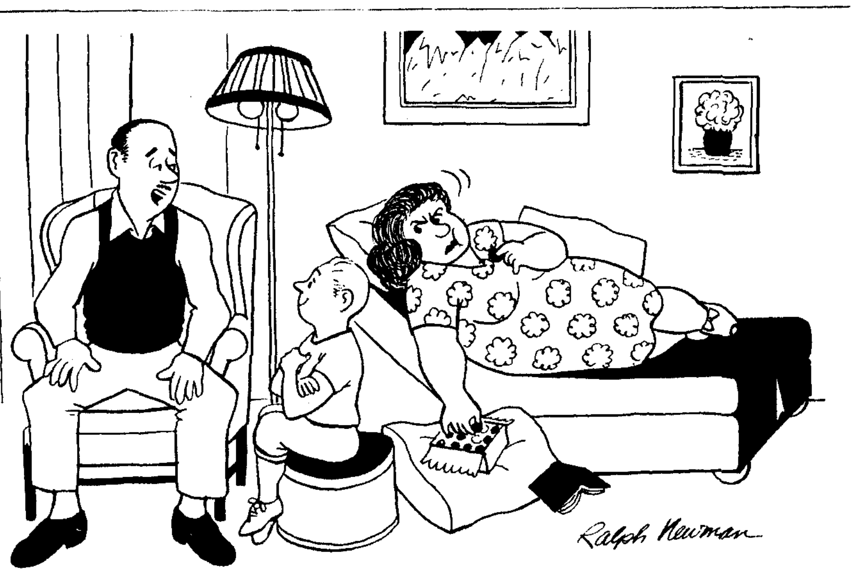
Flaherty admitted he owned a seat that neither he nor horses thought much of.

"I have a charming idea," Sally said. "Les, you and I will ride and old Pantywaist here can drive the jeep as far as possible. We'll lead an extra horse for him to ride when the country gets too rough for the jeep."

"Sugar, that'll be swell. I've been waiting for you to ask me." He put his face down and nuzzled Sally's.

Flaherty wondered just what in hell the younger generation was coming to. "Mr. Thurston's undoubtedly got other things to do," he said. "Like maybe feeding the pigs."

"No hogs. Nope, Professor, I'd ad-



"First, I'll tell you about the bees, son. To begin with, their social system is amazingly like our own. There is the queen bee, a fat female who sits around eating all day, while the poor drones, or working bees, have to slave all the time just to keep her fed and comfortable—"

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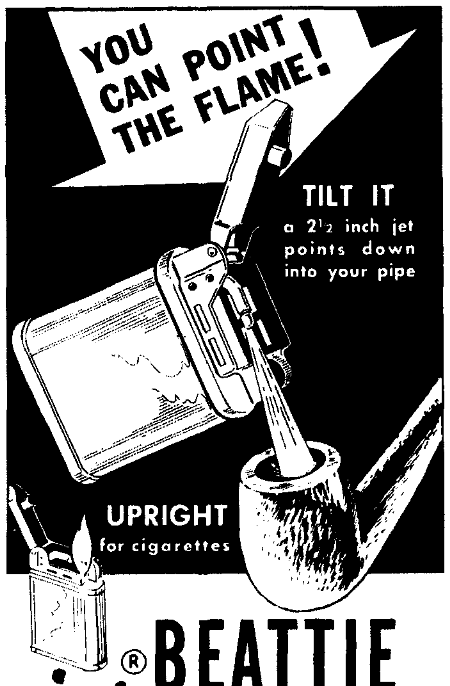

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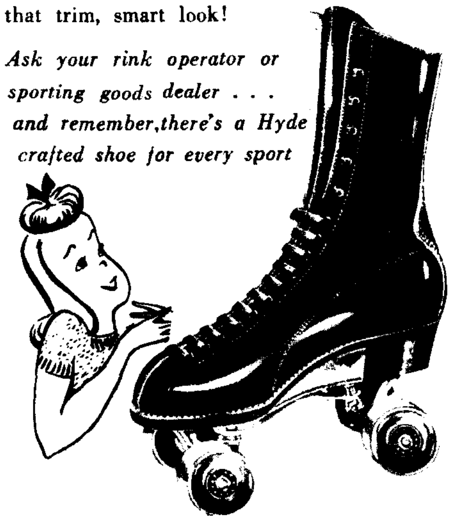

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mire to help you out, and Sugar here is going to need young blood around."

They packed the jeep with food and beer, and they saddled three horses. They headed out across the flat desert for a range of low, red-gray mountains. From the outset Flaherty had trouble holding the jeep down to the horses' pace. After a quarter mile, Leslie, big and easy in the saddle, said, "No use you hanging back on our account, Professor." He pointed. "See that mountain there that looks like a pin-up girl lying down? You wait for us at the base of it. Roger?"

Flaherty looked pleadingly at Sally, but she said, "Go on, Professor. Les is an old hand at taking care of me."

Flaherty tightened his jaw, shifted his depraved vehicle into four-wheel drive and lunged at the pin-up. He realized he was carrying on like a schoolboy inflamed with spring and that it was childish to hope Leslie would be thrown and his skull spattered on a rock. He was jealous, an emotion so low even Gila monsters had it, and it humiliated him. He felt Homo sapiens ought to have outgrown jealousy. Gradually, the drive soothed him; by the time he had reached the mountain's base he was smiling at the hornswoggling his mind had been taking from his blood stream. He began to peer at himself with a clear, objective eye. He saw that his mind was being poisoned by nature—in the form of a succulent female. Pleased at having caught himself in time, he opened a can of beer and loafed in the shade of the jeep. After a while, he threw the can at a lizard and looked out across the desert for Sally and Leslie. They rode close together; once, when he saw them blend together he stiffened up like a coiled spring. When they arrived he said, "You took your time."

"Adonis and me had a lot of fat to chew," Sally said.

"We'll have to leave the jeep here," Leslie said. "Think you can stay on a horse for a half hour, Professor?"

"Of course, sonny," Flaherty said. He walked to his horse, an elderly sorrel.

"Left side, Professor," Leslie said. "Always mount from the left side."

"Maybe you'd better help the old gentleman on," Sally said.

A LITTLE grim, Flaherty got into the saddle alone. Sally smiled at him, but said nothing. Leslie transferred the food and beer to saddlebags and they started up through a canyon. It was angular, eroded, harsh country. They rode for a half hour before Leslie pointed. "There's your pueblo, Professor."

Flaherty made out the flat simple lines of the buildings. They were gray-brown and had the look of being stacked. Like most pueblos of the Hopis, it perched on a high, dry mesa, notably uncomfortable and accessible only on foot. The Hopis selected their building sites with an idea to making it tiresome for their enemies, but they made their friends just as tired. Flaherty dismounted carefully.

"You okay, old man?" Leslie asked.

"Bub," Flaherty said, his bustle bruised and his temper close to the surface, "though I turned thirty last August I retain my original fangs, hair and eardrums. I still have calluses on my umbilicus from crawling over Okinawa on my stomach, not an exercise for the senile. From your upstart generation I demand respect, not assistance."

"Hey," Sally said, "listen to Gramps flex his muscles."

Flaherty took pleasure from being able to scale the mountain to the pueblo without getting winded. Sally began wheezing a hundred yards from the top and Flaherty was proud to see Leslie arrive and throw himself on the ground.

"Pooped by that little rise, children?" Flaherty asked.

Sally came over to him. "Let your chest down, Gramps," she advised, "you'll give yourself a strain." For a moment she looked so warmly into his eyes

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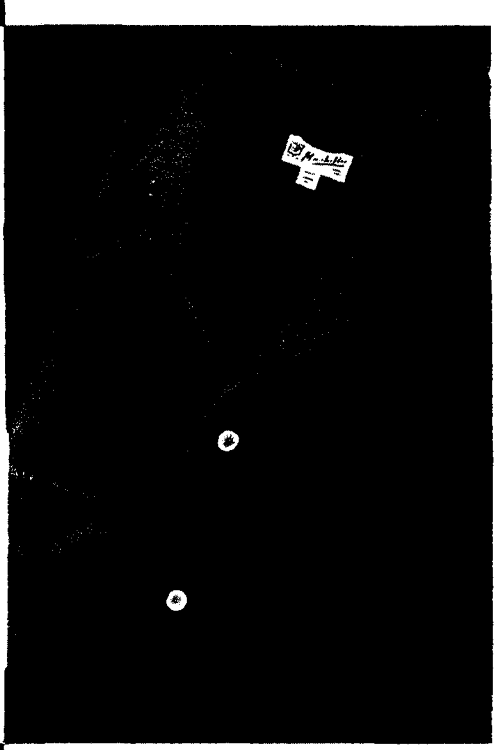

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that he had a tremor. Her face was flushed; she was suddenly so lovely to Flaherty that he had a low, plainly insane yen to kiss her. She conquered the feeling for him when she turned to Leslie. "Les," she said, "agitate your muscles and open me a can of suds. We can be comfortable while our elderly Superman scrounges for bones."

"You'd better come along with me," Flaherty said quickly. "I may need help, especially if the ladders are gone."

"If you get stuck, Gramps," Sally said, "holler. Otherwise leave me and this young fella to our youthful devices."

Flaherty reined in his routed reason, assured himself he didn't give a hoot in hell whether she came with him or not. He left them in the shade swigging beer.

THE pueblo was long abandoned. He probed the first-floor rooms where the Hopis had stored water and maize and found nothing; the place had been looted by earlier curious people. He climbed to the second story and in one room found a few fragments of pottery. He fastened his scientific eye upon them and found himself speculating whether Sally and that outsized cretin, Leslie, were as close as they seemed. He wondered what they were doing, now that he was gone—necking, probably. He had a sudden anguished picture of Leslie's handsome blond head bending down to kiss Sally as she clung to his massive chest. Sally's scream couldn't have come at a better time. Flaherty started as if stabbed. He bolted from the room, shinned down a pole and sprinted.

He came upon a sight. Leslie stood with his feet wide apart and with a stick walloped an outraged, adult rattlesnake. Back from him a few feet stood Sally, staring at two small holes in her hand. Flaherty ran to her.

"You've been bitten!" he cried. "Good God, Sally!"

She looked at him as if she didn't know what had happened. Shock, Flaherty told himself. "Does it hurt, baby?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Here," Flaherty said, "give me your arm quick." He whipped out his handkerchief. "I never saw a snake bite, but we were briefed on it for Okie. Got to use a tourniquet." He wrapped his handkerchief about her arm above the elbow, inserted a stick between the cloth and her skin and twisted it tight. He grabbed her hand then and examined the two small holes. "Honey," he said, "I've got to hurt you just a little for your own good."

"Yes, Mike," Sally said.

Flaherty took out his jackknife, sterilized the blade with a match flame and with obvious agony to himself enlarged the holes a trifle. "I had to do it, baby," he told her miserably. "We've got to bleed the poison out."

While Sally sat down and bled the best she could, Leslie came over. He had ruined the snake. "Got just the thing for you, Sugar," he said. "Been saving it for snake bite." He took a small flask from his shirt pocket. "Nothing like bourbon for a rattler chewing."

"You give that girl whisky," said Flaherty, beginning to roar, "and I'll clout out those baby teeth of yours!" He calmed himself. "Don't you know, you addled child, that whisky increases the heart action, makes the blood circulate faster—just what we want to prevent?"

Sally bled and proudly watched Flaherty.

"We've got to get you home before you start to swell," Flaherty told her. He turned on Leslie. "I don't suppose you have any potassium permanganate?"

"I doubt it," Leslie said. "What is it?"

"Destroys the poison. Without it we've got to move fast. We'll carry her."

"Clean down this mountain?" Leslie asked. "Why can't she walk—big, strong tomato like her?"

"Thurston!" bellowed Flaherty with all the inhumanity of a platoon sergeant hustling his brood. "We carry her!"

"Yes, sir, Professor."

Flaherty knelt and picked up Sally. "I can't let you walk," he said, "because it would increase your heart action."

"Yes, Mike," Sally said. She snuggled her face in under his ear. "When I swell up, honey," she asked weakly, "how big do I get?"

"Try not to think about it," Flaherty said.

He carried her a ways in silence, then she said, "Am I going to kick the bucket, do you think, Mike?"

"Of course not, baby."

"I might," Sally said. "We lost a neighbor from snake bite, so I might." She hugged him tightly. "I guess I better tell you now, Mike, just in case: I love you very much, even if you don't care for me."

"Don't say that," Flaherty said.

"It's true, isn't it? I know it's true about my loving you so hard, and you said you can't afford going insane—"

Flaherty halted, panting. He peered down at the face of the snake-bit girl in his arms. Then he kissed her with a kind of hungry fury that certainly was a bad thing for Sally's heart action. "Baby," he panted, "no matter what I said or what happens you can know for always that I love you too." He looked a little nuts all right.

She smiled bravely and made a little joke. "Even if I swell up big as Sidney Greenstreet?"

In relays Mike and Leslie lugged Sally down from the pueblo. There they put her on a horse and rode to the jeep. They packed her as comfortably as possible in the little car, and while Leslie took the three horses back, Mike and Sally headed for Shannon's ranch.

WHEN they drove up to the ranch, Shannon was watering his lawn. "Sally's been bitten by a rattler!" Flaherty yelled. "Call a doctor while I bring her in!"

Shannon ran to the jeep.

"Hi, Pop," Sally said. "I'm snake-bit."

Her father scrutinized her for a moment before turning to Flaherty. "You call the doc, Mike. I'll take her in."

When Mike had gone, Sally said, "Mike says I am going to swell up and maybe bust."

"I ought to bust you one on the head," Shannon said. "What're you up to?"

"Mike saved me. He made me bleed and he carried me and he offered to hammer out Leslie's teeth. If I live, Pop, I think I have cornered you a son-in-law."

Shannon snorted. "You haven't been bitten by a rattler, that's for sure, so more than likely Mike will kill you himself. So what goes on anyway?"

Sally grinned happily. "You won't squeal? Promise?"

"I'm stuck with you, child, I'm your father."

"Okay, then. I knew the big gink loved me, but he wouldn't admit it, so I needled him all day flirting with Leslie."

"Leslie! That lame brain's your first cousin!"

"Mike doesn't know it and I promised Les he can use my jeep for a week if he'd string along and make passes."

Shannon shuddered. "Go on."

"I guess it was sort of underhanded, but when Les and I found a nice fat old rattler lounging up near the pueblo I decided to test out Mike. I figured if he thought he was going to lose me he'd straighten up and fly right. So I punctured my hand with a cactus needle and screamed and Les beat up the snake and sure enough, Mike loves me."

For a few moments Shannon stared at his enterprising daughter in open wonder. He took a deep breath. "Come on," he said, "I'll carry you in. A man's got to protect his young."

THE END

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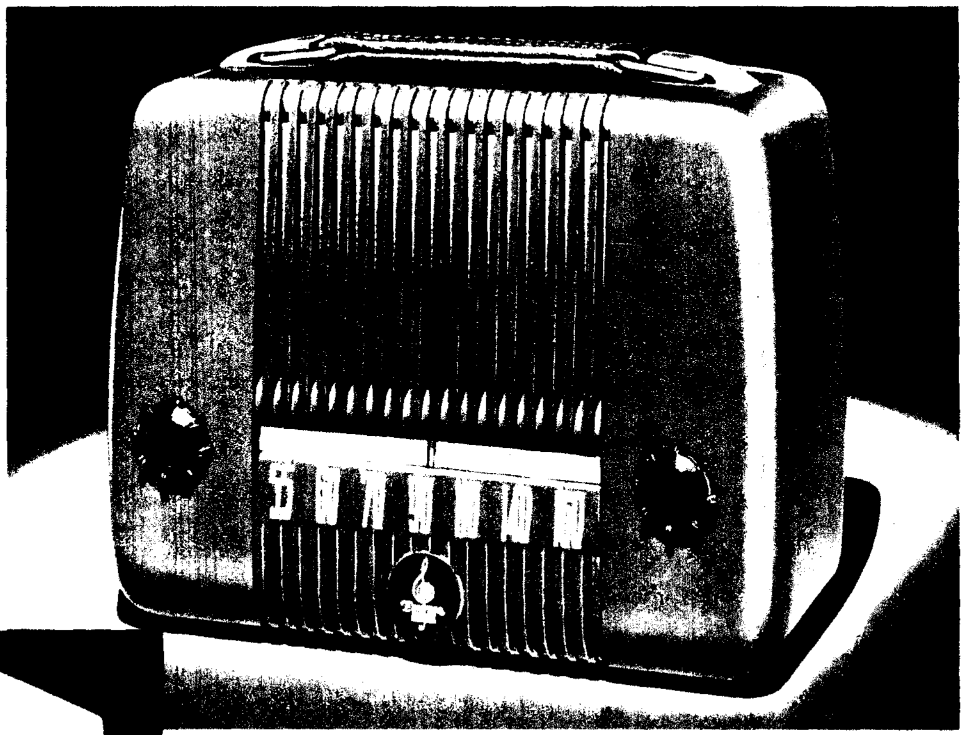

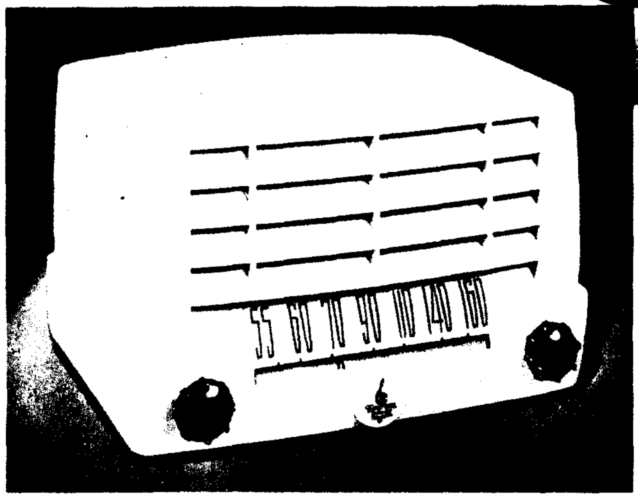

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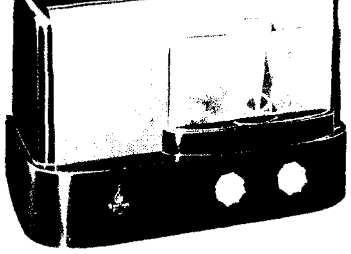

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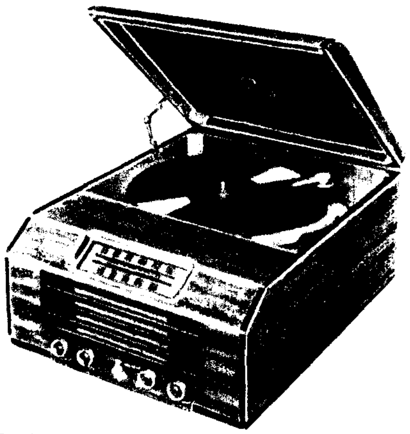

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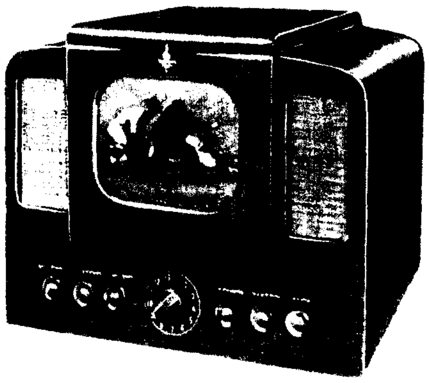

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FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT
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LITTLE MEL, THE DEBS' DELIGHT

Continued from page 17

of this deafening cave, did not despair, although his oldest customers sneered, "When are you gonna get a crew haircut, Monte?"

Then one fateful evening the bison had lowered themselves into the cellar, fired up their cigars and were demonstrating against the singer, when, suddenly, as in a Greek myth, clouds of shining young people flowed into the subterranean salt lick. They infiltrated the lines of the bison and took up positions on the floor. It was learned later that the proper stance to listen to Tormé is to recline on the boards, cup one's chin in one's hand and close one's eyes. The flabbergasted bison fell silent. Nothing was heard except the throbbing of their veins. When one of them attempted to utter something, a tender young thing would look up from the floor and shush him.

The disk jockeys had ridden to the rescue. They had told Mel's radio audience that he was playing the Copa.

Enter the Bobbysox Brigade

That night Tormé was audible. He had introduced into the wickedest night club in the sinful city a glowing infant charm known as the Coke trade. Before that everybody drank whisky at $1.25 each application. Tormé's followers drank Coke at a dollar a jug. Monte Proser is not crazy. It does not take a king of finance to figure out that you make more money on soda pop. Also less gore needs to be wiped off the foyer.

The Coke trade did not permanently redeem the Copacabana. When Tormé closed his phenomenal engagement, Abbott and Costello came in and broke the spell. A wise Broadway press agent explained the outraged feelings of the regular crowd. "They resent the kid singing songs from before he was born. They want to hear the old schmalz rendered by the old schmalzenheimers. They want to settle down with a loud singer who takes them back to their yout', before the first time they went to the pen."

Tormé was grateful for the daring rescue by the disk jockeys. The kid made some special eighteen-inch records for the jocks, with five Tormé numbers on each side. He threw a giant beanfeast for them.

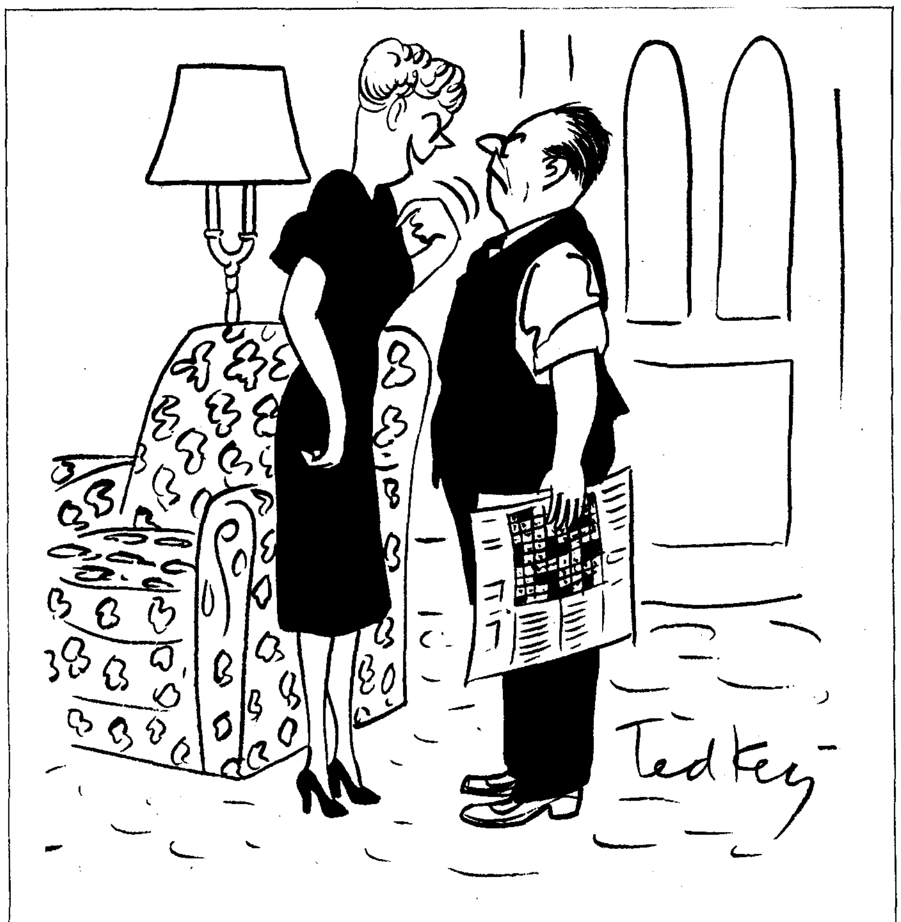
At that time there were 62 persons in Manhattan who earned their bread by playing records on the radio, and 474 of them attended the party.

They met a young chap who was the image of the successful American boy. His wardrobe was on the happy side. The sport jacket looked like its wearer had become snagged in a Brigadoon backdrop and couldn't shake it off. The shirt vibrated. The necktie resembled a sunset over Victoria Falls. He wore a wrist watch that looked like the main timepiece at the Royal Naval Observatory at Greenwich.

When he sang, the jocks heard what they wanted. He did his own arrangements of Let's Do It, You're the Cream in My Coffee and You Ought to Be in Pictures. Before they went away, Tormé gave them the final sample of his ability to make a new song out of an old one. He sang the tumultuous ancient named Whoopee as a slow torch tune, and frank tears fell on the barroom floor.

Tormé doesn't like to hear talk that he is threatening Sinatra's crown. "Frank Sinatra is my idol," he says. "He was supposed to be a threat to Crosby, but nobody bumped Bing. Bing is the Papa. Everybody in this business owes it to him. I'm twenty-one years old and singing tunes that were tops before I was born. Papa was singing better than me when I was born, and Frank can still do it better than me. I will say, though, that Frank let his daughters join my fan club," he adds with a leer.

Tormé's first starring movie is M-G-M's Good News, in which Mel's film generation sits around on the fraternity house porch singing daddy's Hit Parade: The Best Things in Life are Free, Lucky in Love, and Just Imagine. He also has his own fifteen-minute weekly network program, featuring accompani-



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ment by a quintet which may send the jazz purists into the streets with picket signs. The instrumentation includes a flute and a lady playing a harp.

Tormé doesn't smoke, drink or chew. His gastronomic needs are not listed on night-club menus. His idea of a binge is a thick chocolate malted. He likes cup cakes and cream soda for breakfast, and plenty of butterscotch candy between meals. Boxes of this confection cover the tables in his quarters, along with his collection of guns and honorary police badges.

He and his song-writing partner, Bob Wells, own a midget racing car, the Tormé-Wells Special, which has been performing on California tracks.

Wells, a burly ex-G.I. a few years older than Tormé, met the singer for the first time at a Hollywood party where Tormé was running the better-looking girls up plaster pillars—and catching them. That night over a malted they agreed to become partners in song.

Tormé is aware of the perils of crooning. "A crooner must be able to defend himself," he says. He does not rely entirely on honorary police badges. He purchased some bar bells and has been augmenting his physique. When he contracts his hard-won muscles his identification tags start to jingle. He wears around his neck an Army dog tag and a golden key given him by Cathy Downs.

Tormé is a self-taught musician. He and Wells have written scores of songs. Their works tend to be clean and often do not deal with love. When they brought out a tune called County Fair they were hazed by older Hollywood writers. "Why don't you kids try to make money?" the songsmiths jeered. "Why write that stuff about Mrs. Perkins' Pickles? Get on the love beam, Junior." Mrs. Perkins and her prize-winning pickles were promptly bought by Walt Disney for his film, How Dear to My Heart. Another Tormé-Wells number, Magic Town, is the theme song of James Stewart's picture of the same name.

Bing himself almost sang one of their songs. They wrote Abie's Irish Rose for Crosby's regrettable movie of this old chestnut. Bing was the producer of this film, but he planned to make a surprise appearance at the end, dressed as an Irish cop, and warble the ditty. The sneak previews were so bad that Bing canceled the ending. "Good song, though," say Tormé and Wells.

Competition For White Christmas

Their masterwork is The Christmas Song, which broke out last December, considerably jarring Irving Berlin, who had sequestered the whole field of contemporary Yule music with White Christmas. Recorded by only two bands, The Christmas Song nevertheless sold 750,000 records last season. This year twelve bands sat around in the summer heat, grooving it for the gladsome Noel. Irving Berlin, you have been warned.

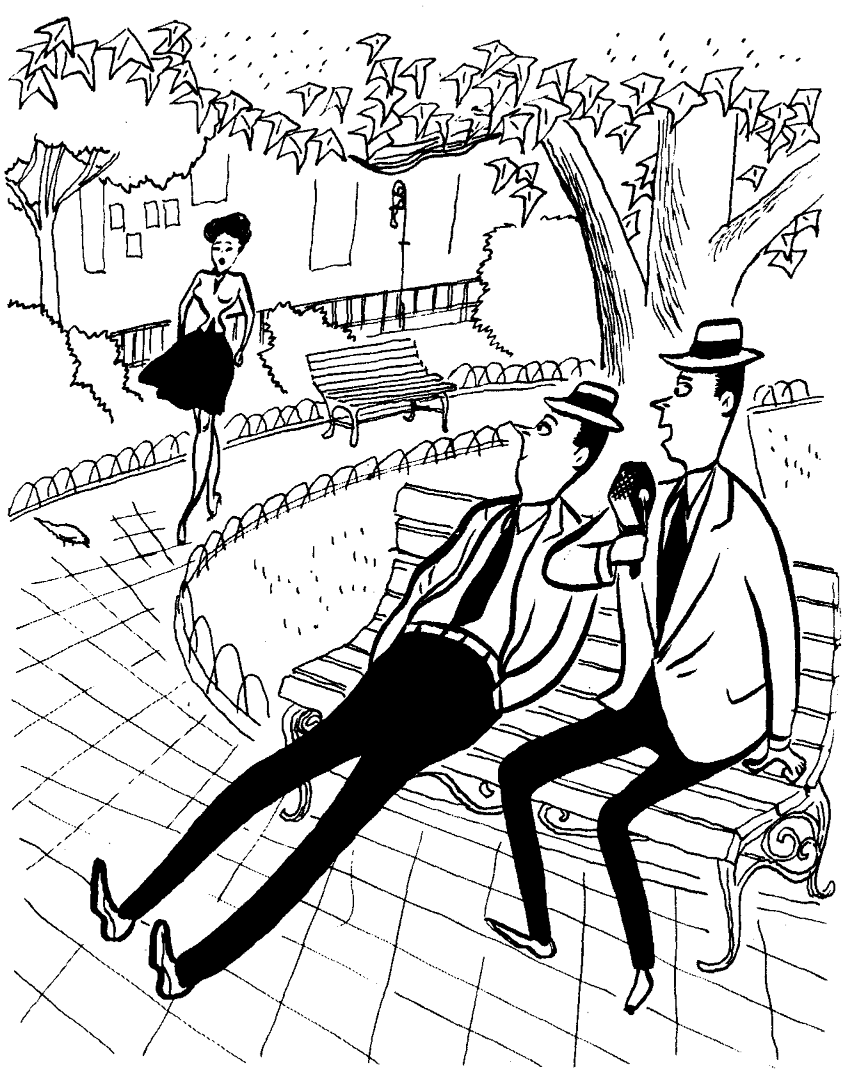
Tormé might have been only a composer, actor, arranger, conductor and drummer, except for a lucky accident that made him a singer. In the same year he made his debut with Coon-Sanders his parents sold him on having his tonsils out. A valuable fragment of tonsil grew back in and made his voice sound laryngitic, the inner secret of crooners. Last year Tormé finally contracted laryngitis itself. He consulted a throat specialist, who said, "It's nothing but a little flap of tonsil. I'll take it out and you'll not be bothered again."

Tormé is a careful fellow. "Is it infected?" he asked.

"No," said the specialist.

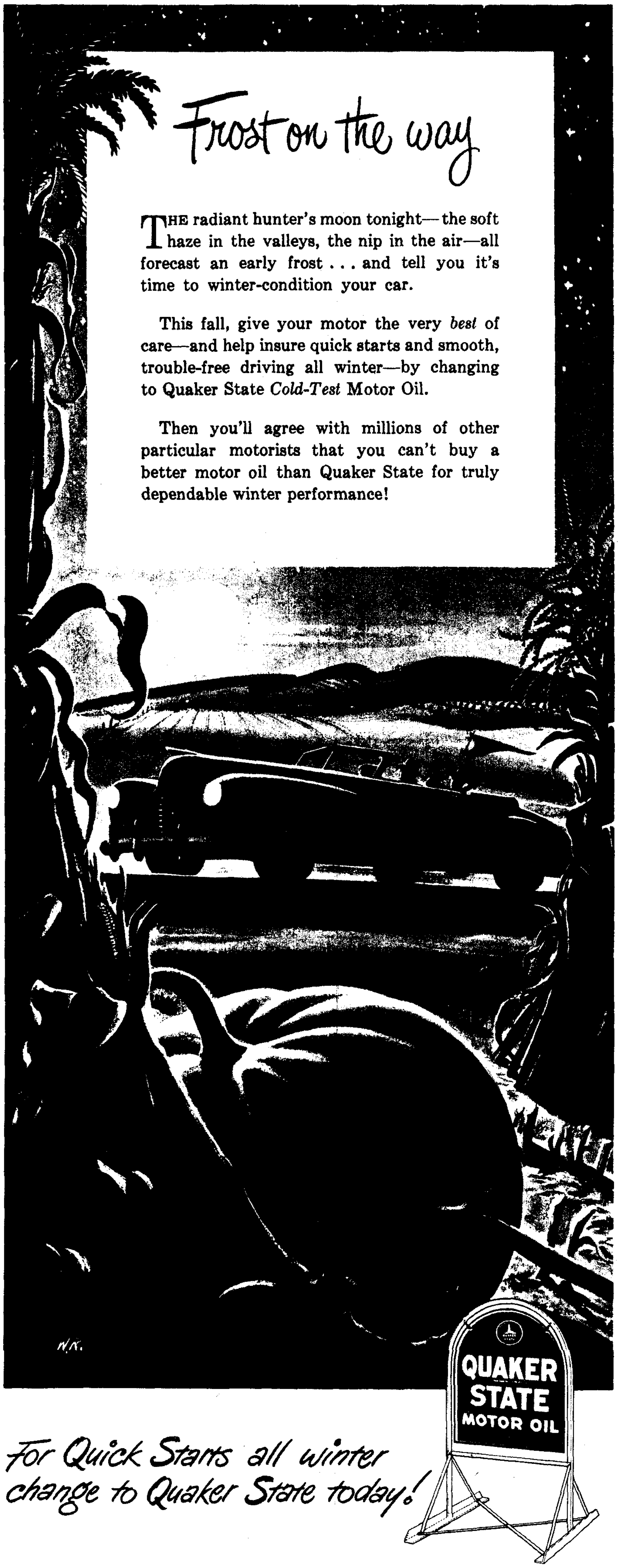
Rising from the table, little Mel took off for the door. "You'll take it out over my dead body," he exclaimed.

THE END



"It's painfully simple—I merely step up to her with this dummy microphone and ask her name and where she lives!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON



Frost on the way

THE radiant hunter's moon tonight—the soft haze in the valleys, the nip in the air—all forecast an early frost . . . and tell you it's time to winter-condition your car.

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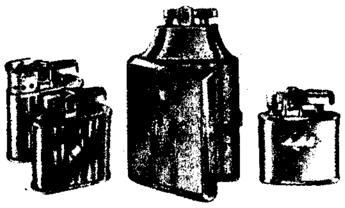

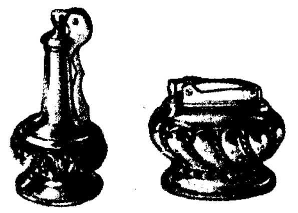

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

LOLLIPOP BANKS?

SIRS: Your editorial Let's Have Brighter Banks (Aug. 23d) is silly. All the people want of a bank is assurance that their money is coming back to them. Parents or depositors don't expect the banks to buy lollipops for their children. Running a bank is different than running silly editorials in Collier's Weekly.

W. R. CRANE, Evanston, Ill.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

DEAR EDITOR: On looking through Aug. 30th Collier's I found two jokes to gripe about: (1) Jeff Keate made the mistake of putting in an even number of jurors. There are twelve and there should be thirteen. (2) On page 73, if the point is hamburger, Gardner Rea should check with a grocer. There he would undoubtedly find that hamburger is made mostly from beef!

A CAREFUL READER, Piqua, Ohio.

(1) The 13th juror is under the table seizing 40 winks while the battle goes on, has left his coat as evidence. (2) Are you kidding?

. . . One of your cartoons shows a juryman smoking a cigarette at least two inches from his mouth. Is that really possible?

MAX ROEDER, Newcomerstown, Ohio

The juror's parents advised him to keep away from tobacco as far as possible.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: Billy Rose, author of Misfortune's Favorite (June 21st) stated that the Spanish shoemaker Pablo Rodriguez, living in Barcelona, takes from the messenger a telegram and "opened the yellow envelope." In Spain, no telegram was delivered in a yellow envelope, but on a blue sheet folded. Little details make good work.

MANUEL SANCHEZ COBOS,
La Coruña, Spain

INFLATED BRASS HATS

DEAR EDITOR: As the author of Buttering the Navy Brass (June 21st), please allow me a few brief comments on the remarks made by Lorraine Salvatore and a Captain Boucheron concerning that article (The Week's Mail, Aug. 9th). Miss Salvatore offers, as a symbol of the Regular Navy, "an ordinary boot who, upon being appointed for Annapolis, became the Academy's first six-striper. He didn't get there because of whom he knew, but what he knew." Sister, he was no "ordinary boot." He was Superman.

Captain Pierre Boucheron, who has been in the Naval Reserve long enough to assume the coloration, moans that I have given the average civilian "the impression our Navy is in very bad hands," and "No wonder Congress is chopping off needed funds from naval appropriations." That's not just the way I heard it, sir. As an exserviceman and taxpayer I was shocked to read that Congress had authorized a nearly 400 per cent increase in the number of permanent generals and admirals. The report also stated that we still have 400 admirals. One admiral, with fixings, costs about $10.000. Multiply, Captain.

LEWIS H. CONARROE, Maher, Colo.

CONTORTIONIST

DEAR EDITOR: Far be it for me to criticize anything published in Collier's but—in The Chained Gate by John Richard Humphreys (Aug. 2d), I came across this puzzling sentence, "In a pistonlike movement, Jack sat down at the table."

Pistonlike movement? Does it mean up and down, up and down, up, down, up, down, faster, faster, as pistons usually go?

MARK MAXWELL, Erie, Pa.

SKY-HIGH PRICES

DEAR SIR: In Who Tied a Kite to Food Prices? (Aug. 30th), Lester Velie says: "The farmer has never had it so good, not even during the high-cost-of-living days of World War I. His net cash income is more than three times that of 1939."

Why shouldn't the farmer have some of the things a city millworker has? If you should ever drive outside the New York metropolitan area, maybe you'll see some farmer putting in a septic tank and some plumbing. Perhaps you would enjoy spending the rest of your life going to the little house in the back yard and carrying water to take a bath in a washtub after hard and dirty work. Maybe you have seen a farmer with a new suit of clothes. Probably the suit he was married in twenty years ago has worn. Maybe you saw some buildings that needed paint and some being painted. Do you know that that will cost him $1,000 or more doing it the cheapest way?

Have you tried to get any new farm machinery lately? Most of the prewar equipment, some of it dating from World War I, was inched through World War II with baling wire and prayers. You have heard of that vanishing creature, the hired man. He gets twice the prewar wage.

How much do you think it takes to pay interest on the $25,000 to $40,000 investment a farmer has tied up in land, buildings, stock and machinery?

If the rest of the country wants its farmers to live like Mexican peons and work for 10 cents per hour to provide 30-cent butter and 25-cent beafsteaks for the rest of the country making $1 per hour, a rude awakening is in store.

H. KATHERINE POWER, Appleton, Wis.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

DEAR SIR: It looks as if the train on the Aug. 30th cover is headed for a derailment, if it keeps on going and runs through that open switch. The engineman has no way of telling that the switch is open as there is no target on the switch standard. Also, if that switch handle is supposed to throw that switch, it should be opposite the switch points, not 5 or 6 feet away from it.

WILLIAM CURTIS, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . This former boomer telegrapher, now editor, deeply grieved your current cover which shows no semaphore signals above railroad station, without which no small-town railroad station is complete.

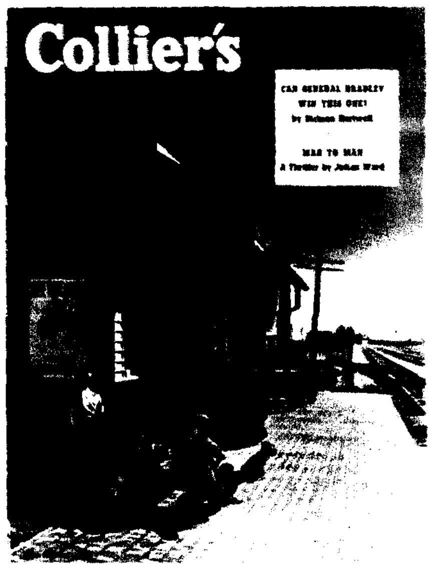
F. LANDER MOORMAN, Douglas, Ga.

. . . I wouldn't like to be on the train which tries to make that curve.

D. B. HODGINS, Clarksburg, W. Va.

. . . It is still a swell cover, however, and truly Americana.

H. J. WHITBECK, Stillwater, Minn.



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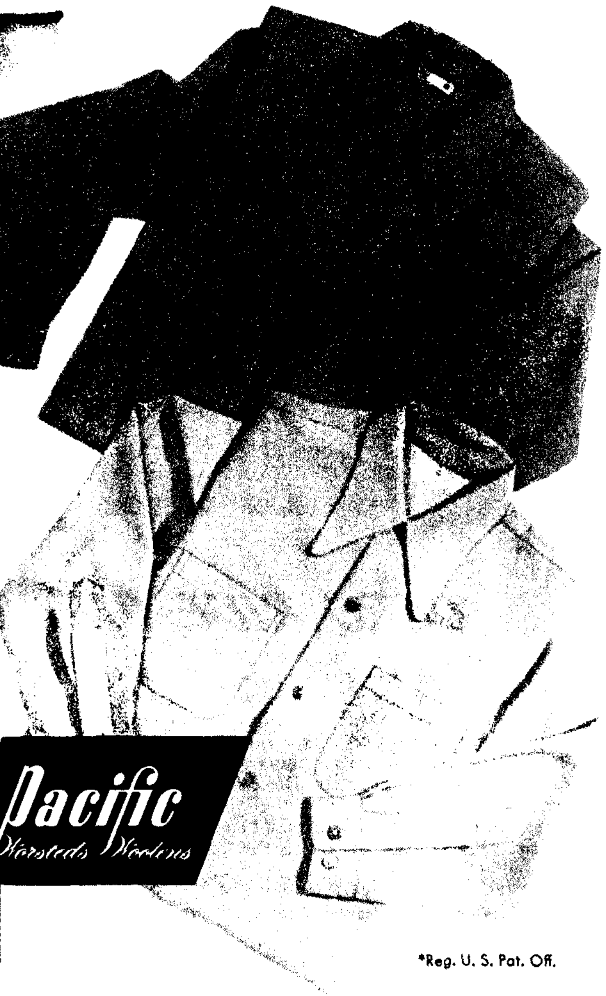
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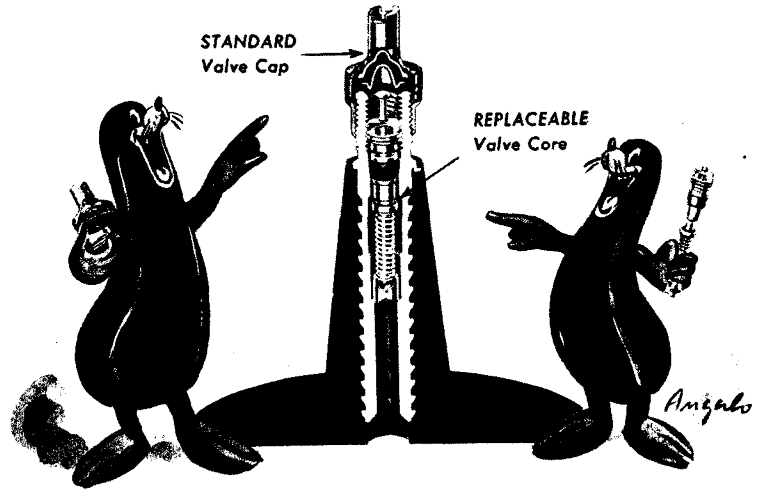

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To "Make Your Tires Last Longer," RIDE WITH BOTH SEALS, Buy them where you see this display

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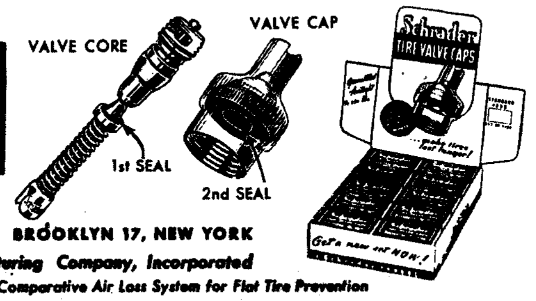

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SALT IN THE AIR

Continued from page 14

There was no such knowledge in these little men, with their technique and their schools.

Juanillo felt the Ratón relax against him. A new bull entered, head just small enough for the large body, the twitching ears saying, "I am a noble enemy." He charged straight, his thousand pounds of muscle dashing with full weight across the sand.

The Sultan was emerging from behind the *barrera* wall. This was naturally the Sultan's bull. This was a bull for sultans.

"This is my bull," whispered the Ratón. Juanillo put out his hand, but the boy had already leaped into the arena, using his coat for a cape.

There was a roar of rage from the crowd. They hated the extemporaneous ones almost as much as did the fighters. These boys were usually so bad, and they could ruin any bull in two minutes.

Juanillo found himself standing on his bench, his heart pounding against his rib case.

Memory peeled the covering from his mind. Juanillo was a boy of fourteen, muscles tensed, and waiting to leap into the ring. But a strong hand grasped his arm, pulled him back, did not relax under a storm of futile cursing. Later, in a restaurant, the man who had stopped him said quietly, while watching him wolf down needed food, "I could have let you leap into the ring. Why not? It was nothing to me."

"Why did you stop me, then?" Juanillo had asked.

The man played with some bread crumbs, his right arm stiff as it lay on the table. "When I was a kid I wanted the ring, too. Well, I jumped in, and when the police tried to drag me out I fought them. I got a broken arm for it. This arm." He touched it lightly with the fingers of his left hand. "If that's what you want—no more fighting ever—"

"I am not a fool," Juanillo remembered he had said with vanity.

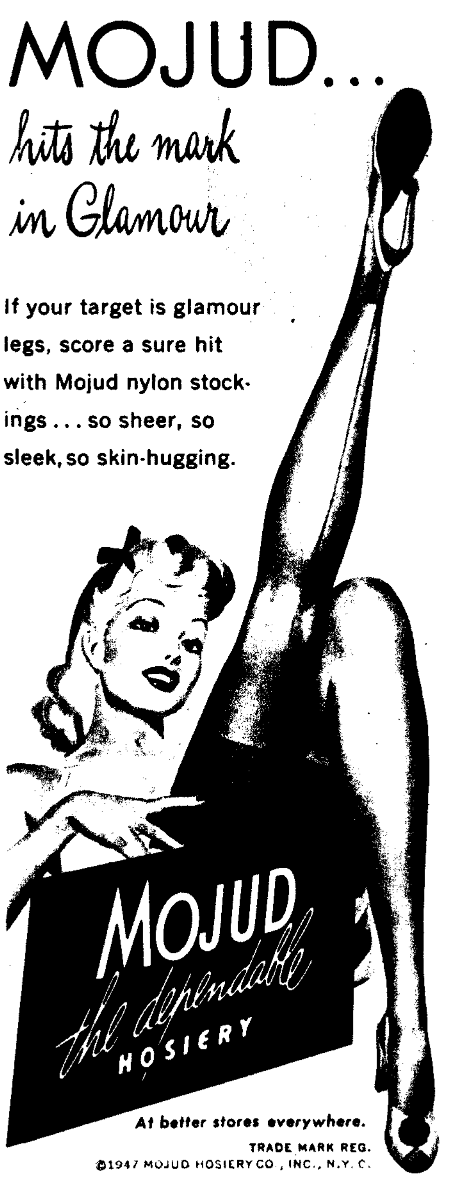
The man laughed, not in derision, but more as though the laughter were a shrug. "Food or not, my chances were finished as yours might be. And you have wrists," he added slowly, "the strong supple wrists."

WATCHING the Ratón, a wave of sickness passed through Juanillo. Why did these city children never realize that the impresarios, whose nods made or broke a fighter, would have nothing to do with the extemporaneous ones? All they got for a brief moment of glory was a jail sentence and the ring closed to them forever. There was violence in the Ratón. When the police closed in he would surely fight—with the reward, perhaps, of a broken arm. And he had such good wrists. He had the arrogance, too. Here might be another Goana, another Sultan, another—yes—another Juanillo, and what had he done to save this talent? Nothing. He had sat placidly by, pretending it was none of his affair.

The sickness in him became an agony. He bit down on his lower lip until the blood came, but he was unaware of it. His attention was fixed entirely upon the drama playing itself out below him.

The Sultan tried to take the bull away, but the animal knew that the boy was his true enemy and refused the outer lure. The Ratón's feet went into position, his body bent slightly at the waist, the coat held with firm wrists for a low *verónica*. The bull charged. Keeping his feet still, the boy curved his body to the right. As the bull passed, horns ripped the yellow shirt.

The crowd was kind now, yelling applause. Juanillo felt that he could breathe



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again. The Ratón's friend whimpered low in his throat.

Once more the Ratón addressed the bull, taking tiny enticing steps to one side. The animal's head lowered; he seemed to gather himself together. Juanillo's fine knowledge of bulls told him that this charge would kill the boy. The Ratón lacked the long years of training necessary to master this animal.

Blessed saints, the Sultan was moving in!

Juanillo forgot to breathe. If the Sultan went in now, he would be killed. Any man without a thorough knowledge of bulls who went in now would be killed. These stupid technical men! Why didn't the Sultan stay quiet? He was distracting the boy's attention. Yes, the Ratón had turned his face. Panic flashed across it. He obviously did not want the Sultan to be hurt.

The bull was pawing the sand now. If he charged—with the boy's mind distracted by the Sultan. . . .

Unaware of what he was doing, Juanillo leaped into the ring, sprinted forward tearing off his coat as he ran. The Sultan was a good sword, in many ways a great sword, but he did not know—really know bulls. Left alone, he would get himself and the Ratón both killed. Here was a job for a true expert.

One stiff arm shot the Ratón off balance and out of harm's way. The ancient arrogance encased Juanillo as he faced the bull, watched muscles ripple under the curly hide. The serge coat lacked sufficient weight, but it would serve as a lure. Far in the distance he could hear a voice shout, "Juanillo!" but the shout was lost in the roar of the crowd. Then the voice of the crowd disappeared in a greater roaring. Some part of his mind told him that it was his own blood singing, but he had no time for music now. The bull was surging toward him, enlarging until the head filled his entire field of vision. Body muscles, flabby with disuse, tensed. His feet, his coward's feet, stayed still. Then the bull was on him. Automatically, Juanillo's hips curved to the right. The coat rose like a great wing, and for a brief moment the bull's side pressed his own side, and the heat of the animal passed into him and calmed him.

The twenty-eight years that lay between the great afternoon and this one flicked into nothingness. He could not comprehend why his shirt sleeves were pink. They should have been blue—blue silk. Then the chasm in time closed, and he was again a retired bullfighter.

The hovering swords had enticed the bull away. The Sultan was coming toward him with a smile, hand outstretched. It must have been the Sultan who had screamed "Juanillo." No one else, seemingly, had recognized him.

ALREADY the crowd was yelling for another bull. They were tired of this extemporaneous diversion and wanted to see what they had paid for: the great Sultan in a great fight.

Instead of taking the Sultan's hand, Juanillo jerked his head toward the body-packed seats. "This is your afternoon," he said. "Forget you saw me." Then he darted across the ring, and allowed some laughing boys to haul him up to his own seat.

The Ratón's friend was still there, his eyes dark with terror. "The police got him," he said through stiffened lips. To this child of the streets the police were a far greater danger than the horns of the black bull.

Juanillo thrust some money into his hand. "Pay the Ratón's fine. And when you get him out of jail, take him to Juanillo to learn true fighting."

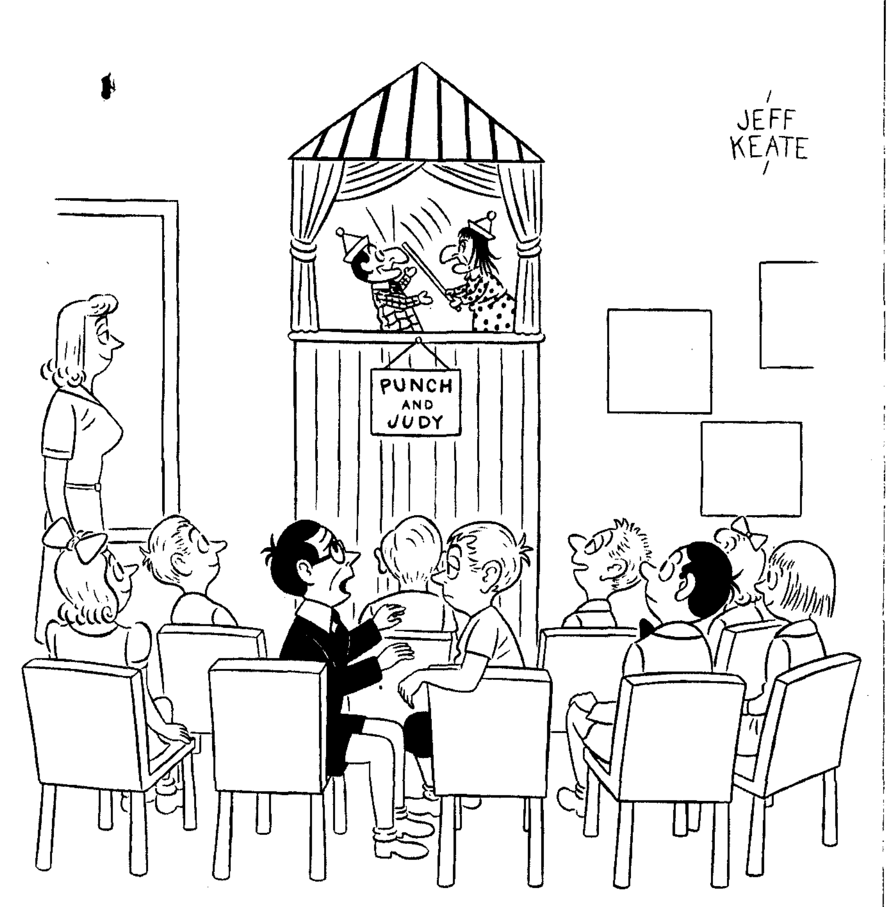
He had to scream to be heard above the orchestra, which had finished the applause music, and was now playing Juanillo's own song. It gave the man a warm feeling around the heart as he realized that the Sultan had ordered it to be played. The words followed him out of the arena and down the street:

"He takes up the sword
And walks to glory."

Juanillo's feet touched the ground lightly in a true bullfighter's walk. What good was the celebration of an anniversary? What good were shadows of remembrances? They were dead things. Better to take what he knew and transfer it into the body of another—create from shadow a finer substance.

He tossed back his head and breathed deeply. There was indeed salt in the air.

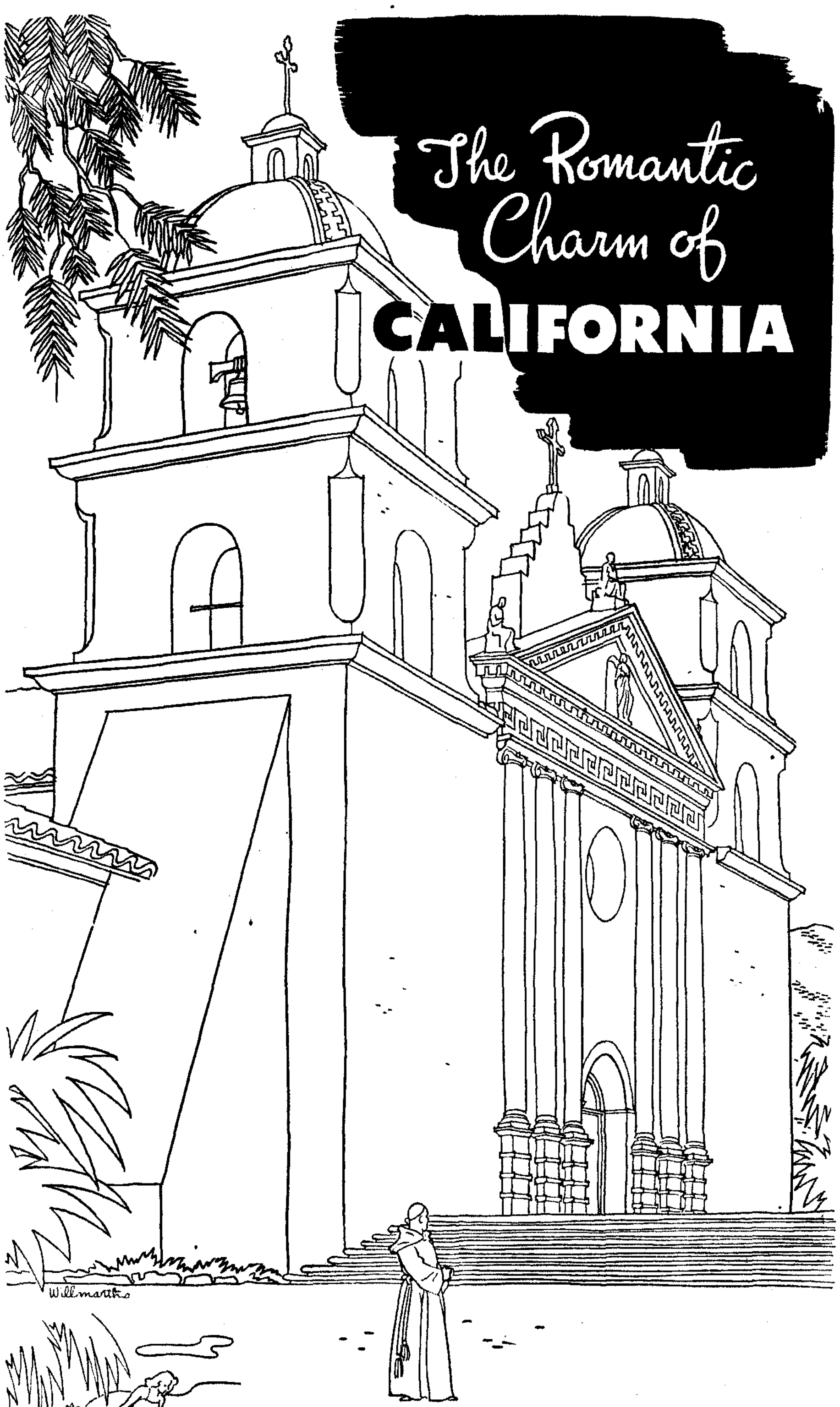
THE END



"Thank goodness, my introduction to the theater was the Lunts and not this!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The Romantic Charm of CALIFORNIA



When visiting the Golden State, don't miss seeing the time-mellowed Spanish Missions. You'll be intrigued by their romantic histories...find them to be a charming contrast to other attractions such as the sandy beaches, picturesque golf courses, quaint foreign sections and colorful, cosmopolitan night life. A world of beauty and enjoyment awaits you in California.

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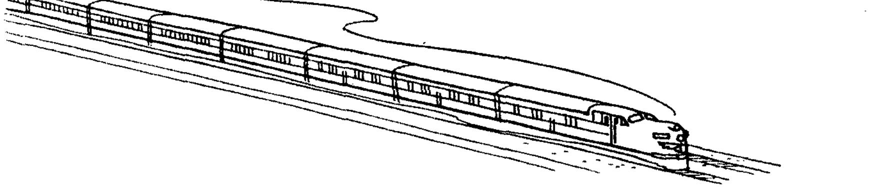


UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Road of the Daily Streamliners

This year's retiring Queen, Miss Anne Kennett Farrar Desloge, holds court with the Veiled Prophet during his 1946 visit to his adopted city, St. Louis, Missouri

MONARCHY IN MISSOURI

BY BARBARA BANKS

Every October in the city of St. Louis a mysterious and kingly visitor emerges from a cave under the Mississippi River—or somewhere—and the people gather from miles around to pay homage. They also have a good time and get some cash into circulation

THE story is that away back in the summer of 1878, an inspiration came to Mr. Alonzo Slayback of St. Louis, Missouri. The crops had been good and the farmers of the surrounding countryside had their pockets full of cash. The storekeepers of St. Louis had their shelves well stocked.

The next step was pretty obvious—get the farmers and their cash into the stores in the most pleasant way possible.

It was at this point that Mr. Slayback—guided by the success of the Mardi Gras at New Orleans—was smitten by his big idea.

"I think," he noted modestly in his diary, "that it is the nearest thing to a 'stroke of genius' that I ever produced."

His near-miss involved the creation of a character known as His Mysterious Majesty, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, and a call for the population from far and wide to appear in St. Louis on the first Tuesday of October to pay homage, to rub elbows (more or less) with society and to witness one hell of a parade. It was, in fact, to be the gala social event of the year. Of course, anybody who wanted to bring along a little spending money would be welcome. The Agricultural and Mechanical Exposition would be in progress, there was some extra-quality crinoline available in the department stores and the latest winter fashions were just in from New York and Paris by fast packet boat.

The genius of Mr. Slayback, who was spurred on by his brother Charles and was assisted by a committee of 20 leading businessmen, lay in the fact that he deviated from other similar occasions in other cities by making a mystery of the identity of the Veiled Prophet and his attendants. They also secretly picked the leading debutante of the season as the Queen of Love and Beauty. The secret of the V.P. is still well kept today but each year the reigning Queen of L. and B. is revealed to the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of an exclusive multitude. The occasion will be observed this year on October 7-8 for the 65th time.

St. Louis goes all out for her Veiled Prophet by draping the streets with banners of the Prophet's colors, regal purple and gold. The downtown stores are hung with streamers and bunting, and special windows are planned to honor the old man. Police are carefully briefed on how to return lost children to their homes and parents.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

Months of secret activity in the den of the Order of the Veiled Prophet precede each of His Majesty's annual visitations. Workers are busy all year round constructing the elaborate floats for the parade and making the costumes worn by the Veiled Prophet's retinue. The money—and a great deal is required—is raised through contributions by the members of the Order. Presumably this includes most of the prominent businessmen of the city, but secrecy makes it possible to restrict membership to "the right people." Thus, although the affair has grown into an all-out civic celebration, the Veiled Prophet Order still gives off a faint odor reminiscent of the court of Louis XIV.

A good deal of legend has been constructed around His Majesty. Theoretically, he retires between performances to a large cave at the bottom of the Mississippi River, emerging only once a year to visit his adopted city of St. Louis. The more logical suspicion, however, is that he is the largest financial contributor to the occasion, or perhaps the father of the new Queen. Anyway, he's a good guy and if he retires, when the shindig is over, to the office of a corporation vice-president instead of to a cave, who cares?

With the passing of time certain changes have been made in the roster of the Order. For instance, the parade and ball were originally all one evening's fun and the Prophet chose the "belle of the ball" instead of crowning a Queen. The first Prophet arrived by river barge and in following years he had his horse-drawn floats. But even he believes in progress so this year for the second time the floats will be mechanized. Furthermore, practically diving headlong and heedless into the Atomic Age, the Order has decided that this year the parade and ball will be televised.

The parade of about twenty floats ties up traffic for about three hours and each year the splendid procession depicts a new theme. The floats this year will represent holidays, and the Prophet's "Krewe," elaborately costumed and heavily masked, will cut the kind of capers that identifies their particular celebration day.

On the following night the Veiled Prophet holds his Court of Love and Beauty at the Kiel Auditorium and gives a ball for those invited to view the spectacle. All agree that the pomp and ceremony make a bum out of even Louis XIV. Of course, the Queen knows she will be Queen but no one else does, so her entrance and march to the throne are marked by gasps and sighs.

The special maids of the Queen's retinue have previously been seated by the throne. Each wears a jeweled crown that is returned after the show to the court jeweler who locks the crowns up for another year. The Queen, however, keeps hers and thereafter is seldom seen without the central cluster of jewels which may be removed from the crown and worn as a pin or pendant. Last year's contained 57 fine diamonds, 11 genuine pearls, five matched sapphires, surmounted by one large, pear-shaped Oriental pearl, all set in a filigree of platinum.

Besides the court jeweler, there is the court dressmaker, Samuel Harbison, who for more years than any of them can remember has made the gowns for the occasion. Last year the Queen's bouquet of four hundred orchids, specially designed to complement the Queen's gown, "ranged in color from light pink through deep mauve, yellow, through chartreuse, dark blues and greens shading to lighter tones." There seem to have been no white orchids, which are the most costly, but even so the bouquet, at retail would have been expensive, probably around $4,000 delivered. It represented years of research by the Missouri Botanical Gardens, since it was the first time the orchids had come from plants grown in St. Louis, and it included varieties native to all parts of the world. But for all this the Queen must pay a price: She may neither announce her engagement nor be married during the year she reigns. Of all the Queens, only one was forced to abdicate for infringement of this rule.

After the first dance, the Queen and the royal party retire to one of the larger hotels for a midnight snack to which the Queen has asked about a thousand of her intimate friends. Each guest receives an elegant souvenir and a sumptuous repast, and makes merry till the wee hours of the morning.

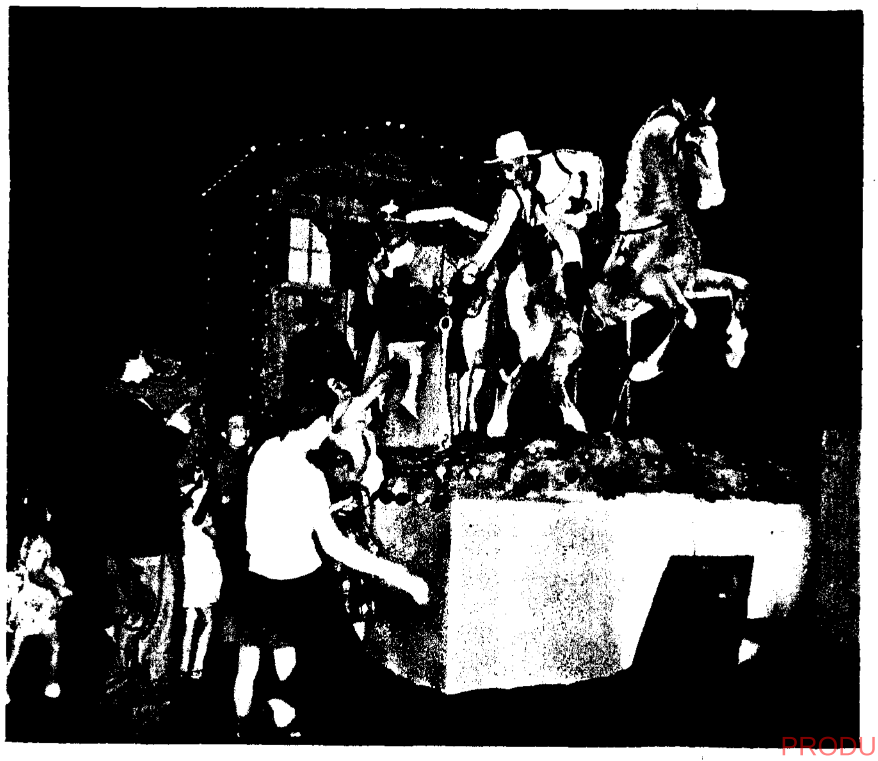
Although everybody tries to keep the cost of these doings a secret, it is estimated that last year's affair cost about $100,000—which is a tidy sum even for Louis XIV to put out for one party. ★★★

Papier-mâché floats, mechanically drawn for the first time in 1946, are lighted by thousands of bulbs and manned by the Prophet's masked and merry "Krewe"

ST. LOUIS UNION

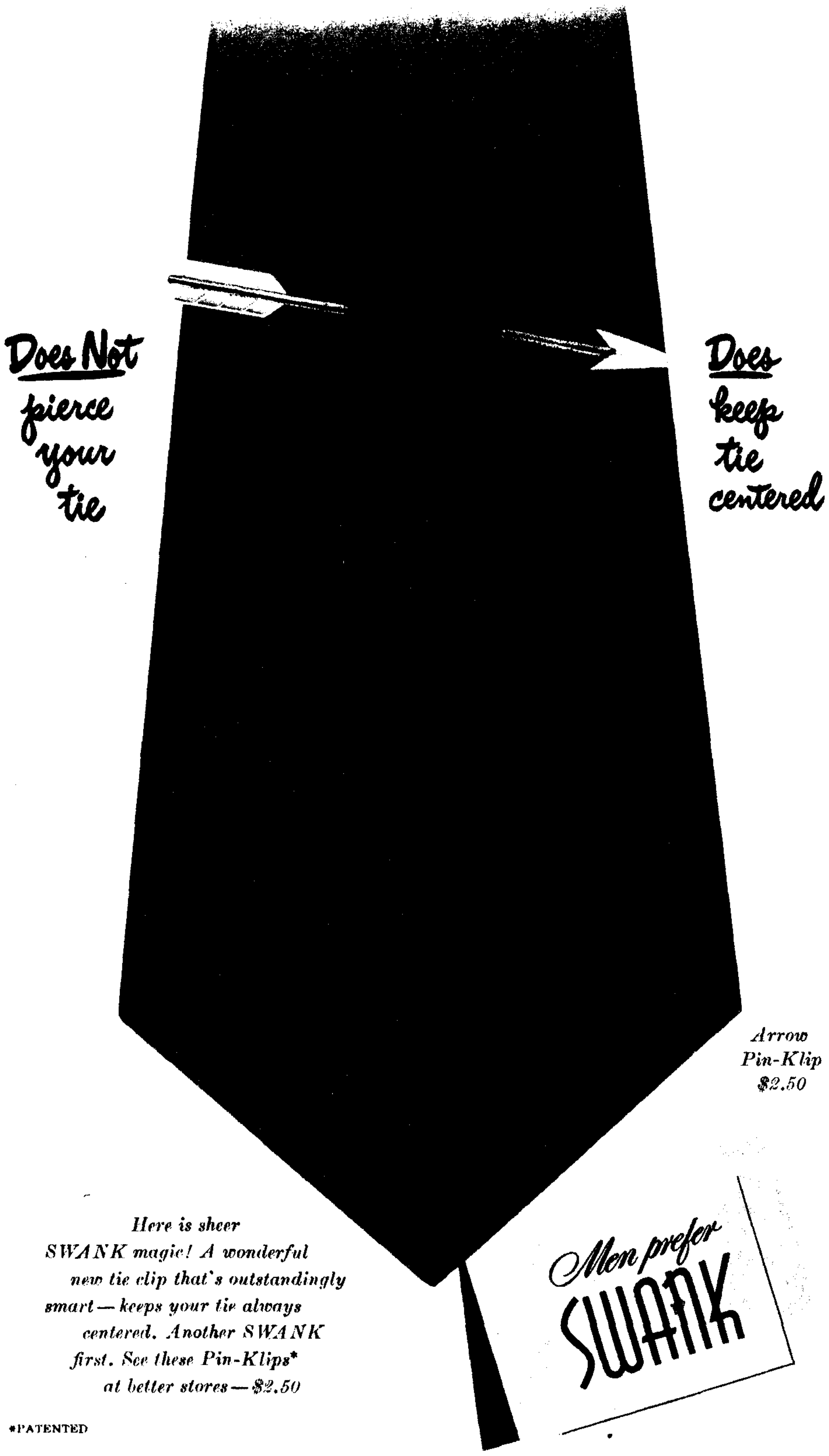
Along a seven-mile route through the city, the largest crowd in history heralds the 1946 Veiled Prophet's arrival, his first appearance since 1942

Children were thrilled by renewal of the spectacle that the war had halted and friendly crowds shared in the gaiety of the clowns on board the floats



Debutantes and their escorts dance at the Queen's supper, a midnight affair to which the royal party and 1,000 or so guests retire after the ball is over

You can't believe your eyes!



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Here is sheer SWANK magic! A wonderful new tie clip that's outstandingly smart — keeps your tie always centered. Another SWANK first. See these Pin-Klips at better stores — $2.50*

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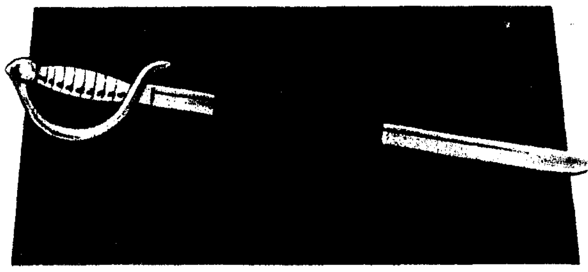
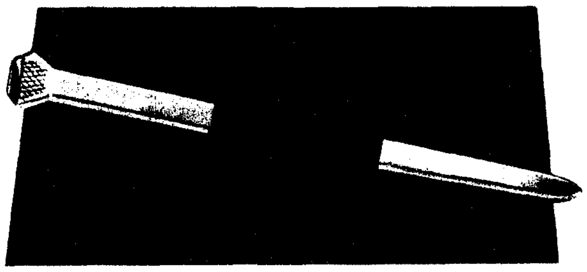


Sabre Pin-Klip *$2.50*



Horseshoe Nail Pin-Klip $2.50

SWANK —Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

HERE IS AMERICA

Continued from page 13

that everyone expressed about international matters.

I ended my trip with no clear feeling as to which of the national domestic subjects was most on the minds of Americans. In Cheyenne, R. F. MacPherson, chief editorial writer of the Wyoming Eagle, called the Howard Hughes case "the biggest domestic story since the war," and certainly many of my traveling companions discussed it.

Most of them seemed to agree with the Ohio plumber who said: "Seems to me that that Hughes fellow was a little bit too much for that Ferguson." Clark Boesen, an electrical technician from Cairo, Nebraska, thought: "It's a lot of humbug. They gave people a whole lot of money to spend, and now they holler after it's spent." And Mrs. Dorothy Wheeler, a florist from Redondo Beach, California, explained what seemed to be the reasoning of the majority: "A man of Hughes' money and position doesn't need to cheat. He is of the nobility, as you might say. I think it's all just a matter of politics."

Not Much Interest in Politics

Statements of this nature were almost the only discussion of politics I encountered anywhere on the trip. C. R. Bowers, an elderly veteran from Tieton, Washington, about summed up my own impressions: "People don't seem to be very hot about politics yet." The only exception was where local elections are slated for the fall.

Such political opinion as I did find was rather evenly divided. Maybe the heat just made people too tired to gripe, but even in the Middle West there seemed to be less anti-Truman feeling than I had expected. Comment of all sorts was too scattered, however, to be indicative of much either way. Some seemed to share the views of the middle-aged California housewife who thought that "the entire government—both the Republicans and Democrats—should be voted out and give us a complete change."

Others, like a Columbus taxi driver, wouldn't go that far because, as he put it, "we don't think very much of Truman in these parts." But an equal number, it seemed to me, sided with the political editor of the Wyoming Eagle, who told me that "even the Republicans out here aren't happy about the way the 80th Congress behaved." Or agreed with Ray Smith, an Arcadia, Indiana, engineering student and a veteran, who said: "Most of us think that the 80th Congress overstepped its bounds. It didn't pass much legislation and most of what it did pass wasn't very good."

The farther west I got, the less I found the interest in politics to be, reaching its low point in the Mountain States. M. J. Spellman, an elderly trolley motorman in Anaconda, Montana, expressed the general opinion there: "Oh, I hear some talk, but it doesn't add up to nothing."

Everywhere I found women less interested in politics than men. The extreme was a toothless, old, suburban Montana housewife, who commented: "Politics? I don't know about that. That's a man's business. I don't vote. I don't think it's a woman's place."

Because Ohio was the only state I passed through having a prominent "favorite son," I watched for political reactions with special interest. Only three people I met between Youngstown and Dayton ventured opinions, and all were solidly anti-Taft. One because he was a Democrat anyway; one because of the Taft-Hartley Bill; and one, a husky young farm manager from Washington Court House, because "Taft voted against everything Roosevelt ever tried to do. Now, I wasn't for Roosevelt o anything, but like the guy I work for, figure that everything Roosevelt di couldn't have been bad."

Little as the interest in politics was, i was greater than in other domestic subjects. No one volunteered any commen on taxes, except in connection with loan to Europe. I heard few opinions on labor—either pro or con—except in sections where strikes were in progress o had just ended.

Generally speaking the majority of th Americans who ride busses seemed to b either union men themselves or prolabo —except for a few of the farmers in th Corn Belt. It was not surprising, therefore, that most of those who mentione the Taft-Hartley Bill were against it.

Among my fellow passengers it ha certainly not helped the Republica cause any more than had the Hughes investigation. As the janitress from Prov Utah, said: "Most people I know wante a change of administration. But wit that Taft-Hartley Bill and all, we kin of wonder now."

Other topics on the national scen which rated passing mention on the various busses on which I rode were the civilian aspects of atomic energy and th flying disks. But only two people brough up each.

A Denver Girl Scout official, returnin from a vacation in northern Minnesot said that people in Duluth blamed th 105-degree heat on atomic energy; an an Ozark housewife ventured the opinion that no good would come from fooling around with atomics because "it' plumb against nature."

A Terre Haute housewife told me tha "we believe the flying saucers were United States weapon they're keepin hushed up"; and a Nebraska banker expressed the bread-and-circus theory tha the flying saucers "was pulled to take ou minds off our troubles."

Helpless Mood of "We, the People"

Troubles people had a-plenty. But unless the problems were personal—a sic parent; an errant spouse; a waywar child or a faltering heart—few seemed t be worrying. It seemed to me that a primary reason for this inconsistency (i the face of the widespread complainin over prices) was that the average American thinks that there is nothing that h or she, as an individual, can do to remed his troubles. My fellow passengers invariably spoke of the government a "they." And there seemed to be a general feeling that "we, the people," wer pretty helpless in the hands of "they, th government"—as though "we" had nothing to do with "their" election and control. And so "we" inevitably feel: "Wh worry? There's nothing we can do abou it anyway."

The fact that the majority of the people I met were not worrying does no mean that they were satisfied. A lean gaunt, bus driver, vacationing from hi run through the coal regions of Kentucky and Virginia, summed the situation up in two sentences: "People thes days is just a-rovin' and a-wonderin'. don't care how high or how low they ar most everyone is dissatisfied."

Driving across the Jersey flats an elderly heavy construction worker fro New York City told me: "We're so confused today that we don't know nothin I see where the Greeks are sending foo packages here. Well, we hear that they'r starving and they hear that we're starving. Now what are you going to think?

And some 3,000 miles farther, twistin down the cedar-covered slopes of th Cascade Mountains, a young Veteran Administration officer from the sma ollege town of Pullman, Washington, aid: "There's a big feeling of insecurity. lo one is quite satisfied with what he's oing or where he's living. A few nights go I got talking with three or four fellows I'd known in the Pacific. All of us ad gotten the jobs we'd said we wanted get when we got out. Yet every one of s was somehow dissatisfied. I know a t of veterans who graduated from colge last February. Any number of them re coming back to graduate courses this ll. They couldn't find the sort of jobs ey wanted."

Driving across Ohio I met in succeson a machinist from Detroit and a vetran from the South. The machinist told e that Ford was hiring, no experience ecessary, at up to more than $1.30 an our. The ex-G.I. was a slow-talking, ight, callow youth with a smudge of air on his upper lip and a ruptured duck his lapel buttonhole. He told me: "I'm ist drawing rocking-chair money. I an't find no jobs. I've been all over the ountry. I want to be a photographer. ve been taking pictures for 12 years. aught the G.I.s at Randolph Field. Oh, es, I've got a couple of good cameras, ut I don't figure to start my own busiess. Not yet. I'm not in the mood."

I do not want to imply that he was a pical veteran or that the feeling of disatisfaction is by any means limited to ervicemen or that it affects all of them. lany of them, however, admit that it's ard to settle down to being a young an holding down a routine job in a nall community after you've been a big ot and traveled over the world—even you hated the Army.

The feeling of postwar letdown exended everywhere, to veteran and civilian alike. The California florist told me that "during the war no one would buy $2 roses. Too cheap. But the same roses priced at $10 were a sellout." For many it is hard to take the comedown from the days of $10 roses to today, when they can't afford 90-cent steak.

The comments that follow are only a few of dozens that I heard from one end of the country to the other.

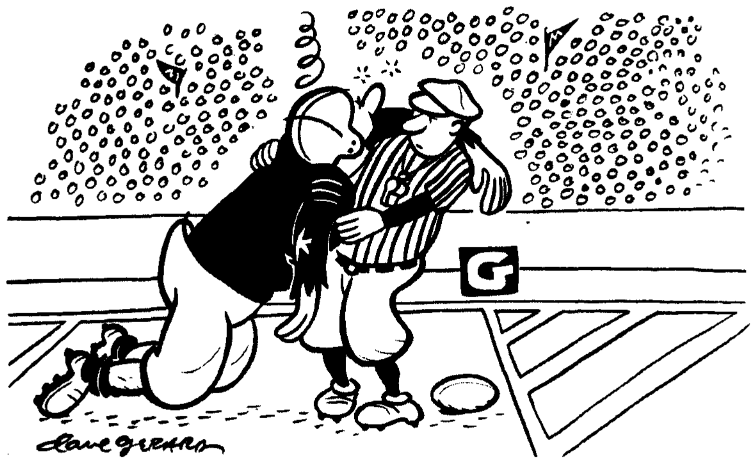
Voices Throughout the Land

A young Wyoming pipe-line hand: "People act like they all have a hangover. They're bouncing and confused." A motel owner from Torrington, Wyoming: "The times are too fast. People are dissatisfied and confused."

A Livingston, Montana, ranch hand: "The country's in such a predicament they's nobody satisfied. That's the heck of it." A cement mill foreman from Fort Collins, Colorado: "People are pretty high strung nowadays." A freight car inspector from Denver, Colorado: "Everyone is rushing back and forth. They're dissatisfied with what they've got and they don't know where they're going."

A Washington state highway white-collar executive: "Seems like people just can't get settled and get going. Some of them are looking for something for nothing. They seem to think that the world owes them a living." And the wife of a Negro packer in a Dayton, Ohio, magnesium plant: "The whole nation is stirred up. If you ask me, we're liable to wake up some morning—dead."

What Americans think of foreign affairs —particularly Russia—follows next week in the conclusion of this article.



DAVE GERARD

SPORTING ODDS

The ball rested on the Minnesota one-yard line in possession of Northwestern. Pug Lund, Northwestern's star back, took the pass from center and plunged furiously at the middle of the line, only to be slammed back, knocked down, trampled and smothered by the entire Minnesota line. Lund staggered to his feet, wearily leaned on an official's shoulder, and let his eyes sweep slowly over the packed stands.

"Wonder how they all got back to their seats so fast," he murmured.

—Fred Fritch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the middle of the 1945 season, Julius Homokay pitched the Utica Blue Sox to a win over the Albany Senators. The game, however, was protested and Eastern League President Thomas Richardson ordered it replayed at the point of protest. Shortly thereafter, Homokay was released by the Blue Sox and signed by the Senators. When the disputed game was replayed, Albany won, while Homokay sat on the bench watching himself get charged in the record books with a Utica defeat.

—Lew Di Leo, Utica, N. Y.

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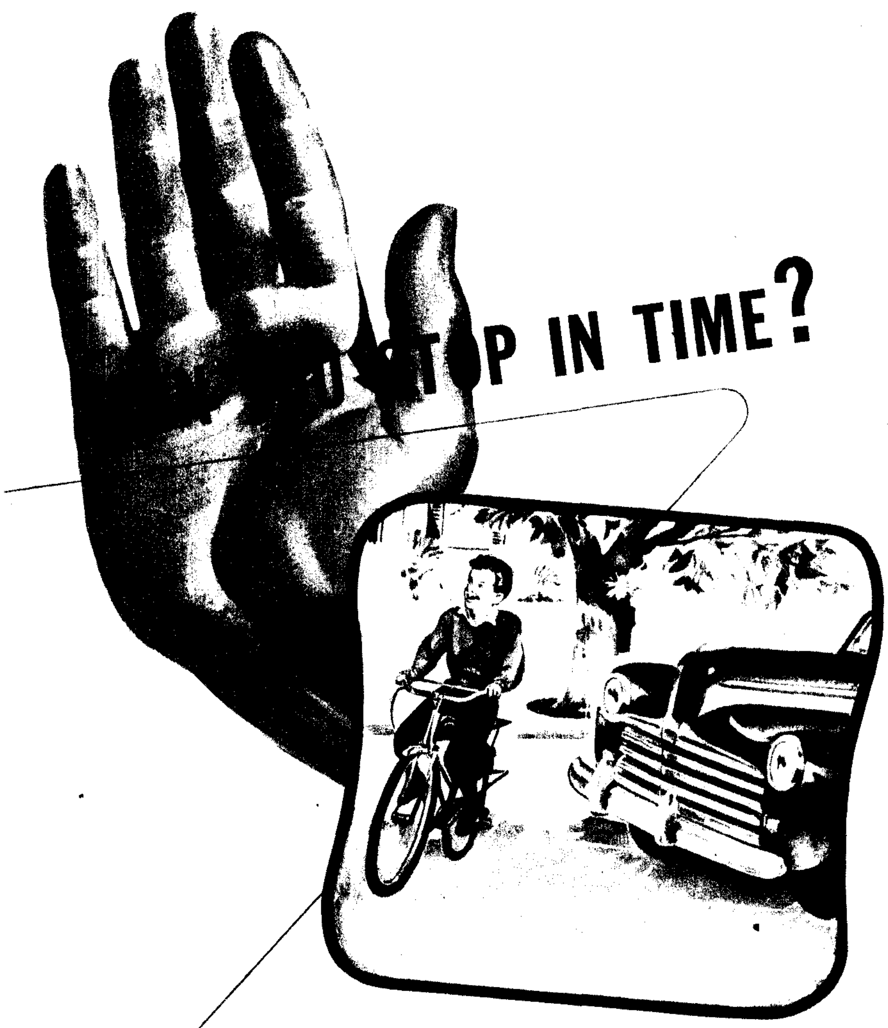

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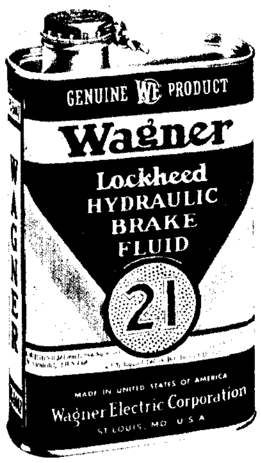


BRAKE FLUID SHOULD BE CHECKED TWICE EACH YEAR!

WE EST. 1891

H47-13

Wagner

ALL HONOR TO OLD APPLEBY

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Football was the great thing in Jug Burns' life—greater, almost, than his self-respect

EVEN now, some fifteen years after the fact, it is difficult to believe how much influence they had on us, the two of them, The Swede and Jug Burns. The difficulty is for a different reason with each of them, for The Swede was nationally supposed to be what is usually known as a good influence, while Jug, who was scarcely heard of outside the school, was generally considered to be sullen or difficult or cocky or independent. This last—which Jug undoubtedly was—was the great heresy at that particular school.

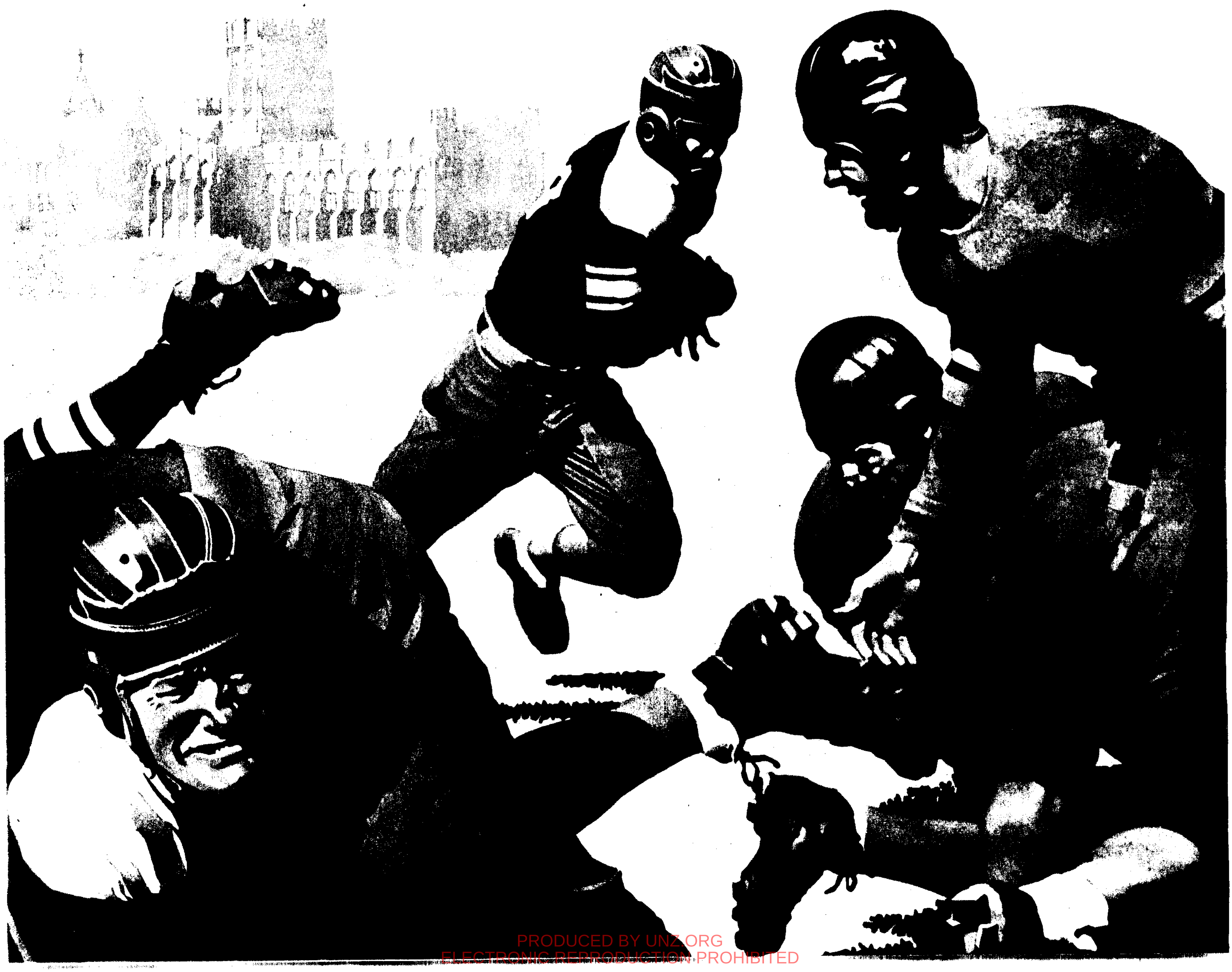
Jug came from California and like so many of the rest of us he had come a long distance to play football at Appleby University under The Swede. Perhaps it was a poor reason for wanting to go to a university, but I suppose it was better than some and I guess eventually it even helped prepare us for a world in which the right thing was almost invariably done for the wrong reason.

I remember the first time I saw him, standing in the line with other freshmen that hot September day, waiting to get his equipment, the faded green jersey, the battered helmet and the worn shoes with new cleats screwed into them. He was not tall, the stocky figure square-shouldered and broad under the square face. A year or two older than most, as the good players were, he possessed also that confidence most of us lacked and which we imitated—and called cockiness.

He was a good player and made fullback on the first freshman team. Never really spectacular, he did almost everything well and although at that school the freshman squad was used more as a punching bag for the varsity than anything else, he made a good impression. So that up until the spring of our freshman year he was just another among the very good football players who yearly came to that school in such numbers that they stood three and four deep in every position. It was just this surplus that affected in a way all our lives, helped foster The Swede's arrogance and indulgence in favoritism and, I suppose, hurt Jug and helped educate us.

He had prominent ears and that is where the name started. First he was Jug-ears, then Jughead, then either

Jug, instead of driving over the small hole through the strong-side guard, was shifting a little leftward as he ran and going through the actually larger hole



Let's take a trip

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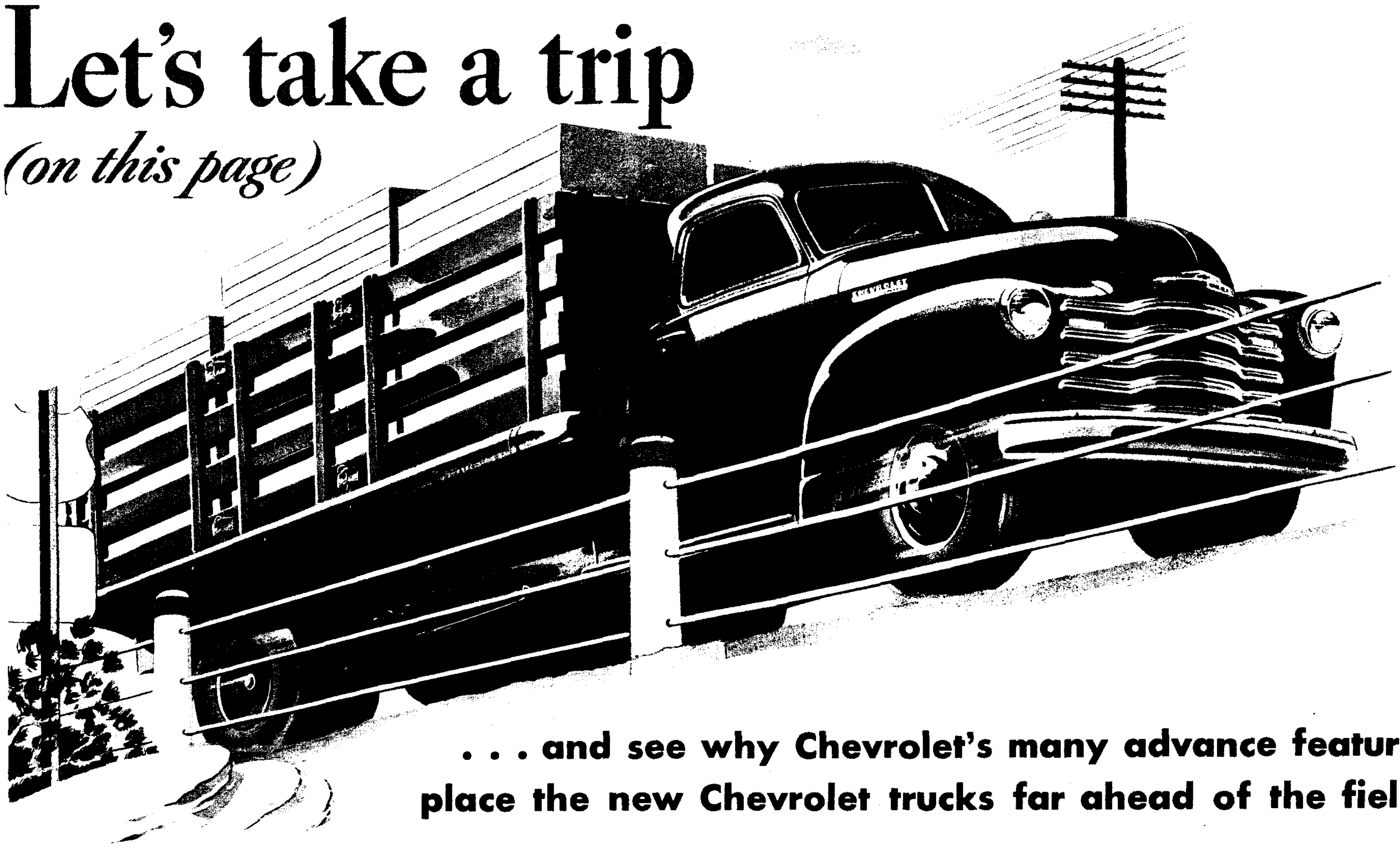

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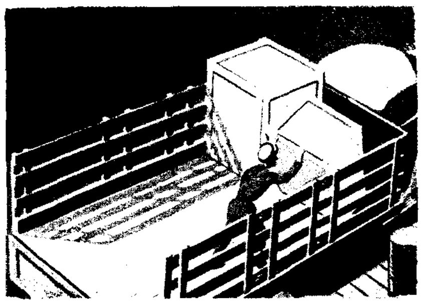
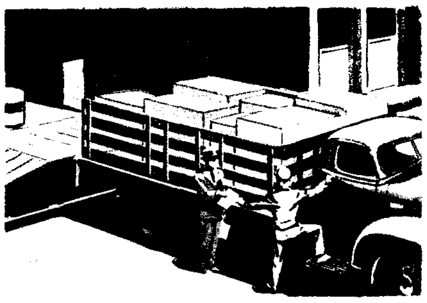
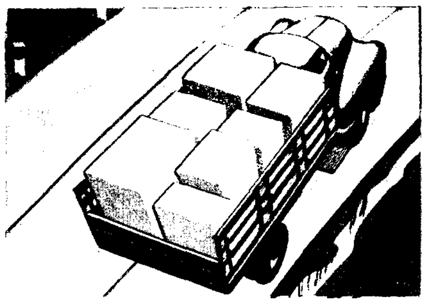


Load 'er up! Discover **MORE EFFICIENT LOADING** in stake and high rack bodies . . . **MORE LOAD SPACE** in panels and pick-ups. There's less time on the job—more profit n the haul!



Ready for the road . . . with a full cargo and assurance of full driver comfort! Your new Chevrolet truck's **LONGER-THAN-EVER WHEELBASE** gives you better load distribution in the carrier!



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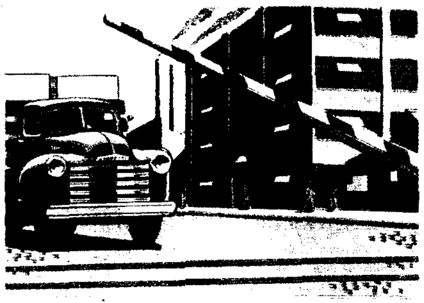

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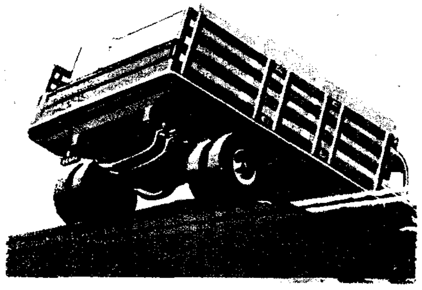
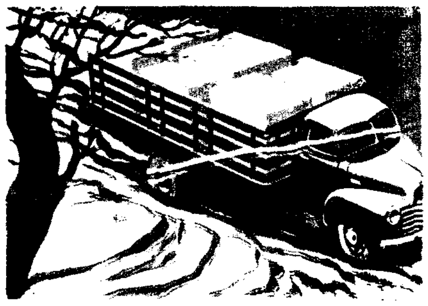
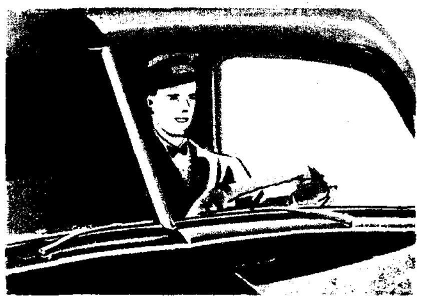


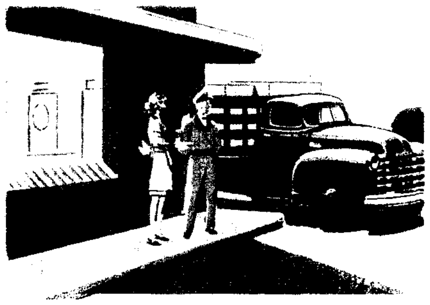
Bad road ahead, but your **FULL-FLOATING HYPOID REAR AXLE** is geared for your load on any road. The larger, roomier cab is **FLEXI-MOUNTED,** rubber-cushioned against road shocks, torsion and vibration.



No rattles in the rear! Your Chevrolet truck's **FRAME** is rugged, rigid, sturdier and stronger, with new cargo capacity —built to carry greater loads greater distances for a longer time!



Your **NEW CAB THAT "BREATHES"** almost iterally "inhales" fresh air—"exhales" used air. Fresh air is *drawn in* from the outside—heated in cold weather—and used air is *forced out!** The seat's fully adjustable; visibility *22% greater!*



It's streamlined in body, cab, fenders and hood—rugged, reliable, safe and powerful, in **ADVANCE DESIGN!** Built to increase owner prestige and profits, Chevrolet's new trucks are tomorrow's trucks for today's businesses.

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Jug or The Jugger, depending upon how well one knew him. By spring he was generally known as Jug; there were more disreputable names this unfortunately girl-free school had for some of its people, and whether Jug accepted his or not we did not know nor even much care. The discipline was fantastic, most of us were grateful to be going to any sort of college at all, and a lot of us would have accepted almost anything to make ourselves into better football players.

It was in that same spring that Jug made his first mistake. He was to make the same one later, several times, but always consciously then. Now, this first time, he made it spontaneously, naturally and with what might be called a purity of intention hardly any but the young ever possess. The scene of spring practice that day was not an unusual one. The stadium was a wooden one then and the practice field in back of it, a wide, irregular piece of scarred turf, with two sets of goal posts set in it, although somehow we hardly noticed them in the spring. Not until late in the spring was there anything resembling a game or formal scrimmage. But the heart of the early spring practice was a curious group that formed around The Swede, a rough circle at whose center two teams scrimmaged, play after play, each one a separate struggle and entity, unrelated to any other plays that came before or might come after. The circle itself was comprised of the hundred or so young men out for spring practice, of assistant coaches, and old-timers back to see who was taking their places.

Sometimes The Swede would work on just one play, over and over again, some basic play like an off-tackle sweep or a simple cutback, just to see how the players fitted into his system, threw his particular kinds of blocks or handled the ball. This May day The Swede had us working on a cutback over the strong-side guard. It began as an off-tackle sweep or alternately as a pass, with the left halfback sweeping out toward his right and taking a drive off tackle or with raised arm a pass into the flat. It was designed to draw the defensive line off balance.

JUG was playing left halfback that afternoon; he had been changed to that position by The Swede, who had found him too small for fullback. Actually, Jug was a fast runner and a natural-born halfback, but The Swede often had his own way of expressing things. And today Jug was doing better than any of the other halfbacks, moving wide, feinting cleverly, and then after waiting an instant, delicately poised though still in motion, for his interference to form, driving back through the hole over guard. Eight, eleven, six, thirteen yards he went, time after time, shifting as he drove, spinning out of a tackler's arms, giving a defensive back a leg and taking it away, twisting, his knees churning—the whole drive forward, though the motion might be for the moment sidewise like a crab's. It was a remarkable performance, the more so since the defense knew pretty much what was coming at it.

I was playing quarterback with that particular team Jug was working with, and as I feinted right, delayed a count and a half before coming back to the left, I began to sense that something had gone wrong with the defensive team, more wrong than we could even hope. Not only was the defensive strong-side guard being pulled off balance but their weak-side guard was being drawn out of position, and Jug, instead of driving over the small hole through the strong-side guard, was shifting a little leftward as he ran and going through the actually larger hole. It was the sort of thing that, had he done it in a real game, a back would have been commended for later, but the second time Jug did it this day, The Swede called: "You're going through the wrong opening, Burns. That play goes over the strong-side guard."

Jug was pretty excited, for he was having the kind of day in practice that could mean a position on the second or third team. He nodded his head but probably wasn't any more aware of what had been said to him than he was that he had gone twice over the wrong opening. I thought to give him a little chance to cool off, for usually The Swede expected more response to anything he said than Jug had given him. So I called a delayed buck over guard, faked a lateral to Jug running wide, and then fed the ball to Joe Lee, the fullback, coming straight ahead. He made two yards, and the next play I called for the cutback again, with Jug faking a pass this time.

I glanced over my right shoulder as the play broke into motion, saw how perfectly he faked the pass, the stocky body balanced a moment at an unbelievable angle as he began to come back to the left, now gathering the ball to him, then I pushed hard on my right foot and drove over the strong-side guard. I went past the line and threw a block at a back coming across, felt the legs crumple and fall across me, and from the turf where I lay, turned my head to see Jug come through that weak-side hole again, his hips moving like a dancer's, so that first the tackle, then a defensive back missed him, and he was clear of the secondary and moving toward a mythical goal.

I got up; moving back into my place behind Joe Kennedy, the center, who was already lining up over the ball which Jug had thrown back ahead of himself, I heard The Swede begin on Jug again. "You went through the wrong hole, Burns," he said in that voice that somehow reminded me always of a rattail file. It had its own eloquence, to be sure, but almost always there was in it the intention to cause pain. "Can't you see, Burns?" it went on. "Or do you operate by dead reckoning?" This was supposed to be very funny and most of the players dutifully smiled.

What Jug should have done was to say nothing. But he was pretty excited, as any of us would have been at giving such a performance as he had, and he said, "But the weak-side hole was bigger, Coach." A perfectly simple, reasonable answer; as I say, in a game, he would have been thought to be very clever.

But not now. Even I noticed the kind of pall that fell over the entire group, as though someone had blasphemed. I sometimes think Jug was the only one there that day who didn't notice it, although right then and there he decided for good his career as a football player. He just trotted back and stood behind me, waiting there, with a kind of patience, for the two other backs to line up on his right. He seemed unaware of anything, even The Swede standing there, staring at him, his arms akimbo. Two years later, Jug might have done all these things consciously, but not now; now he was simply in a kind of state of trance, only a more advanced stage of that which in a way most of us were in during those days. I suppose more educated or more sensitive people feel that way about poetry or music, but as I say it was pretty much of a cow college in those days, and we were the sort of people who go to cow colleges.

EVEN cow colleges have their scapegoats. Ours was no exception. Gradually—it took just about a full two years—Jug became known as a Bad Example. I doubt that anyone ever thought of him as such; it was just that he was looked upon as defiant or indifferent or that greatest of the heresies, independent. I suppose it indicates something about us all when I say that it took Jug most of the time until he was a senior to realize that The Swede didn't like him. Such was the legend of The Swede, a man we all thought to be above such things.

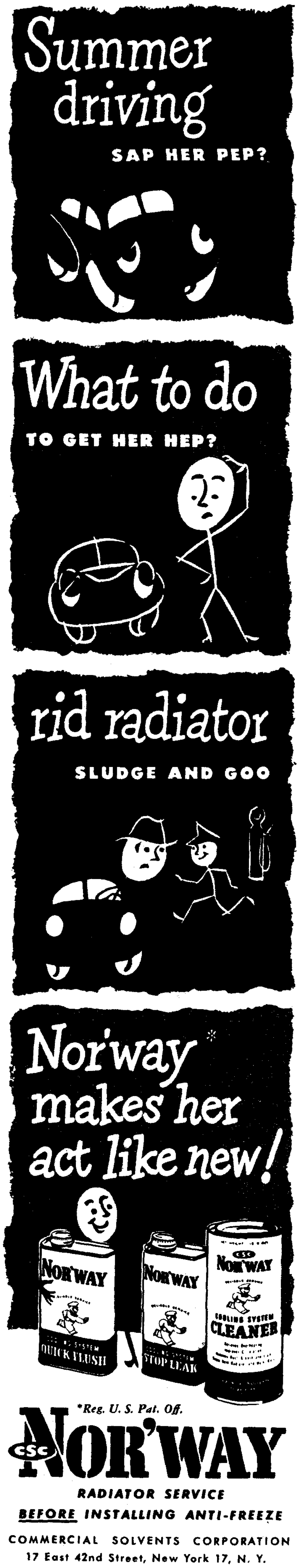
In the fall of our sophomore year it was generally felt among those who dared to venture an opinion that Jug should have made the traveling squad as third-string left halfback. He did everything well that a halfback should; if he wasn't so fast as Danny Maine, the second-string half, or as completely versatile as Gig Bowditch, the All-America first-string left half, he was still a pretty hot baby for a sophomore, and he should have gone along. But there were two or three almost as good as he and if The Swede wanted to take one of them on the long trips to California and New York, there was no one to say he did wrong; if our feeling could be given form, it was perhaps that he saw subtle virtues in these others that Jug apparently lacked.

The Swede used him a great deal in scrimmage, more perhaps than any other good back on the squad for, at the height of the season, The Swede scrimmaged his best players sparingly. But Jug he kept going, two and sometimes three times a week, for an hour at a time, in the most bruising kind of scrimmage.

Jug lived in the same hall I did, on the same floor, but around a corner. From my room near the stairway much of the floor's traffic could be seen and there were evenings in the late fall of that year when one could see that it was all Jug could do to drag himself up the stairs. It's some sort of commentary on what we lived by then that no one thought of Jug as foolish or imprudent.

I was a little surprised one night in the spring of our sophomore year when he came into my room through the open door and sat on the one bare extra chair I possessed. "They damn' near killed me today," he said by way of greeting.

It embarrassed me for some reason not apparent at the time and I looked at the old portable typewriter I had on the desk and shook my head in one of those



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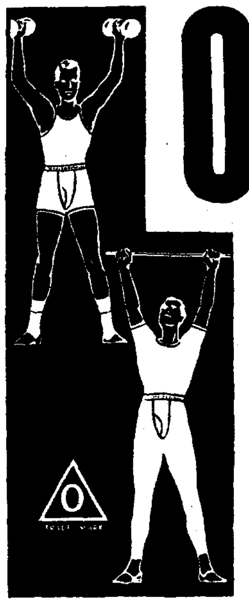

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gestures that could mean almost anything someone else might want it to mean. "I missed practice today," I said. "I had to take a make-up exam."

"The Swede had me in the line-up with a bunch of freshmen," he said, "and we were up against the varsity most of the time. Honest, those kids never gave me any protection. I kept being hit by two-three guys at a time."

I shook my head again, less meaningfully. "Sometimes," I said, "I think it's harder to find a decent blocker than a good runner."

"Even the way it was," he said, "I broke away twice. First time The Swede blows the whistle as I was getting clear of the secondary. Said he wanted to do the same play over again, quick. Second time I get clear, he gives hell to the varsity strong side for being pulled wide by the fake at the beginning of that cutback over guard." He paused, as if waiting for me to speak. When I didn't he went on: "Sometimes, I think he's got something against me."

Looking at—one might even say, studying—the typewriter with great care, I said that I didn't know. At the time, I felt guilty, ashamed and somehow greatly embarrassed. Now, after the passage of years, the moment shows in perspective, related somehow to growth in Jug, even in myself.

"I don't think The Swede is prejudiced against anyone," I said. Somehow the guilt did not depart. "He wouldn't be what he is if he were."

When Jug didn't answer I glanced at him. He was looking out the dark window, his head turned; the fresh welt laid across the bridge of his nose showed clear.

"Who belted you in the beak?" I said.

He shook his head. "Hell, I didn't even remember getting it. First time I noticed it was in the locker room."

"You got a bad knee, too, I heard."

"I've had that all spring," he said. "I wear one of those elastic braces with a metal hinge in it."

"The girls all lose interest in you if you can't dance."

He shook his head and half grinned. "Life is complicated enough without them," he said. He borrowed a book from me, one I had never read called Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man and went back to his own room.

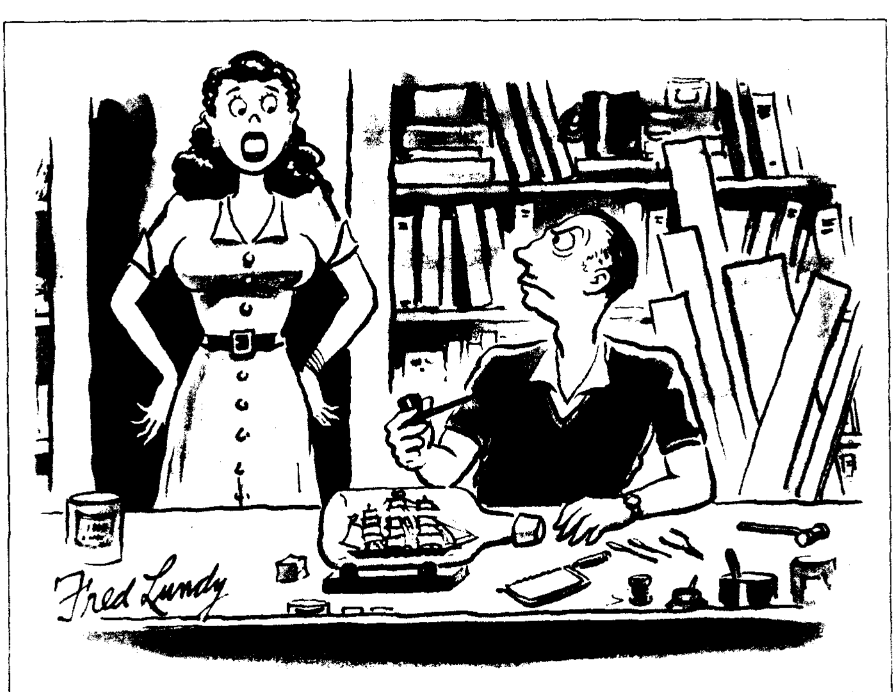
He did have a girl, though. Now and then we'd see him downtown with her, always on a week end. She was a sophomore at a college downstate but she used to come home week ends. I remember seeing her in the stands one Saturday the previous fall when Jug and a lot of us thought he was going to play, as Gig Bowditch was hurt and the team we were playing wasn't strong enough or important enough for The Swede to risk using Bowditch against it. But Jug didn't play that day. The Swede, when he substituted for Danny Maine, used two other players that none of us thought as good as Jug; one of them was a junior and one a senior and we thought maybe The Swede wanted to give them a chance to make their letter. After all, Jug was only a sophomore then.

HE CAME back for his junior year thinner and apparently very fast, faster than any of us remembered him. He'd been working as an instructor at a playground all summer and he'd done a lot of running with the kids there. During the early September practice before school began, he shaped up as the fastest man on the squad, and everyone—ourselves, the newspapermen, some of the coaches—thought he might be on the first string. In the practice game The Swede always held on the Saturday before the first game of the season, Jug went for two touchdowns: The first time he broke away for 43 yards, and got very good down-field blocking; the second time was in the third quarter and this time he didn't get much blocking at all. It isn't often you see a big man move as he did then, giving a foot to a tackler, taking it away, stiff-arming the defensive fullback as he came across, going straight for the side line with half the other team after him, then stopping, almost dead still and heading for the goal on a long diagonal as he outran the quarterback.

When it was over and he had thrown the ball to the referee and was trotting back toward the center of the field, The Swede came out on the field and began to give the defensive line hell. . . . So then we, or some of us, knew the way it was going to be. If we had had any doubts, we got rid of those, too, when The Swede sent Jug into the showers without saying anything else to him.

Jug did play some that season, though. There were occasions when even The Swede would have looked bad, and publicly so, if he hadn't used Jug. Danny Maine wasn't the most rugged back in the world, although he was a better passer than Jug and generally more versatile. And with Bowditch graduated and the sophomores brilliant but untried, The Swede just had to use Jug at times. But much less than he should have. Jug was as good as Maine and should really have alternated with him.

We got used to, and even continued to



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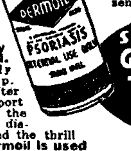

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justify, incidents such as this. In a tough game against Iowa, with the score tied. Jug had carried the ball about half the time in a march beginning on our own 30-yard line and which had gone all the way to the Iowa 8, where we had gotten a first down. The Swede called time and sent in a sophomore named Loman to take Jug's place. A peculiar silence or pause came over the entire bench as the change was made; it was almost as though we were all in a little island of silence in the midst of the vast hum that came from the stands.

Then all of us were watching Jug where he came walking over the striped turf, taking off his helmet as he came. As he crossed the sideline an assistant manager ran out to him and began to wipe the sweat off his head and face with a towel but Jug brushed the towel aside and came directly toward The Swede, and paused just an instant in passing. "You're really rubbing it in now, aren't you?" Jug said. But The Swede acted as though he hadn't heard him and leaned to one side to watch where the play had been resumed. With the rest of us the silence was resumed, deeper, and no one, absolutely no one, spoke to Jug as we usually did when someone came out of a game, and no one even dared to look directly at him. There was only that silence, deadly and unwilled, and then even that broke as Loman, in Jug's place, was fed the ball on a delayed buck and went through a hole yards wide to score.

Those of us who remembered the incident probably expected something dire to happen to Jug the following week. But there was nothing amiss. Perhaps the only thing was that Jug was used a good deal in hard scrimmaging while the rest of the first two teams didn't scrimmage at all that week. And when the second team started the game on the following Saturday, Loman was playing at left halfback.

AT THE end of the season even those of us who were most devoted to The Swede were made a little uneasy at Jug's not getting a letter. The minimum requirement for a letter was to have played 60 minutes of ball in a season, although often enough letters were awarded to men who had played something more than fifty. It so happened that Jug had played 57 minutes, but he got no letter.

In the spring he hurt the bad knee again. If it did nothing else, it took a burden off him in that he could honorably cease hitting his head against a stone wall. The knee had healed pretty well by late spring and the week before school ended, to my surprise, he came to see me again and return the book he had borrowed a year before. He sat on the same bare chair. I had not been able to check on the progress of the knee from his walk, as he was living that year in another hall. I asked him how it was.

"It's all right," he said. "I'll be back in there again by fall."

Then I said something that I suppose was the measure of my own growth and perhaps at the same time the doubt of his. I said, simply, "Why?"

He didn't answer right away and when he spoke, he said, "You know, that's a good question. Sometimes I ask it of myself." But he didn't answer it, only sat there looking out the window. He glanced at his watch.

"I got a date," he said.

"Same girl?" I asked.

"Same girl." He stood up. Starting to go out the open door he hesitated. "Every year," he said, "there's been a different reason. First, I wanted to play ball here. Then I wanted to be a big-timer. This year I wanted to impress a girl."

Knowing I shouldn't say it, I said, "Was she impressed?"

"It made no difference to her."

I supposed that was a good thing and almost said so, but didn't. "And what about next year?"

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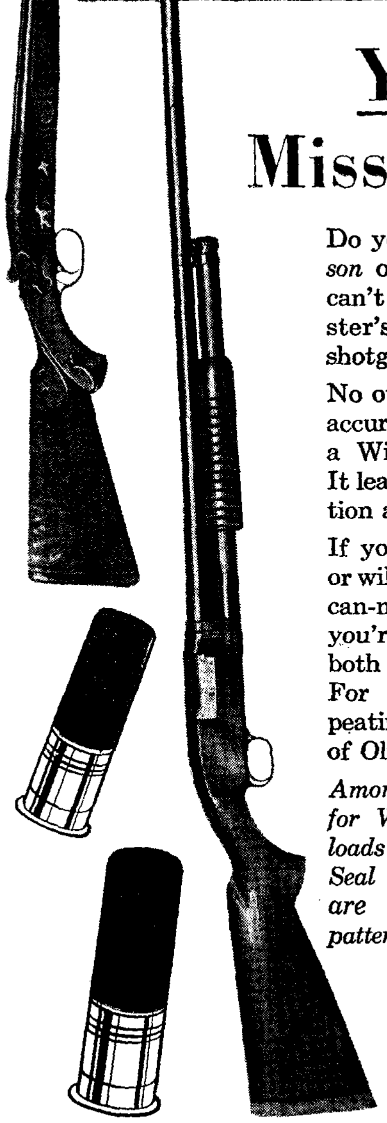

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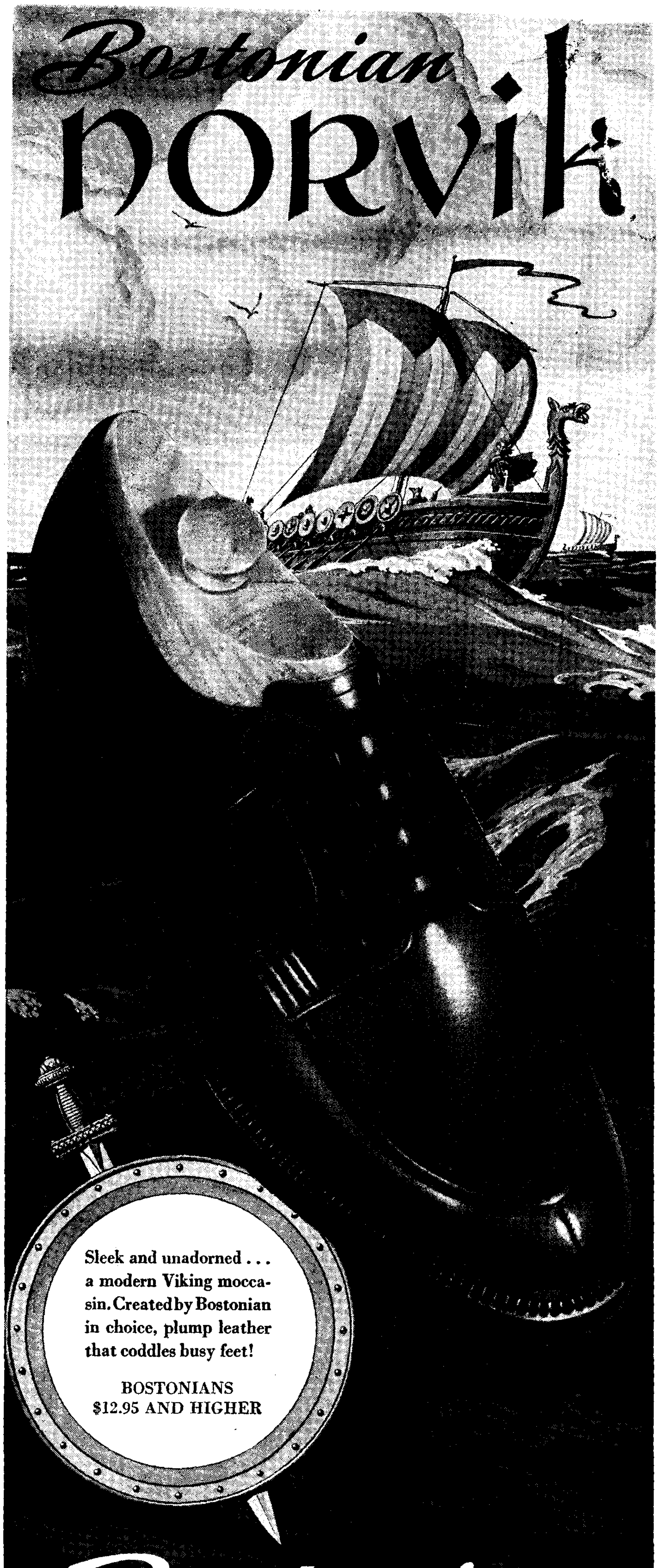

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He almost laughed. "Oh, I'll be back in there pitching. I guess I still want glory about as much as the rest of you."

In the fall he was out there again on the first practice day in the September heat like any sophomore. And on that last week before the first game, when The Swede was making up his teams, Jug was third-string left halfback. Loman and another junior were the first and second stringers. And they were good, too; you couldn't really say there was much difference between them and [illegible] was faster and had more finesse, but with the kind of line we had that year, finesse in a back wasn't as important as it might ordinarily be.

JUG didn't play much. Joe Kennedy, the captain that year, was supposed to have gone to The Swede and asked him point-blank why, and The Swede was supposed to have said that he was afraid Jug's bad knee would fail him at a crucial time. Since he used Jug freely in scrimmage and since there was a tackle whom The Swede had used several times in games with a deliberately cocainized bad knee, The Swede's excuse for not using Jug didn't make sense.

Now The Swede's system was to use fewer blockers on the opposing line so that there would be more blockers down field. This way his backs would gain less often, but the gains would be longer, and often enough they would be shaken loose for touchdowns. It put a little extra pressure on his ends, who had to block a tackle alone, and it put a more peculiar strain on his fullbacks, who on certain wide plays would have to get outside a defensive end and with their bodies bent at a dangerous angle try to cut the end down. He always tried to have a lot of fullbacks available. This year on three successive Saturdays he lost a fullback, one with a separated shoulder, another with a broken ankle, a third with a chipped vertebra.

With the Navy game coming up, The Swede needed fullbacks badly. None of the sophomores had quite the necessary class. One day in the locker room he came over to Jug and I guess I was the only one within earshot. For years they had hardly spoken to each other, but now The Swede said, "How would you like to play fullback again, Burns?"

"I guess I wouldn't mind."

The Swede turned away without saying anything more. I suppose he'd expected Jug to do a dance. Jug sat down and pulled the pants over the pads strapped to his thighs by adhesive tape. He had no brace on his bad knee. In the shower I asked him how come he'd been scrimmaging with no brace on.

"Oh, that," he said. "I had that cartilage taken out last summer."

I knew what that meant, and I knew, with that particular operation—you must remember this was 15 years ago—there was an even chance of curing the knee and an even chance of making it stiff for good. Jug had taken the chance. Nothing he had said in the spring now mattered; he wanted glory as much as any sophomore.

"Did the school pay for the operation?" I asked.

"Hell, no," he said. "They took my scholarship from me last spring, even, because I wasn't at spring practice."

So that was the way it was the week before we were to meet the best Navy team in ten years. Jug and a big but green sophomore named Wholey were alternating at fullback all week and perhaps through habit, perhaps for some more obscure reason, The Swede had Wholey at fullback on the varsity the afternoon of the last scrimmage before we were to take the train East. But everyone knew that The Swede wouldn't dare risk Wholey against Navy; among other things Wholey was poor on pass defense.

And Jug—The Swede had him with a lot of sophomores running back punts against the varsity line. He wasn't to much concerned about me, either; I wa third-string quarterback. I was ther way up the practice field with Jug, whi Loman boomed punts sixty and sixt five yards down the field and we cam back, behind sketchy blocking, again that varsity line. None of us ever g away until late in the afternoon whe Jug went back to take a spiraling pu over his shoulder, turned, came straig down the middle of the field in a simp matter of perfect timing, seeing that bot ends had over-run him, stopped, broke right angles for the side line as one of th guards lunged at him. Leaving the guar face down in the turf, he moved at gradual, curving diagonal toward wh would have been the side line if it w marked, used a stiff arm to push hin self away from Joe Kennedy, rather tha to drop Kennedy, almost stopped agai as he gave one leg to a tackle, took away, left the tackle sprawling and the came almost straight down the side li with no one but Obie Jackson, the va sity quarterback, near him. Maybe Ju didn't have to do it, but maybe Ob also could have let him go. But Ob had always been an eager beaver and h came driving at Jug, and Jug droppe him with a short, hard straight arm like left jab. It happened to hit Obie in th nose, and the nose happened to blee Jug, of course, got away for what woul have been a score in a game.

He came back slowly to where a sma group had gathered and Obie was sittin on the ground. Whether The Swed lost control of himself or whether h could no more leave Jug alone than a c could a caught mouse, I'll never kno It's really not important. But The Swed advanced on Jug, his arms akimbo, an yelled at him. "You had damned littl to do with yourself, Burns," he sai "Stiff-arming Jackson like that. Wh hell, you were out of bounds right at th start of your run. Supposing you p Jackson out of the Navy game?"

"He should have thought of that," Ju said, "instead of coming at me like h did."

As The Swede stood silent for a m ment, Jug walked past him. "Anyhow, he said, "I didn't go out of bounds."

NOW we all knew what was happe ing, the thing Jug had waited f for years, perhaps not knowing he ha waited for it, but still doing so.

"Damn it, I say you did go out bounds," The Swede said.

"And I say I didn't," Jug said. "I fact, I am so convinced of it that I a going to give you your uniform back. He took off his helmet, tossed it to a ma ager and began to walk off the field.

The Swede's voice became plainti for the first and perhaps the last tim "But who'll play fullback Saturday?"

"You should have thought of that b fore," Jug said over his shoulder. "B fore you put me to shagging punts wi a lot of sophomores. You just got int too many bad habits."

"But the school," The Swede sai "the honor of old Appleby?"

Someone almost laughed but n quite; I just heard the smothered soun Jug looked at The Swede over his shou der and kept on walking.

He didn't play, either, in the Nav game or any game. He never put on uniform again. It was after the seaso that Joe Kennedy said that that day re resented the Boston Tea Party for A pleby, for The Swede, for all of us. B as it had taken him weeks to say it, so took the rest of us months and eve years to know what he had meant. An now, a long time after the fact, I kno that Jug Burns gave us then a lesson f the times, not so much his as our ow And I personally remember him lette less as I do not remember the others their lettered sweaters.

THE END

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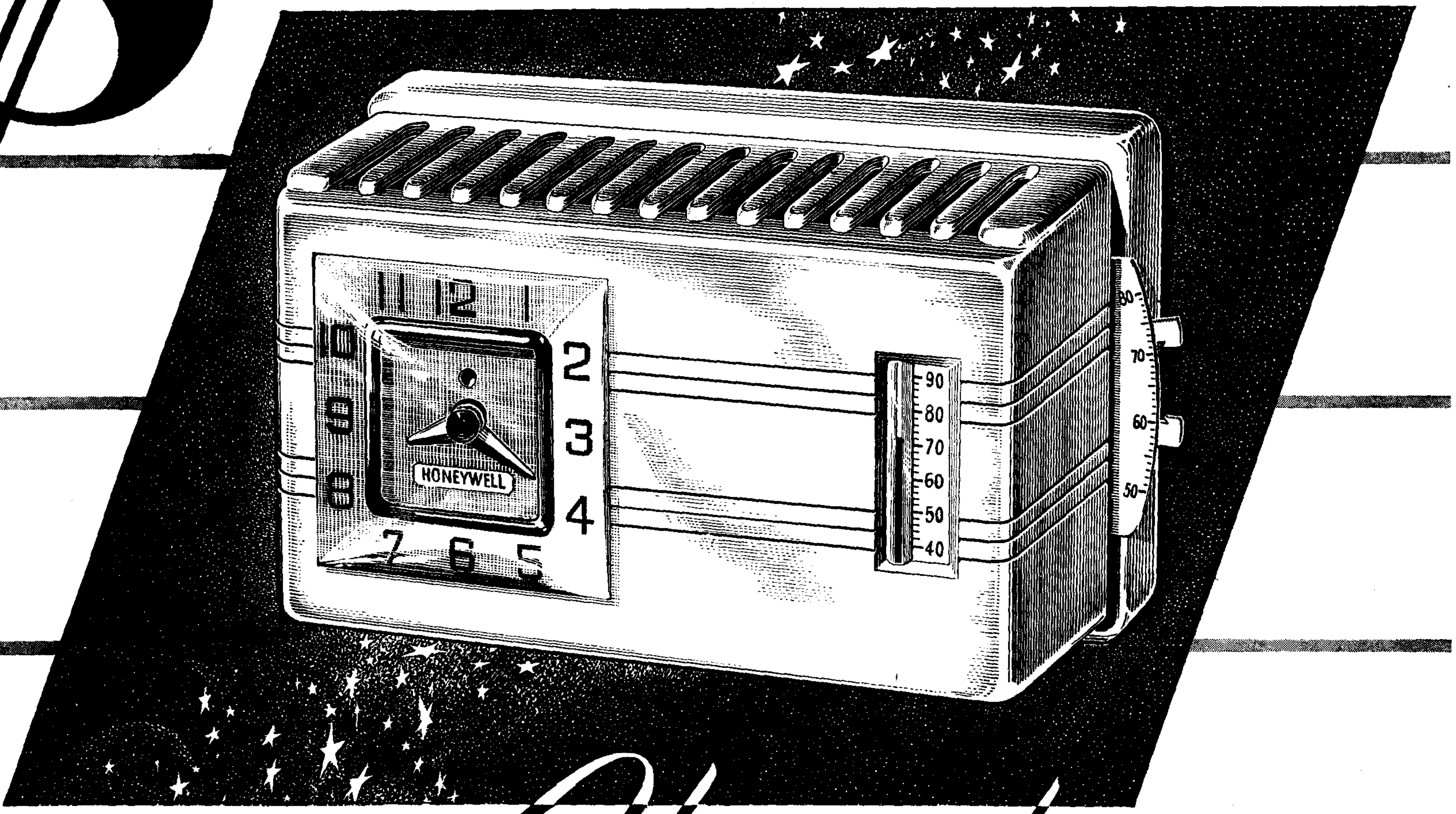

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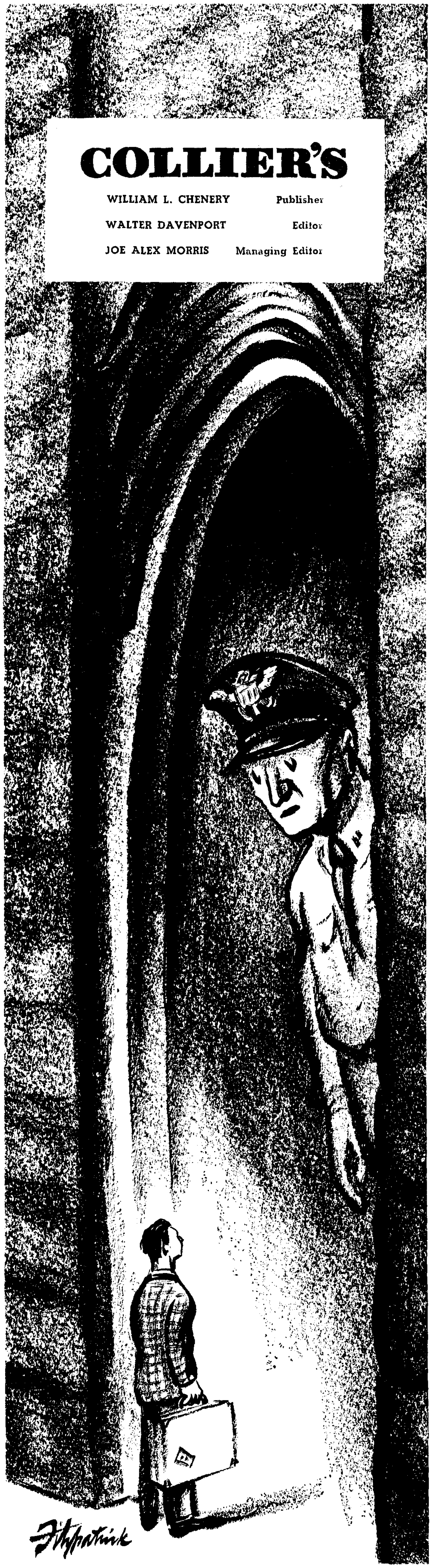


COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
WALTER DAVENPORT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

DEPRESSION AT THE POIN

THE Point referred to above is West Point—the U.S. Military Academy—and the gruesome news is that the famous officers' school is 276 cadets short this year of its quota of 2,496.

Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, commandant, blames the shortage simply on "the decline of popular interest in the Army."

We're inclined to think the trouble is more complicated than that. Many promises were made, soon after the war, that the Army was going to be made more democratic, and therefore more attractive to young American men, than it ever had been before. Various signs indicate that these promises have not been fulfilled. The latest of these signs was Robert Ruark's sensational reports in the Scripps-Howard newspapers of high-rolling brass and downtrodden G.I.s in the American military district at Leghorn, Italy.

Maybe if the Army would recollect some of those early postwar promises and carry them it would recover some of its lost glamor.

Nevertheless, we would like to remind younger male customers that a West Point ed tion is something of great value—estimated at abo $50,000 in cold cash terms—whether one feels lik making the Army a career or not.

About the West Point cadet shortage, here's suggestion. This correspondent happens to kno one Eastern congressman whose West Point nomi nations for this year are all used up. He could fin many more candidates if he could dip into othe congressmen's or senators' unfilled lists, which un der present regulations he can't do.

There are excellent reasons for those restriction in normal times. But wouldn't it be possible t loosen them up a bit to meet contingencies such a this record-breaking 1947 shortage of plebes West Point? It is no joke, and we think it calls fo prompt action.

HOLDING THAT LINE IN TEXAS

WE NEVER thought we'd live to see such a thing, but it finally happened. What we never expected to see was a revolt by any considerable number of American women against a dictate handed down by any considerable number of fashion authorities.

So-o-o, in Dallas, Texas, recently, 1,300 women formed the Little Below the Knee Club, sworn to hold the hemline at that elevation in face of orders from Paris and New York that the skirt till further notice must catch the girl some halfway down the calf.

Said Mrs. Warren J. Woodard, founder and president of the LBK Club: "I didn't feel like throwing away my entire wardrobe, and I thought a lot of other women might feel the same way. This winter we're going to wear the clothes that look best on us—the styles we have right now."

The same, we gather, goes for the present ha These are grotesque enough, in our opinion, bu they look to us like master creations when lined u alongside the early Theda Bara and Pearl Wh throwbacks which the fashion rulers are trying sell the ladies for the coming winter.

We don't know how it will all turn out. Ma the LBK Club of Dallas will dry up and blow a before the withering blasts of scorn going out fro Paris and New York salons. On the other han maybe this Texas rebellion will snowball into som *thing of nation-wide proportions.*

But anyway, and at long last, a fair-sized grou of American women has reared back on its heel and screamed for independence in the kingdom o fashion. We're encouraged to think that the ol American pioneering spirit isn't anything like a dead as some suppose.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE COAL MINES

JOHN L. LEWIS came out of his latest tangle with the government, the Supreme Court, the coal operators, etc., with the best contract his miners have ever yet had. Its main features are higher pay and a 40-hour week.

Fears were widely expressed at the time that the new arrangement necessarily would cut down U.S. coal production to a dangerous degree. We're glad to note that these fears have not proved out up to this writing.

In the new 40-hour week, the miners, at last report, were digging 12,100,000 tons, as against 12, 500,000 in the old 54-hour week.

If that keeps up, it will be proof that among th coal miners, at least, the "more money for les work" poison has failed to take; that these men a their leaders realize the necessity of more prod tion for more money if inflation is not to eng us all.

We earnestly hope this initial production rate be sustained and increased; and we'll herewith r a tentative cheer for Mr. Lewis and his followe

CLOCK HOUNDS AT THE V.A.

FRANCIS DRYDEN, one of General Omar N. Bradley's top assistants in the Veterans Administration, recently issued a ukase or communiqué to office workers at the V.A.'s main plant in Washington.

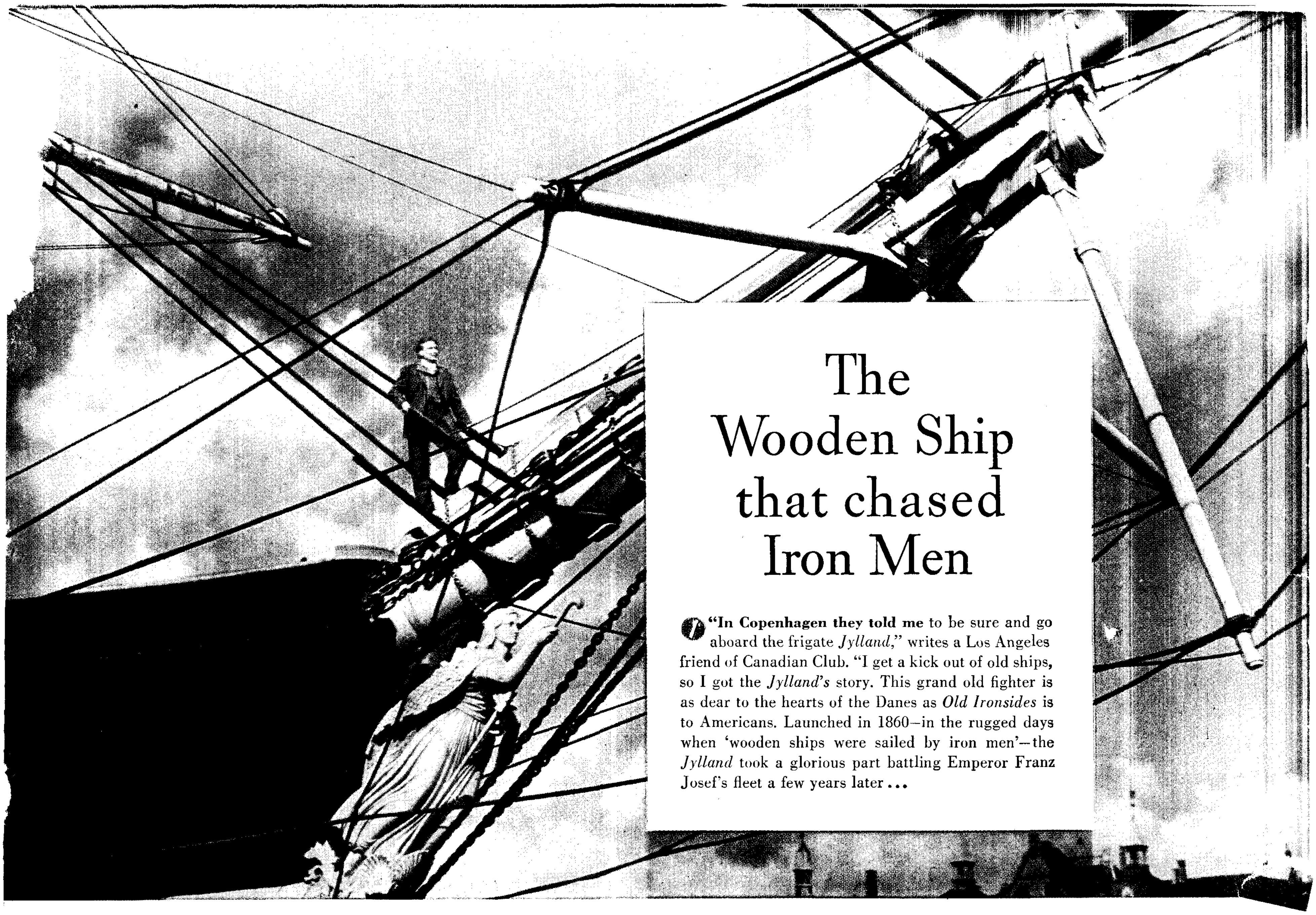
It had to do with these people's habit of watching the clock like so many bloodhounds sniffing a scent, and of stampeding out of the shop at the stroke of 5 P.M. The daily rush act, said Dryden, was becoming dangerous to life and limb.

> Employees dash from their places of work headed for the nearest exits. Frequently they slip and fall. They catch their heels on stair treads. They bump into others. Injuries result.

We can't resist the temptation to remark, perhap cornily, that it would have been pretty tough for th American people if their fighting men during th late unpleasantness had insisted on knocking o work at 5 P.M. sharp each day, or at any other s moment.

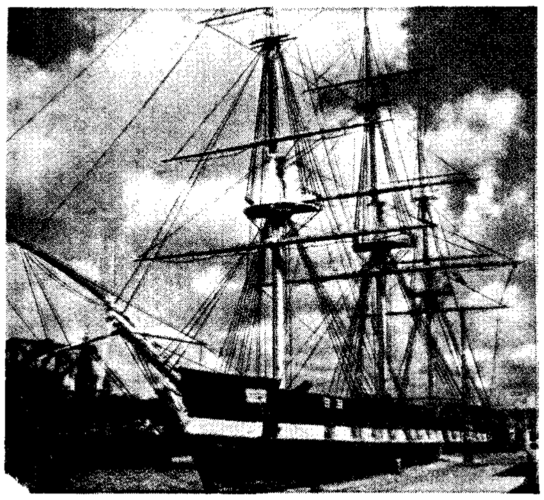
Those men stayed on the job until it was finishe —or until they were. These V.A. employees ar now supposed to be working for such of thos former fighting men as are still alive.

This daily rush to avoid giving the veterans s much as an extra minute of any V.A. worker valuable time no doubt has its humorous aspect but for some reason we can't join very heartil in the laughter.

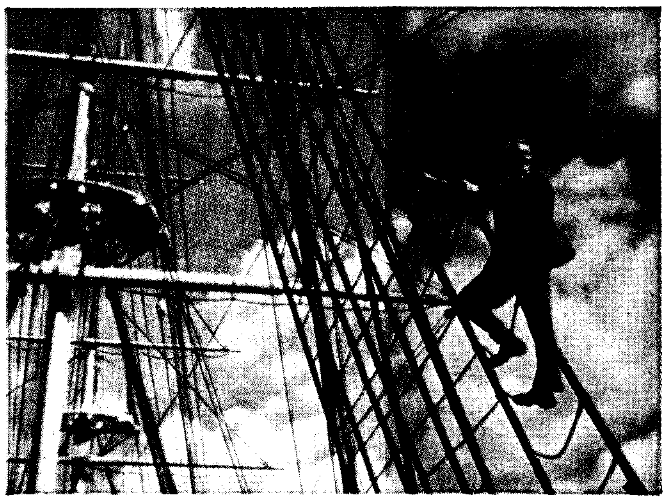


The Wooden Ship that chased Iron Men

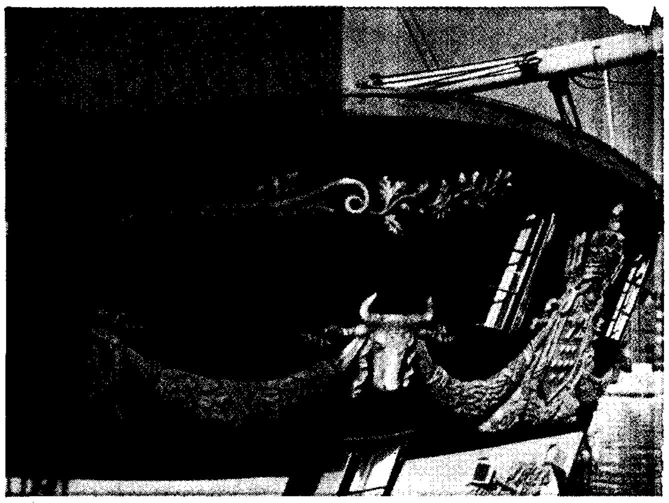
① **"In Copenhagen they told me** to be sure and go aboard the frigate *Jylland,*" writes a Los Angeles friend of Canadian Club. "I get a kick out of old ships, so I got the *Jylland's* story. This grand old fighter is as dear to the hearts of the Danes as *Old Ironsides* is to Americans. Launched in 1860—in the rugged days when 'wooden ships were sailed by iron men'—the *Jylland* took a glorious part battling Emperor Franz Josef's fleet a few years later...



"The two squadrons came to grips about 7 miles off Helgoland. The battle raged for nearly three rs. Badly battered, Franz Josef's 'iron men' finally ke away from the hard-hitting Danes and fled to safety of English waters.



"183 feet tall—from waterline to mainmast top—the *Jylland* was a stately and regal ship. And she carried a proud and able crew. No crewman was considered worthy until he had shinnied way up to pat the tiny ball which crowned the flagstaff of the main topgallant mast.



④ **"This brave ship** has more than its dramatic history to recommend it to the traveler. For it is as rich in beauty as any frigate I've seen. Its figurehead is a work of art and on its hull are exquisite hand-carved designs.

"Lying nearby is another ship—the *Tialfe*—which now serves as Copenhagen's yacht club. The former yacht club building was completely destroyed by bombs during the war. The best sailors from this great sailing nation gather here. And they *appreciate* the best, too. I saw Canadian Club Whisky on many of the other tables as well as our own."

⑥ **"All over the world,"** write travelers, "we find Canadian Club." Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening... in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. • Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of *experience* in riding and training jumpers. She *knows* her cigarettes too (see below).

—in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,"

says **NOTED SPORTSWOMAN**

"Pat" Hackett

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you

...T for Taste...T for Throat...

that's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

●Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with *cigarettes!*

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you intended to or not, you *compared* brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience that there are big differences...in taste, mildness, coolness...in *quality.*

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own *experience*...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS *than any other cigarette*

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!